Saturday Review

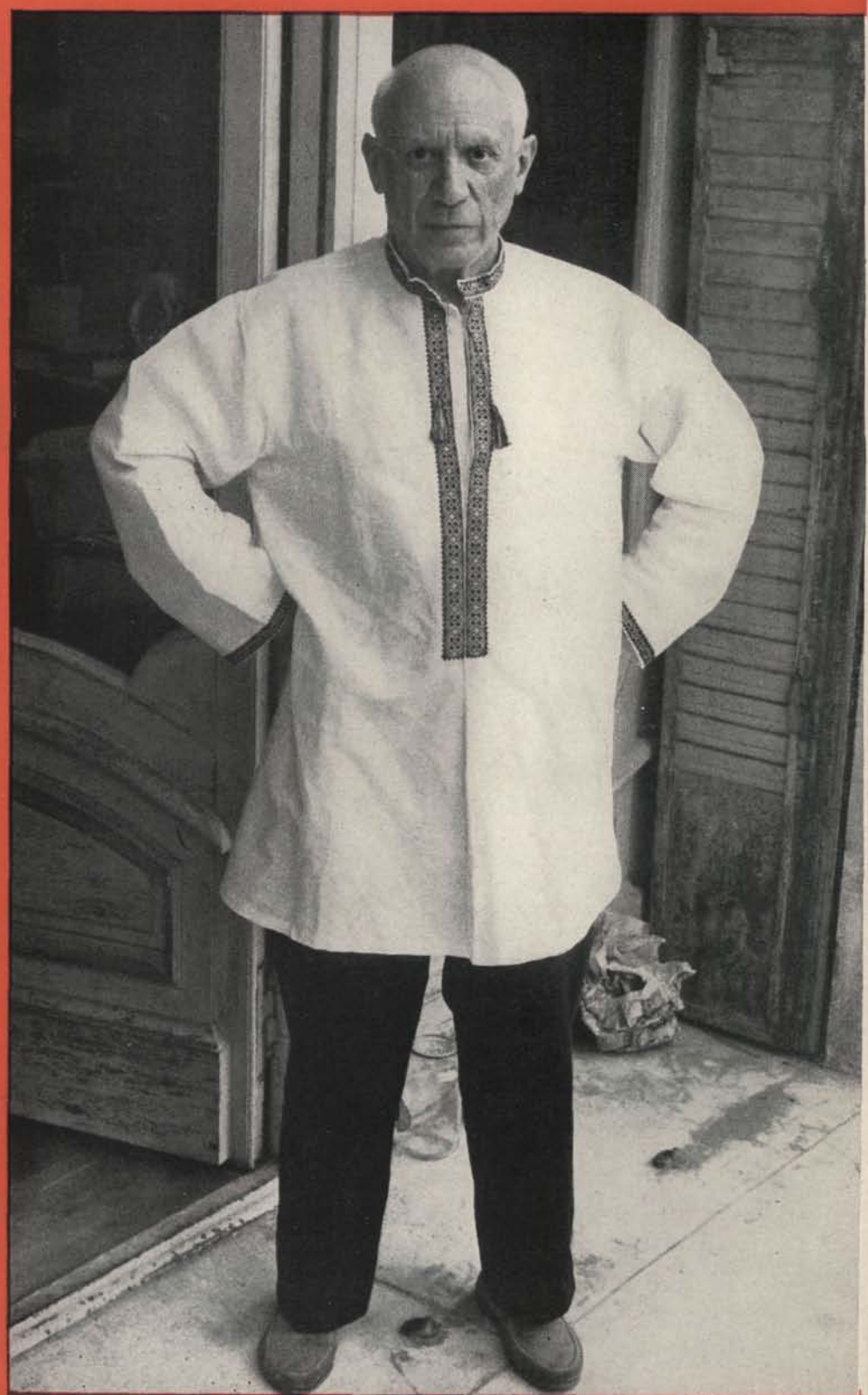
CEMBER 1, 1956 / 20¢

SR/RESEARCH
SCIENCE & HUMANITY

LITERATURE SCIENCE
A New Approach
to Communication
of Human Knowledge

BOOKS FOR CHRISTMAS
300 Suggestions
for Literary Giving

THE MAN IN THE
LUE SUIT BELT
By John Wain



Pablo Picasso at seventy-five, subject of three new studies. (Page 26)

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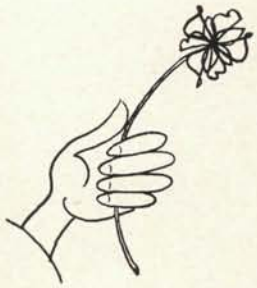

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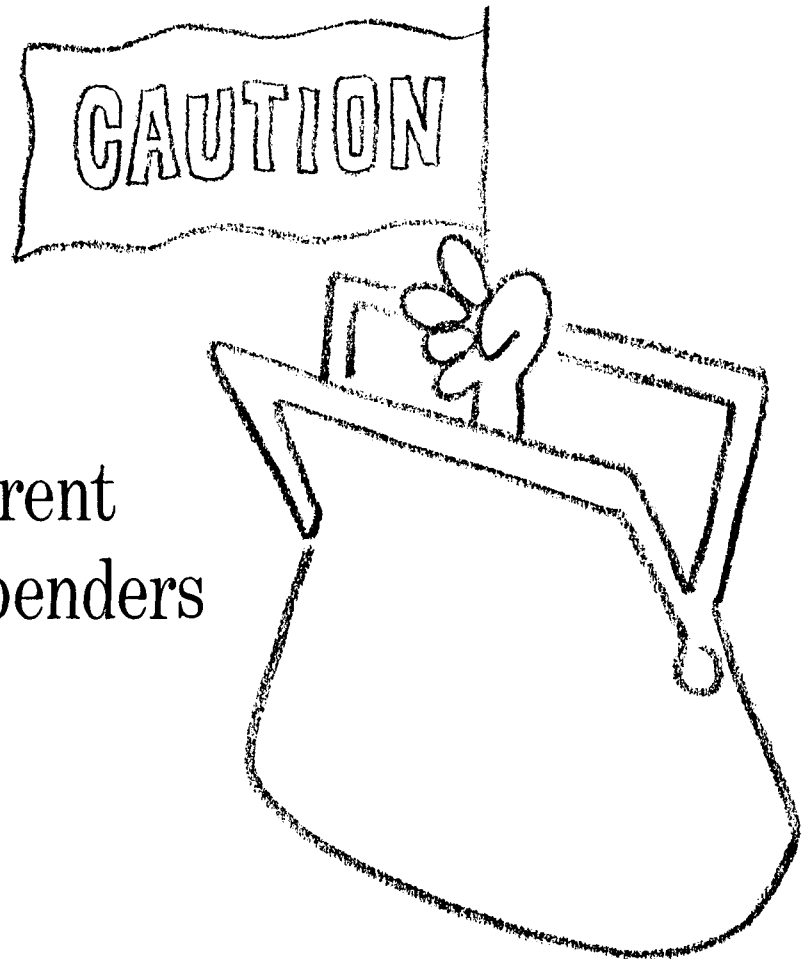

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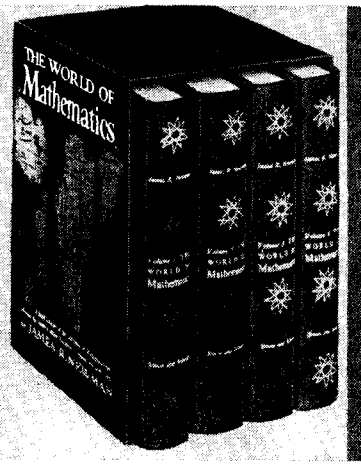

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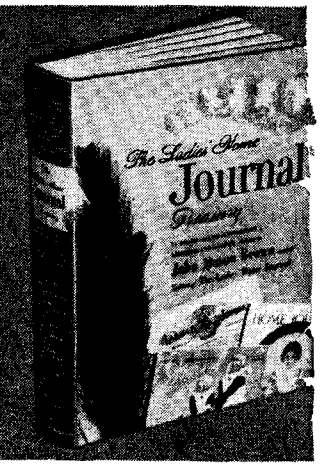

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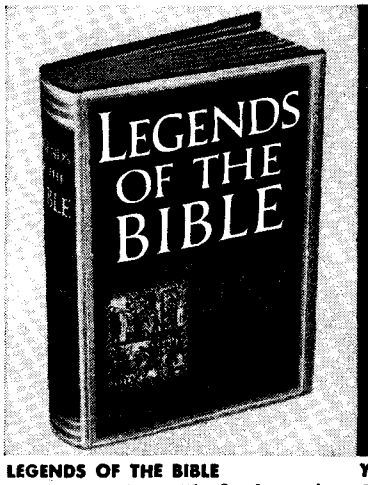

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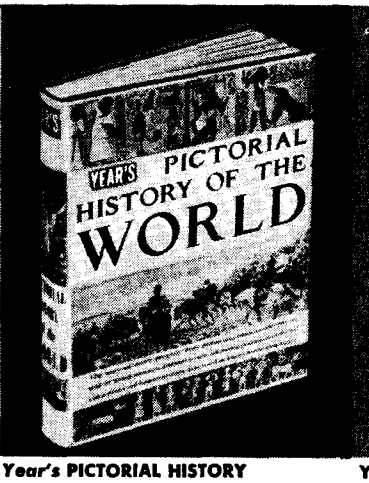

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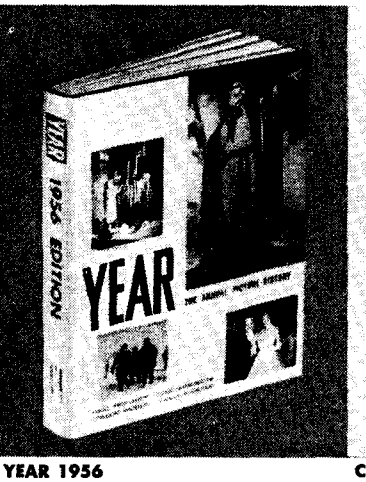

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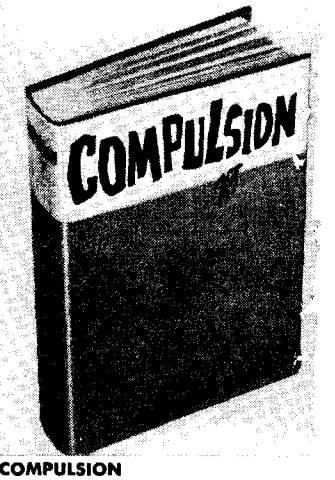

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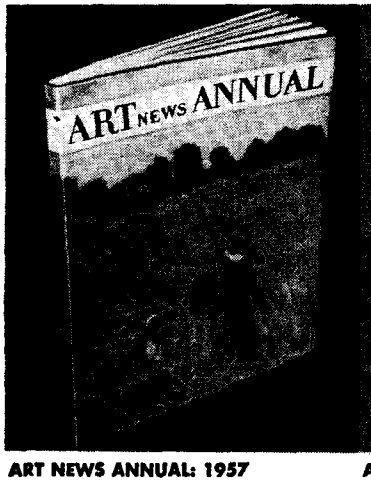

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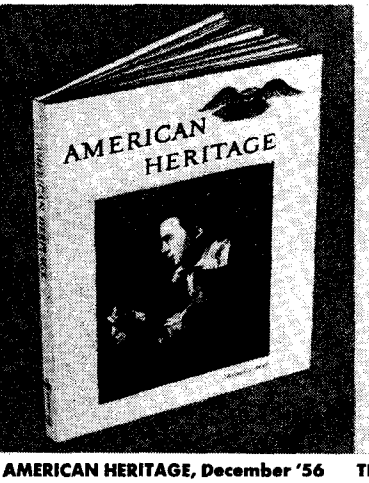

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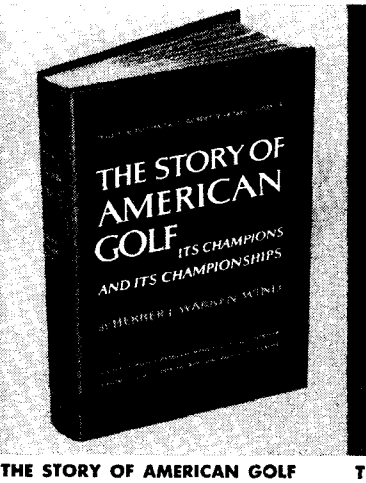

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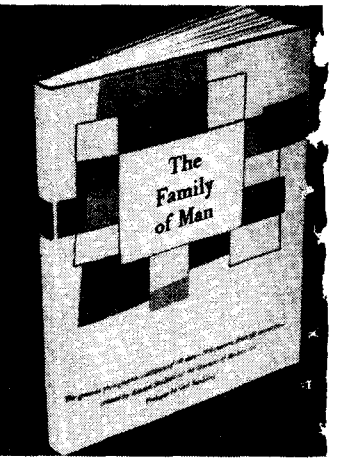

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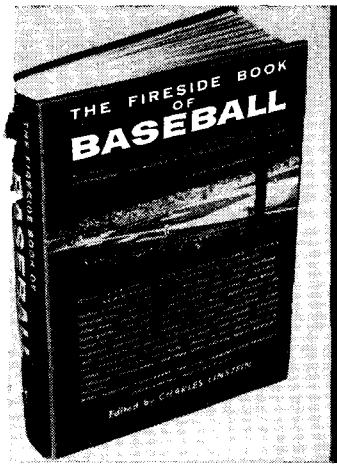

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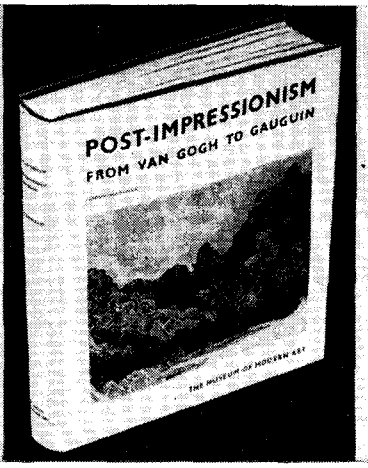

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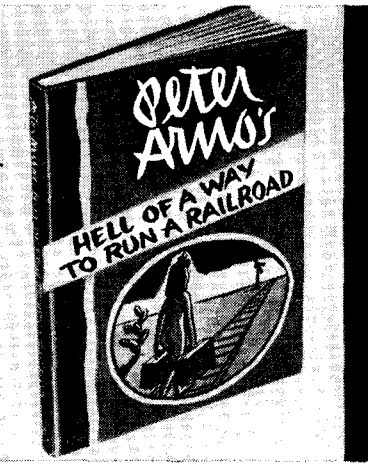

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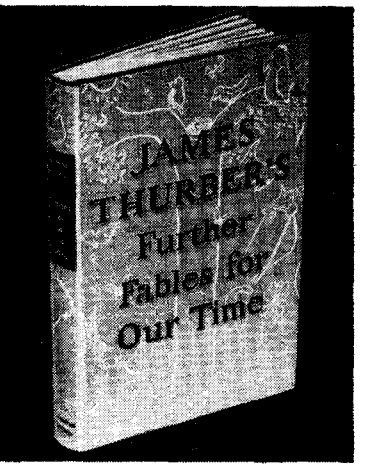

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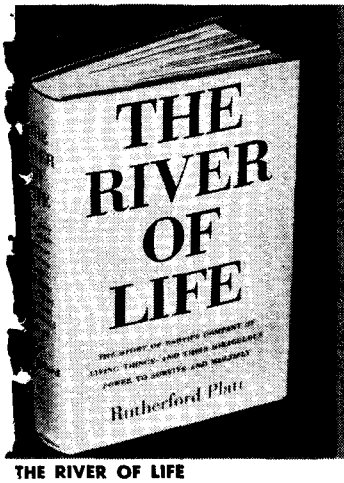

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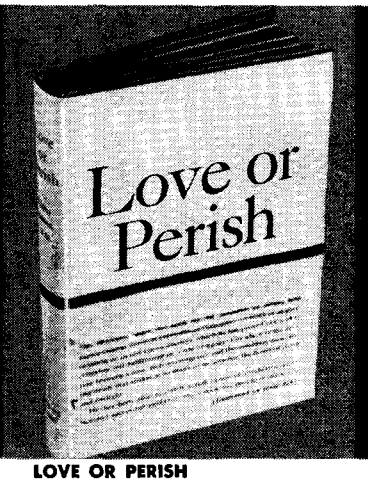

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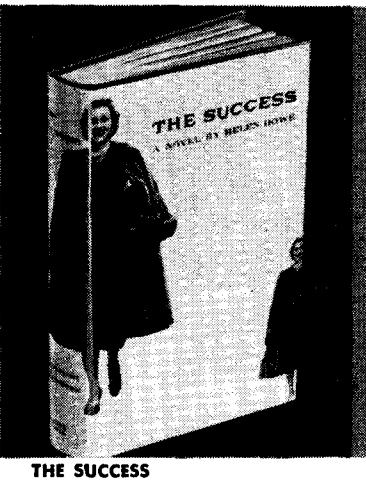

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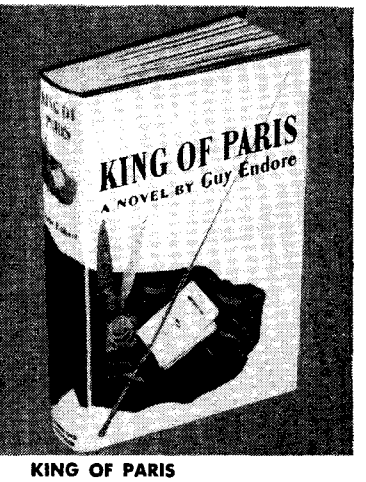

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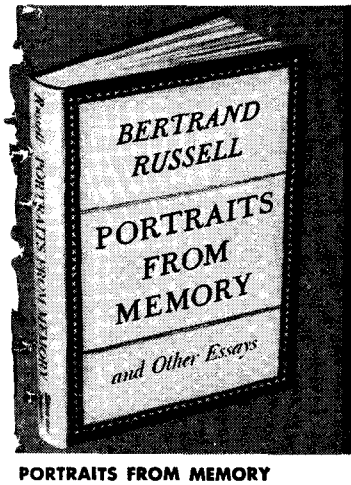

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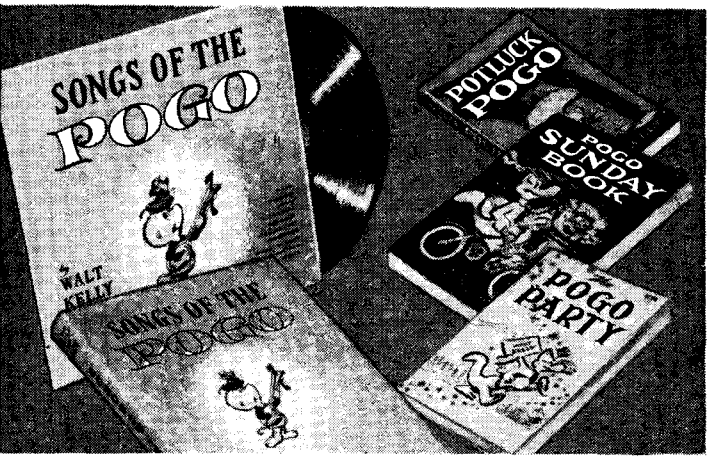

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EDITOR-AT-LARGE

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The Saturday Review

DECEMBER 1, 1956

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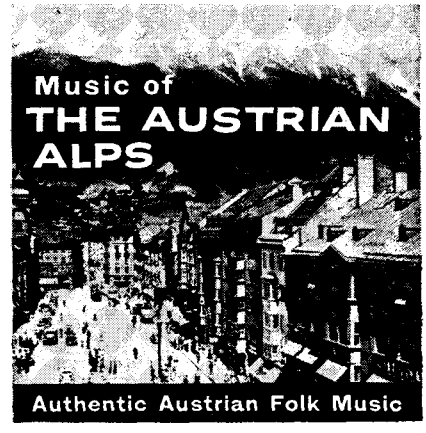

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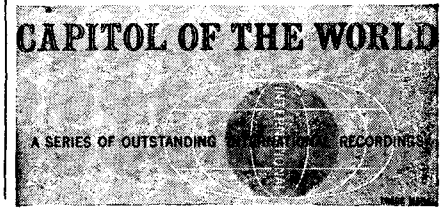

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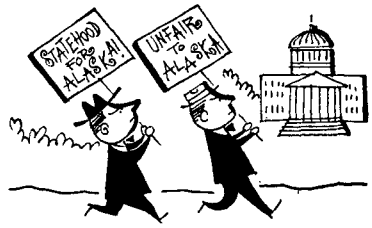
TRADE Winds

STILL STRUGGLING VALIANTLY for the full statehood that should have been granted them long ago, Alaskans have taken the bull by the horns this year and elected two Senators and one Representative. They'll come to Washington in January to dramatize as best they can the validity of their claims for statehood, repeated in vain



ever since 1867. One of the "phantom" Senators is former Governor Ernest Gruening, whose book "The State of Alaska" is the most comprehensive and absorbing on the subject. . . . Alaska was the setting for some of Jack London's greatest stories. It's good to know they're available again in an excellent anthology called "Jack London's Tales of Adventure," published by Hanover House. . . . Theodora Keogh, whose sixth novel, "My Name Is Rose," has just been published by Farrar, Straus & Cudahy, is a granddaughter of Teddy Roosevelt. . . . Lucy Daniels, daughter of Jonathan, is another public figure's offspring who has brought honor to the family name this season. Her "Caleb, My Son" is ringing up richly deserved big sales all over the country—and expected brickbats from reactionaries in her own Raleigh bailiwick. . . . Ed White, Jr. of Lippincott's has spotted a juvenile on a British list that bears the intriguing title of "Well, Really, Mr. Twiddle." . . . Lippincott's two star entries for the spring sweepstakes, incidentally, will be Geoffrey Cotterell's "The Strange Enchantment" and a 500-pager by Edwin Gilbert about the very rich in Connecticut, called "Silver Spoon."

M-G-M HAS BEEN TAPPING the book world for many of its forthcoming screen epics: "The Brothers Karamazov," "Raintree County," "Something of Value," "Don't Go Near the Water," "The Painted Veil," and "The Wreck of the *Mary Deare*." In deference to studio head Dore Schary the M-G-M lot is now known to more erudite inmates as "The Schary Orchard." . . . A meeting for the ages just missed coming off in Hollywood recently. Aldous Huxley appeared on a set for the express purpose of engaging in conversation with Elvis Presley, but Elvis was out chasing a houn' dog that day. . . . Stung by the report that a hated rival had accepted the post of literary critic for a Paris paper a French author commented, "It does not follow that an execrable writer inevitably becomes a miserable critic. Let us suspend judgment, and concede that good vinegar is made from bad wine." . . . When Al Lopez quit as manager of the Cleveland Indians, to resume chasing Yankees in Chicago White Sox livery, Richard Eisenhauer opined that the inside story might be found in Nicholas Monsarrat's new novel, "The Tribe That Lost Its Head."

EVERYTHING ABOUT Mike Todd's spectacularly successful picture "Around the World in Eighty Days" is supersize, including the souvenir program edited by Art Cohn which has blossomed out into a hardcover book, available in bookshops as well as theatre lobbies at one buck per copy. The first printing was 250,000 copies, and another will be needed soon. "Eighty Days" involved the use of fifty great stars, thirty-four directors, 74,685 costumes, 2,400 buffalo, fifteen elephants, six skunks, four os-

triches, and one rollicking, tongue-in-cheek scenario by S. J. Perelman. Awed associates of the producer now refer to him as "Todd Almighty." . . . Tickets for "Eighty Days" are as hard to come by these days as ones for "My Fair Lady." Edith Young, a Park Avenue socialite, thought she knew the way to acquire a couple of house seats for the latter musical. Recalling that she had met at a house party a young man who now was playing a minor role in "MFL," she invited him to a Sunday evening buffet, explaining to her husband, Lewis, "When he gets well lubricated I'll put the bite on him for two in the third row

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The FBI Story

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A novel by JOHN O'HARA. "Will make anyone who has lived in a small town as homesick as the smell of leaves burning on an autumn evening."—*Time.* *$1.95*

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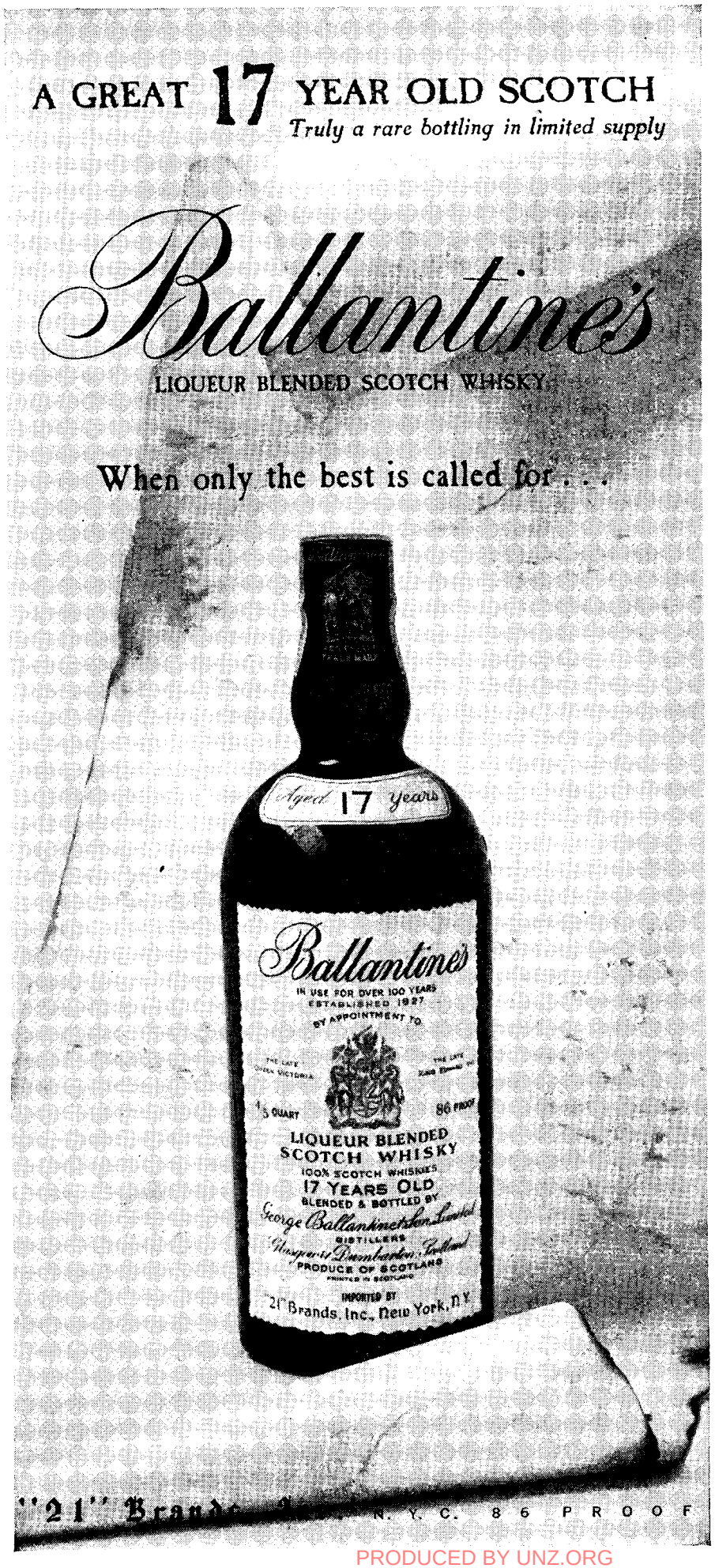
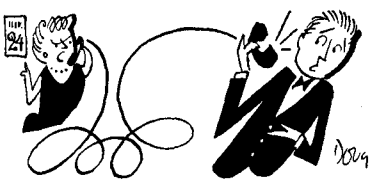


center." The stratagem proved unnecessary, however, because Mr. Young picked up a pair of seats from another source. Mrs. Young confessed all to the young actor when he arrived. Two days later *he* phoned *her*. "I wonder if your husband could snag a couple of extra seats for me?" he asked wistfully. "My parents want to see the show, and I simply haven't been able to get tickets anywhere!"

TOM SHERMAN, literary editor of *The St. Louis Post-Dispatch,* also had a phone call recently. A lady urgently requested his presence at a dinner party on the twenty-fourth. "Good," said Tom. "Do you mean the twenty-fourth of this month or the twenty-fourth of next month?" "This month,"



said the lady. Tom, suddenly remembering, protested, "But the twenty-fourth of this month was yesterday!" "It certainly was," snapped the lady, "and where the hell were you?"

FOR SOME REASON that eludes me, the following elaborate piece of punmanship is sweeping the country. It's come in from four widely separated points in the past week alone.

A certain Mr. Chan collected teakwood miniatures as a hobby, but began to notice that they were disappearing, one by one, in the dead of the night. Furthermore, muddy footprints on the floor seemed to indicate that the culprit was a small, barefoot boy.

Determined to put an end to all this, Mr. Chan hid himself in the corner of his shop one night. His vigil was rewarded. In came the thief —and it turned out to be a black bear, who promptly started loading up with teakwood. A peculiar feature of this bear: instead of claws, he had the feet of a little boy.

What could be more natural under the circumstances than the agonized cry from the victim: "Hey, there! Where do you think you're going, oh boy-foot bear with teaks of Chan?"

H. ALLEN SMITH, my esteemed neighbor in Mt. Kisco, has collected some hilarious literary endeavors by the younger generation for "Write Me a Poem, Baby," a formidable Little, Brown entry for the Christmas trade sweepstakes. Until the appearance of this treasury I had not realized that our picturesque Westchester town har-

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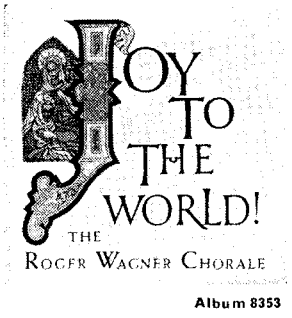

Since that first star-filled Christmas night, man has celebrated this great event with music created by the oldest instrument of all, his own voice.

And now the famed Roger Wagner Chorale—the finest choral group of our time—sings of Christmas in what may well be one of the most remarkable albums of this or any other holiday season. It's called "Joy to the World!"

In it, you hear the most beautiful carols 2,000 years of singing have produced. You hear more: all the mirth and merriment, all the exultation and awe the human voice can convey.

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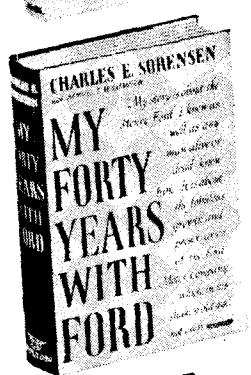

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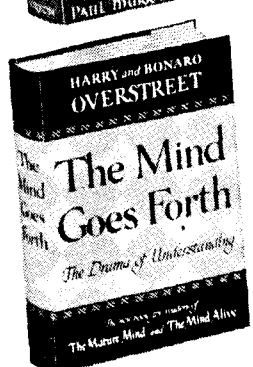

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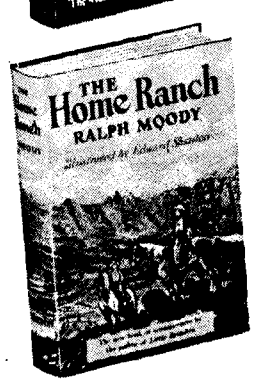

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The autumn days are here;
You always expect them this time
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From a nine-year-old miss, fond of big words whose meanings she seldom understands, to the town's leading jurist:

If you will be my valentine
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Lines to a convalescent teacher:

Dear Miss Randall:
Sorry you're sick
And lying in bed.
Hope you come back
Before you're dead.

Birthday poem for a young boy's mother:

The most dainty butterflies
Are not as dainty as you.
When it comes to opening stuck
things
You are right there too!

And how's this for a perfect "short short," torn from the typewriter of a ten-year-old by the tireless Mr. Smith:

"Once upon a time there was a little girl named Clarise Nancy Imogene Ingrid La Rose. She had no hair and rather large feet. But she was extremely rich and the rest was easy." —BENNETT CERF.

FRASER YOUNG'S LITERARY CRYPT NO. 701

A cryptogram is writing in cipher. Every letter is part of a code that remains constant throughout the puzzle. Answer No. 701 will be found in the next issue.

LDLAFGNBCK MCOCRQC BH

GPOLC SRXTPKCBSBELCG.

—GPEBGMH.

Answer to Literary Crypt No. 700

The young man who has not wept is a savage, and the old man who will not laugh is a fool.
—GEORGE SANTAYANA.

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Brig. General David Sarnoff, chairman of the board, Radio Corporation of America, has made communications history for 50 years as hero of the Titanic sinking...pioneer of radio broadcasting and television...World War II general...developer of compatible color television.

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by DAVID SARNOFF

"The possibilities of science enable us to look bravely at the stars and to seek a finer destiny. We have only to observe the progress made by our oil and communications industries to find yesterday's hopes have become today's realizations.

"Just think: Only 50 years ago, when I entered the infant wireless field, Edison's electric lamp was still considered a miracle and most Americans had not yet spoken on a telephone. Compared with today, we were actually deaf, dumb, and blind!

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"This is why I say that competition has made America great. This is why we must make sure that our right to compete remains free and unfettered. We must always remember that only in a climate of freedom can we fully explore the possibilities of science."

David Sarnoff

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The Saturday Review
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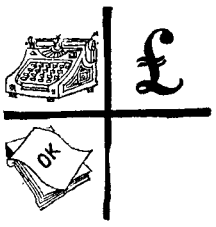

THE MAN IN THE BLUE SUIT BELT

English Literary Fauna—Their Habitat and Life-Cycle

By JOHN WAIN, *thirty-one, whose first novel, "Born in Captivity" (Knopf, 1953), has won him a place in the species he studies here.*

IN ENGLAND authors are not thought of as forming a *bloc*. Nor do they, on the whole, have any special status. The intelligentsia is a specialized wing of the middle class, and literary artists are a specialized wing of that specialized wing, but no one thinks of them as set apart from other people. It is still felt that one man might naturally be a novelist or playwright where another is a biologist or an architect. In France, where an author is felt to be in a class by himself, anyone who has written a successful novel is liable to find himself asked, quite seriously, to make pronouncements on the future NATO or the ethics of euthanasia; but in England he would just give his views as an ordinary citizen. It is part of the traditional English disrespect for the arts, yet it has its merits. A man who writes books is not made to feel like an elephant at the zoo, cosseted because he is expensive and unusual.

In Paris, again, writers have their own quarter to live in, but in London there is no *quartier latin*. Painters, it is true, tend to congregate in Chelsea, because it is the most paintable bit of London, and also to some extent at Hampstead (because of the Heath), but if you went strolling about these two areas you would not necessarily see any authors sitting in cafes or striding about the streets. The place to see that is Oxford, which has a higher author-rate than any other English city. There they run over you on their bicycles.

London plays a central part in the life of every English man of letters—so much so that his whole existence is likely to be conditioned by the attitude he adopts towards her. In the first place, every English writer has to look towards London for recognition. The publishers have their offices in London, the newspapers and magazines are edited there, the people who shape public opinion live there, the radio and television programs go out from there. In a tiny country like England there is not room for more than one capital city. Now and then some provincial titan strikes an attitude ("What Manchester thinks today the world thinks tomorrow"), but what has Manchester thought for the last thirty years that anyone cared tuppence about? Thus, the English writer depends wholly on London.

Add to this the fact that most English authors are born and bred in "the country." Few of the major English writers have been Londoners born and bred; Milton is the greatest exception. Usually the writer gets himself born in some more-or-less provincial, more-or-less dreary corner of the island. As soon as he begins to think about writing, however, he begins to think about London. Dylan Thomas, in his story "The Fight," described the process (the characters are fifteen years old):

> In the still room, that had never been strange to me, sitting in heaps of coloured wool, swollen-nosed and one-eyed, we acknowledged our gifts. The future spread out beyond the window, over Singleton Park crowded with lovers messing about, and into smoky London paved with poems.

That just about hits it off. The old Dick Whittington kind of fantasy, that the streets of London are paved

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with gold, is replaced in the mind of the aspiring writer by the idea that they are paved with poems. Anyone you meet might be a publisher; you might sit next to John Lehmann on the bus and not know it was him—so you study his photograph carefully, just in case. That tall man feeding the ducks in the park—it *must* be Stephen Spender! Nobody else is as tall as that.

IN THIS mood the aspirant comes to London. He takes a job. Any job will do—after all he hasn't got to stick it for long—and he starts to write. As quickly as he finishes things he tosses them over the wall, bombarding the magazine editors, the publishers, the BBC—anyone who might use them. This goes on for, say, three years. At the end of those years the aspirant has either got nowhere, and given it up in despair, or he has begun to climb up the ladder. Let's assume he has got his foot on one of the lower rungs; that he does a little reviewing now and then, has had some of his work broadcast in one of the fairly numerous avant-garde literary programs put out by the BBC, that he's met a number of other young writers like himself. He is now launched. If anyone asks him what he is doing he replies, "I'm writing." What he is actually doing, of course, is schoolmastering, or working in a bank, or French polishing, but writing only in his spare time.

At this stage the Young Hopeful is very "literary." He is, at the age of twenty-one or two, conscious of his great future. His relatives in Little Mudville, when he goes down to visit them for a few days, find him insufferable. And he *is* insufferable—absurdly vain of his not-very-interesting work, quite convinced that the kindness his elders have shown him is no more than his due. Before we brush him aside with contempt, however, let us remember that he is probably very poor, that London is a dirty, smelly, wet, foggy, and unhealthy city, and that he probably lives in a back bed-sitting room and cooks over a gas ring. London is, notoriously, hell if you are short of money. It has not the insouciance of Paris, the long warm summer and bracing air of Berlin, the easy calm and soft climate of Dublin. Our Young Hopeful, in order to get along at all, needs some sort of sustaining conceit to make him tough enough to "scorn delights, and live laborious days."

Suppose another few years go by, and our young writer continues to climb the ladder. By the time he is crowding thirty he will probably have a novel or two published, and be able to get a book to review from one paper or another about a dozen times a year. (Reviewing is terribly important to young writers; it is fairly well paid—few papers offer less than £3 a thousand words, and many go up to £5, on which a young man can live for a week. That is why the standard of reviewing is so low. Literary editors tend to be kindly men who give work to Young Hopefuls out of benevolence.)

The writer now faces a crossroads. What he does next will depend on how much money he is able to earn by writing. Also, of course, on how much he needs, because writers, like other people, have been known to get married and breed. If the Young Hopeful now finds that he can earn a living wage with his pen he usually chooses this time to move away from London and settle down where living is cheaper and quieter. Where does he go? This raises problems. It is bound up with the question of what he has been writing *about* all these years. A lot of English literature, like any literature, is "provincial," in the sense that it sets out to interpret the lives of people who inhabit certain definite places, these places being remote from the metropolis. If the Young Hopeful comes from, say, Yorkshire he might be tempted, on leaving London, to go back to Yorkshire and settle there, in order to get back to his tap-root of inspiration and subject-matter. Dylan Thomas, for instance, settled down in a small Welsh town by the sea. Alternatively, he might go abroad; many European countries offered cheaper living and healthier climates than England.

WHAT he does in most cases, however, is to settle in the rich and beautiful countryside of Southern England. At least three out of ten of the picturesque cottages you see in Oxfordshire, Berkshire, Sussex, and Kent are occupied by novelists, furiously banging the typewriter all morning, slouching round the leafy lanes all afternoon, and laying down the law in the "local" at night.

The writer will still gravitate to London. If he can afford it he will have a small flat there, where he can entertain and spend the night after a social evening. In any case, he will not cut his London roots, and consequently will have, for the rest of his life, two addresses if he possibly can. J. B. Priestley lives in the Isle of Wight; in London he has a flat in Albany, off Piccadilly, which is about as select as you can get. (Graham Greene and Harold Nicolson are other Albanians.) And for every one who manages it on this large scale there are fifty who keep up two small establishments rather than one ordinary-sized one. In either case the essential point is the same: once he can afford to live by his writing the author *leaves* London. It is too big, too noisy, and too expensive. Most of the typical "metropolitan" men of letters who fifty years ago would have lived in town now live in the country and commute. V. S. Pritchett, for instance, the star critic of the *New Statesman and Nation* who is associated in most people's minds with the most metropolitan attitudes and fashions, lives in quite a remote country district. Evelyn Waugh has a country house. Robert Graves had a "London period," but now lives abroad—"except," as he puts it, "in wartime."

FOR EVERY writer who gets to this stage, who is able to support himself by writing, there are forty who never quite make it. They are "in," all right. Their names are known; you read them in the weekly press and hear them on the radio; their books are in the shops. But they cannot quite break away. Many a man by the time he is thirty-five has a sound regular job, a literary reputation of a kind, plenty of literary friends, and an undoubted niche. But he cannot face leaving his job to "devote himself," as the phrase runs, "to literature." He cannot be sure of making a living, for one thing. A lot of his work consists of occasional reviewing and broadcasting, and he has the uneasy feeling that this would dry up if he were not on hand to see that it keeps flowing.

There is nothing for it. It has to be London, and a fixed life, for him. He accordingly joins what I shall call "the Blue Suit Belt." This is made up of writers from thirty-five onwards who work in offices and adopt the protective coloring of the middle class as a whole. A member of the Blue Suit Belt will usually, having put his Young Hopeful days behind him, make a conscious effort not to look, or to seem, "literary." His wife and kids will be like anyone else's wife and kids; he will go to work on the tube, or the suburban commuters' train, at a normal time and come back at a normal time. His writing will be done in the evenings and at week-ends.

What sort of office does he work in? Well, it may be anything, but many Blue Suiters find a place in some quasi-literary organization, such as a publishing firm or the literary wing of the BBC. It is a sad fact that this kind of work, which is half-

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creative—a little too close to the working of the creative imagination without really giving that imagination any genuine work to do—often tends to hamper the writer's real work. Still, the Blue Suit Belt goes soldiering on, producing a fair amount of respectable writing. And, after all, what are these people to do? They cannot—or dare not—trust themselves and their families to the very chancy life of a professional writer; and equally, they cannot walk out, like Rimbaud, and leave the whole thing. They are trapped, but they manage to live fairly well in captivity.

THAT, then, is the picture. If you come to London and look about you for "writers" you may be lucky or you may not. The young man you see in the street wearing a picturesque garb and needing a haircut is probably a painter, or (most likely) a plain idler who wishes to be taken for a painter. If *he is* a writer he will be a Young Hopeful. You will have heard of him, but only if you have been reading the "little magazines" such as *Mandrake, Nine,* or *Nimbus.* On the other hand, the podgy middle-aged man, wearing pince-nez, who sits next to you in the tube with a briefcase on his knee may be someone whose books you have been reading for years. But the Big Game you won't see unless you happen to be hiding in a tree when they come down to drink at some secluded waterhole. They will stampede if they catch the least glint of your lens.

Everyone's address, by the way, is in *Who's Who* if the editors of that extraordinary volume happen to have heard of him. And not just the addresses either. The "recreations" make good reading. William Sansom, for instance, gives his as "watching." (Watching *what*?) And one of the Young Hopefuls, James Kirkup, tells us that his recreation is "standing in shafts of sunlight." It ought to be easy enough to spot *him.*

But I hear a storm of protest. Surely every city in the world has some centers where literary and artistic people tend to gather? London can't be a complete exception. What has happened to the famous taverns, from Dr. Johnson's Mitre to Yeats's Cheshire Cheese?

I have been exaggerating, but for a serious purpose. I wanted to knock down any cardboard castles you might have been building, because I have seen too often the disappointment these fantasies can cause. I wasn't anxious to sell you the idea that the streets of London are paved with proofsheets. It is a fact that there are a few pubs, a few restaurants, which do tend to attract writers. The myth of Soho, for instance, is largely baloney, but not *entirely* so. If you wander down Dean Street, Soho, you might try looking into a pub called the York Minister. If the *apéritif* hour doesn't bring any luck there you could go on to have a meal at Les Caves de France, in the same street. After dinner, assuming you have drawn a blank still, try the Mandrake Club, a few yards down an alley, still in the same street. Or you could try the Fulham Road. If you have read an amusing novel by Robert Kee called "A Sign of the Times" you'll remember that two pubs come into the story. Kee calls them "The Clement Atlee" and "The Admiral Benbow," but their names actually are "The Anglesey" and "The Queen's Elm." They're both in the Fulham Road.

AGAIN, if you want to see the sort of place that London writers live in when they're not doing too well take a walk round the Warwick Avenue district. It's called "Little Venice" because there is a canal there, but I think the name has a dash of irony in it, like "Wigan Pier." For a real pilgrimage station yourself outside a rather grim block of flats called Carlyle Mansions, in Chelsea, facing the river; Mr. Eliot lives there. Don't wait for him in business hours, because he spends those at the office of Faber and Faber, Ltd. Does this make Mr. Eliot one of the Blue Suit belt? No, because poets are different. They know, and have known from the start, that they would never make a living by their work, and have planned their lives accordingly. You find poets scattered about London: William Empson in Hampstead (occupation: professor), Louis MacNeice in a fine house overlooking Regent's Park (occupation: radio feature-writer and producer), Stephen Spender in St. John's Wood (occupation: magazine editor), and then of course the Young Hopefuls.

The truth is, London is too big. If it had wanted to stay really literary it would have had to remain as small as it was when Shakespeare lived there; in his day you could visit anyone you wanted to see in fifteen minutes on foot. But London didn't want to stay really literary. What city does? As it is, London is a kindly foster-mother to the young writer from the provinces, but once he has reached maturity he's better out of the place. The Blue Suit Belt offers him security and comfort, but that isn't what he came for in the first place.

LONDON: The capital of empire, the sanctuary of sterling, the second city of the world, "a kindly foster-mother to the young writer, who, once he's reached maturity, had better get out of the place."

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THE LITERARY SAMPLER

EXCERPTS FROM NEW AND FORTHCOMING BOOKS

Life at the Top

CULTURE? Executives do tend to have broader tastes in music, reading, and the like than their less successful contemporaries. But that, as executives themselves concede, isn't saying very much. Most of those questioned were conscious that they didn't read enough good books about something besides business, and some executives went out of their way to berate themselves on that score.

But where, the executive asks, can he find time? Much as he might like to read more history or take in more plays, he looks on this as too marginal, too little relevant to his career to warrant making the time. His judgment is debatable on this point, but that is another story. The fact is that he doesn't see much relationship, and thus, as with the long-deferred project to build a boat with the boys, he will keep on planning that reading he hopes to get around to. One of these days.

Hobbies? Even here the executive applies the yardstick of business relevance. While some executives are genuinely absorbed in a hobby for the sheer creative bang of it, for a larger number the pursuit carries strong therapeutic overtones. For them the hobby is not a joy in itself but simply a means of restoring themselves between rounds. To this end some executives go through an almost compulsive ritual—like watering the flowers at a regular week-end time whether or not it has just rained. To borrow an old phrase, they are never less at leisure than when they are at leisure.

We have, in sum, a man who is so completely involved in his work that he cannot distinguish between work and the rest of his life—and is happy that he cannot. Surrounded by a society ever more preoccupied with leisure, he remains an anomaly. Not only does he work harder, his life is in a few respects more ascetic than the businessman's of half a century ago. His existence is hardly uncomfortable, yet, save for the Cadillac, the better address, the quarter acre more of lawn, his style of living is not signally different from that of the men in middle management. And the fact doesn't concern him overmuch; the aspects of luxury that he talks about most frequently concern things that are organic to his work—good steak dinners, comfortable hotels, good planes, and the like. No dreams of Gothic castles or liveried footmen seize his imagination. His house will never be a monument, an end in itself. It is purely functional, a place to salve the wounds and store up energy for what's ahead. And that, he knows full well, is battle.

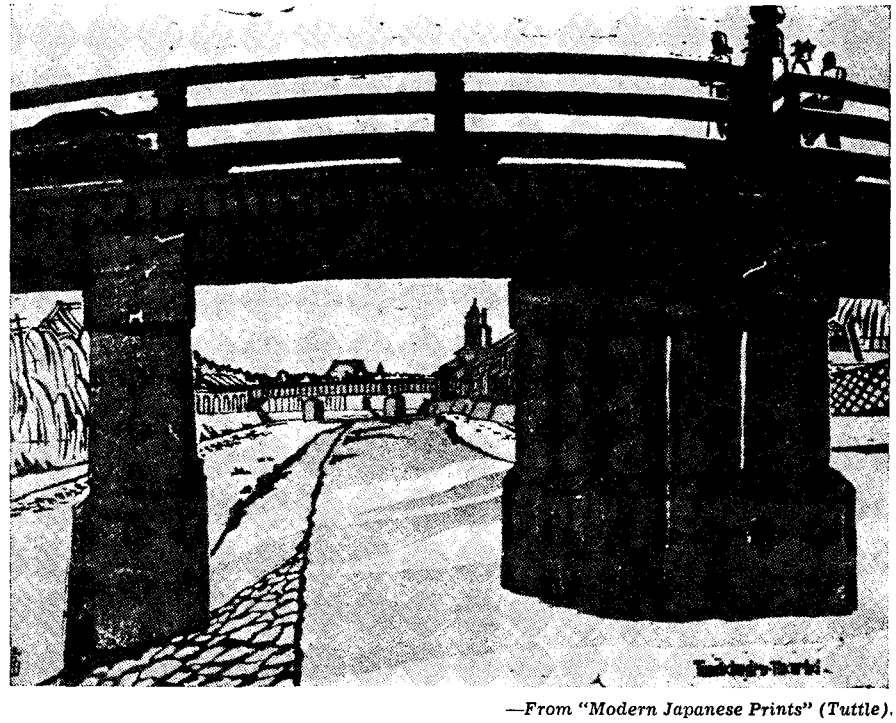
—From "The Organization Man," by William H. Whyte, Jr. (Simon & Schuster, $5).

Quaker City Mores

PHILADELPHIA society had a pattern of its own. It was not like New York society, whose walls had often been breached in the old days by the mere weight of money, and whose low modern fences could be jumped if you were mentioned in enough gossip columns. Nor was it like, say, Detroit, which had an assembly-line society that automatically took in all the top people in the automobile industry. You needed more than money or power to win acceptance in Philadelphia. And if you enjoyed the neon glare of the gossip columns you had better stay out of Philadelphia, which preferred candlelight.

People often made the mistake of comparing the social organization in Philadelphia with that of Boston. Once there had been many similarities. But in Boston they had forgotten to take their cod liver oil. They had forgotten that any society gets anemic if it refuses to admit new members. Boston society had closed ranks against the invading Irish and Portuguese and Italians, so it had no new blood. It had lost the knack of making money. The only thing that kept it solvent was the spendthrift trust, developed to protect the old shipping and manufacturing and banking fortunes; Boston society lived on the interest from money its grandfathers had made. To fit into the Boston pattern you had to come from an old family, and accept the kind of taboos people would call superstitions if they saw a primitive tribe obeying them.

Philadelphia society had long ago worked out a procedure for taking in new members. Money and power were important, but Philadelphia wanted to see if you could produce children and grandchildren who could handle money and power. Marrying well was part of it, but Philadelphia wanted to



—From "Modern Japanese Prints" (Tuttle).

"Sanjo Bridge" by Tomikichiro Tokuriki.

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find out if the blood lines would run true from generation to generation. Proving that you had poise and balance and culture was part of it, but would your children have the same qualities, or would they be freaks and eccentrics? Philadelphia society didn't care for freaks and eccentrics. It had produced very few of them in its 250 years of existence. Those few had been removed quietly and quickly, the way a gentleman farmer who was proud of his stock might dispose of a two-headed calf.

—From "The Philadelphian," by Richard Powell (to be published January 7 by Scribner at $3.95).

Bloomers

IN THE hope of setting a new parlor game in motion John Bailey and J. C. and Helen Furnas have selected a number of perfectly respectable English words and asked the question, "What would this word seem to mean if we didn't know different? Here are some choice illustrations of this word game:

exchequer—anybody who used to work in a super market
goblet—a small sailor
hagiology—the science of homely women
tutelage—the noise produced by a flute
delirious—broke in Italy
pig iron—an iron for smoothing off pigs
pillory—a drugstore
ghoulish—cannibal stew
gnome—opposite of yes'm
banshee—a stag dinner

—"Mr. Webster's Bloomers; Or, English Bashed and Unabashed," by John Bailey, Helen Furnas, and J. C. Furnas (Morrow, $1.95).

First Bull Fight

AS I WATCHED the bull wheel and start to charge, the horrible thought struck me: this was not a friend of mine pushing a mechanical bull—this was a real and vicious wild beast that was charging to kill me. I froze for a fraction of a second. My first reaction was, God, he's going at this cape, so if I clutch it to me he won't see it and then he'll go away and leave me alone! This would have been fatal, of course, as the bull, following the movement of the cape, would have crashed straight into me. My next reaction was, God, he's going at the cape so if I fling it from me he'll attack it and leave me alone! And as I watched the animal bear down on me I thought, Mother help

—From "Hell of a Way to Run a Railroad" (Simon & Schuster).

"This is a hell of a way to run a railroad! You call that a dry Martini?"

me, this idea of being a bullfighter was complete insanity! Mother!

But so intense had been my training that my natural reactions were nullified—like those of a well-trained soldier going into combat for the first time. Instinctively, fighting my impulses, I held the cape out properly for the bull and made myself stand straight and as gracefully as possible, as though Maestro Solis were watching to see if I were keeping my back flat against that fence. Then as the horns came almost to my body I somehow swung the cape in front of the animal's nose and guided him past me, the horns just a foot or so away from my legs.

Later I learned that the crowd yelled "Olé!" but I was too absorbed in what I was doing to hear anything. So it worked! It actually worked the way the Maestro said it would. The bull went by without hitting me!

—From "My Life as a Matador," by Carlos Arruza with Barnaby Conrad (Houghton Mifflin, $4.50).

Lamb on Blake

To Bernard Barton, May 15, 1824

. . . Blake is a real name, I assure you, and a most extraordinary man, if he be still living. He is the Robert [William] Blake, whose wild designs accompany a splendid folio edition of the "Night Thoughts," which you may have seen, in one of which he pictures the parting of soul and body by a solid mass of human from floating off, God knows how, from a lumpish mass (fac Simile to itself) left behind on the dying bed. He paints in water colours marvellous strange pictures, visions of his brain, which he asserts that he has seen. They have great merit. He has *seen* the old Welsh bards on Snowden—he has seen the Beautifullest, the strongest, and the Ugliest Man, left alone from the Massacre of the Britons by the Romans, and has *painted them from memory* (I have seen his paintings), and asserts them to be as good as the figures of Raphael and Angelo, but not better, as they had precisely the same retro-visions and prophetic visions with themself [himself]. The painters in oil (which he will have it that neither of them practised) he affirms to have been the ruin of art, and affirms that all the while he was engaged in his Water paintings, Titian was disturbing him, Titian the Ill Genius of Oil Painting. His Pictures—one in particular, the Canterbury Pilgrims (far above Stothard's)—have great merit, but hard, dry, yet with grace. He has written a Catalogue of them with a most spirited criticism on Chaucer, but mystical and full of Vision. His poems have been sold hitherto only in Manuscript. I never read them; but a friend at my desire procured the "Sweep Song." There is one to a tiger, which I have heard recited, beginning:

Tiger, Tiger, burning bright,
Thro's the desarts of the night,

which is glorious, but, alas! I have not the book; for the man is flown, whither I know not—to Hades or a Mad House. But I must look on him as one of the most extraordinary persons of the age . . .

—From "The Selected Letters of Charles Lamb," edited by T. S. Matthews (Farrar, Straus & Cudahy, $4).

Beethoven on Reviewers

From a letter by Beethoven to Breitkopf & Hartel, Vienna, April 22, 1801.

Advise your reviewer to show more intelligence and discretion, especially with regard to the products of younger authors, for these reviews could easily discourage men who might otherwise do better work. As for myself, it is true that I am far from having attained such perfection as would exempt me from all criticism, yet at first your reviewer's outcry against me was humiliating. Then, by dint of comparing myself with others, I found it scarcely affected me; I remained quite unmoved and thought, they do not understand it. I was able to remain all the more calm when I observed how, elsewhere, your reviewer extolled men of minor importance who indeed, among the

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better artists here, are almost lost, decent and hardworking as they may be.

—From "Composers on Music," edited by Sam Morgenstern (Pantheon, $7.50).

Soviet Science

WE WHO live in the West do well to face these facts about Soviet science. Its vitality in the future depends on five factors: a supply of high intelligence; an education system which trains this intelligence well and steers it into careers of pure and applied science; a social climate which accords a high prestige to science; a familiarity with the currents of thought among scientists in other countries; and, fifthly, sufficient freedom from interference to enable the Soviet scientist to choose his research project, if not his politics, without interference and to work at it according to his conscience.

The first three of these factors are assured. Is Soviet science likely to deteriorate because the last two are deficient, because Soviet science is isolated from the West and because some scientific theories are outlawed in Russia? There are some who think it will, but personally I doubt it. For, valuable as it is for scientists to have personal contact with one another (and Russians value it as much as any of us), yet solid accomplishment in pure science is measured by what is published, and solid accomplishment in applied science by what is being manufactured. And the Russians have easy access to everything published in the West and a good deal of what is manufactured.

I once had a reader's ticket to the Lenin Library and I used to amuse myself by testing its capabilities. I would ask for a volume of the *Ohio State University Department of Horticulture Nursery Notes*: it came in a matter of half an hour; for the *Journal of the Linnean Society of New South Wales*: it came too; for the *Bulletin of the Botanical Society of Geneva*: it came too. No scientific journal, however obscure, seemed to be missing. Now every qualified research worker in Russia has had to pass a severe test in the reading of two foreign languages; so it can be assumed that all we publish is not only available in Russia but is in fact being carefully read.

Soviet scientists do feel isolated and they resent it bitterly; but they have adapted themselves to their isolation, just as they have to their climate and their police. And as to freedom, one only has to read the papers published by the Academy to be convinced that most Soviet research is as unconstrained as research in Harvard or Manchester.

So when we in the West take stock of the war potential of the East we can assume some things about Russians and not others. We cannot assume that they live by our values. Freedom means less to them, and the amenities of civilization—hot water, good food, comfortable accommodation—they can readily forego. For generations our tradition has encouraged individuality; for generations their tradition has suppressed it. But we can assume some fundamental similarities between them and ourselves; they are just as intelligent and soon they will be just as well educated. And they have one quality we in the West have lost: a deep inferiority complex which drives them to spectacular achievements.

—By Sir Eric Ashby in "The Red Army," edited by B. H. Liddell Hart (Harcourt, Brace, $6).

Speakeasy Age

OPEN a book or newspaper of a few years ago and you will seek the term "speakeasy" in vain. It was born of Prohibition. The speakeasy (the name suggests a whispered password) is a clandestine refreshment-bar selling spirits or wine. They must be visited to understand present-day New York. . . . There are a few in the downtown streets, but they are mainly set up between Fortieth Street and Sixtieth Street; they are usually situated downstairs and are identifiable by the large number of empty cars standing at their doors. The door is closed, and is only opened after you have been scrutinized through a door-catch or a barred opening. At night an electric torch suddenly gleams through a pink silk curtain. There is a truly New York atmosphere of humbug in the whole thing. The interior is that of a criminal house; shutters are closed in full daylight, and one is caught in the smell of a cremation furnace, for the ventilation is defective and grills are prepared under the mantelpiece of the fireplace. Italians with a too familiar manner, or lamp-blue pseudo-bullfighters carrying bunches of monastic keys, guide you through the deserted rooms of the abandoned house. Facetious inscriptions grimace from the walls. There are a few very flushed diners. At one table some habitues are asleep, their heads sunk on their arms; behind a screen somebody is trying to restore a young woman who has had an attack of hysteria. . . . The food is almost always poor, the service deplorable; the staff regard you with the eyes of confederates and care not two pins about you. The sauterne is a sort of glycerine; it has to go with a partridge brought from the refrigerator of a French vessel; the champagne would not be touched at a Vincennes wedding-party.

Yet the speakeasy pervades Manhattan with a fascinating atmosphere of mystery. If only one could drink water there! Some speakeasies are disguised behind florists' shops, or behind undertakers' coffins. I know one, right in Broadway, which is entered through an imitation telephone-box; it has excellent beer; appetizing sausages and Welsh rabbits are sizzling in chafing-dishes and are given to customers without extra charge; drunks are expelled through a side-door which seems to open out into the nether world, as in "Chicago Nights." In the poorer quarters many former saloons for the ordinary people have secretly reopened. All these secret shrines are readily accessible, for there are, it is said, 20,000 speakeasies in New York, and it is unlikely that the police do not know them; they are very popular.

—By Paul Morand (1925), reproduced in "Mirror for Gotham," edited by Bayrd Still (New York University Press, $7.50).

The Ph.D. Learns About Love

By Stan Steiner

IS A singular sex
Borne in Supermarkets
In public in Rented
Birth; No Cash Down by the lb.;
Bedded in crowded girls
And men. He trembled
Them and he ran
To sleep where he woke
In love with death
Lain in love's stead
Cold as his naked self.
His infinite discovery
Touched his naked fact
And he dissolved himself,
Was water, and he wed
The daughter of Poseidon
Who said, "Open your window.
Hear the sun." He did.
It sang of faroff lands
Where he who loved best
Was King. His sinews sang
Blessed by sun-blood
That was warm and woman
And he understood—
And he begat children.

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BOOKS FOR CHRISTMAS

Three Hundred Suggestions for Holiday Giving

IT WOULD be heartless to mention the rapid approach of Christmas (nineteen shopping days as of today) if we did not have something helpful to suggest. As a matter of fact we have more than 300 suggestions—books so varied in subject matter and style that there should be at least one to appeal to every person on your list from three to ninety-three, volumes new enough that it isn't likely that he's already read them.

All the books reviewed, quoted, or described in this issue have been selected to help make your seasonal chores easier. On the next page begins a list of books reviewed in other issues and which, on the basis of our reviewers' assessments, we believe will make fine gifts. The annotations for the adult books are the work of Rollene Waterman, those for the children's books of Frances Lander Spain and other specialists in the children's department of the New York Public Library.

And, once again, a merry and bookish Christmas to you all!

—RAYMOND WALTERS, JR.

FICTION

AMELIE IN LOVE. *By Henri Troyat. Translated by Lily Duplaix. Simon & Schuster.* $4.50.
Birth and death in a French village before World War I and a charming heroine who learns about love.

. . . AND THE RAIN MY DRINK. *By Han Suyin. Little, Brown.* $4.
Somewhere between reportage and fiction, this is a picture of wartorn Malaya as seen by a Eurasian woman physician.

ANGLO-SAXON ATTITUDES. *By Angus Wilson. Viking.* $4.50.
A motley array of types and attitudes surround the academician-hero with a great abundance of often witty prose.

BANG THE DRUM SLOWLY. *By Mark Harris. Knopf.* $3.50.
A touching story of the death of a baseball player set against the same realistic background as "The Southpaw."

BEOWULF. *By Bryher. Pantheon.* $2.75.
A poetic study of ordinary people and extraordinary courage during the bombardment of England.

A CERTAIN SMILE. *By Françoise Sagan. Translated by Anne Green. Dutton.* $2.95.
A bored young girl meets a blasé older man and, to her surprise, falls in love. Told in fine literary style by the author of "Bonjour Tristesse."

COMPULSION. *By Meyer Levin. Simon & Schuster.* $5.
A reportorial novel dealing with the much-publicized Leopold and Loeb case of 1924.

DON'T GO NEAR THE WATER. *By William Brinkley. Random House.* $3.95.
A funny book about Navy public relations officers in the Pacific during World War II.

THE DOVES OF VENUS. *By Olivia Manning. Abelard-Schuman.* $3.50.
A novel by an English lady about a pretty young girl and an aging beauty who hover around a heartless but nonetheless charming man.

FACE OF A HERO. *By Pierre Boulle. Translated by Xan Fielding. Vanguard.* $3.50.
A peculiarly fascinating novel about a public prosecutor who becomes involved in a savage crime.

THE FIELD OF VISION. *By Wright Morris. Harcourt, Brace.* $3.50.
The lives of a handful of Americans are sifted as they sit around a Mexican bullring.

FIVE A.M. *By Jean Dutourd. Translated by Robin Chancellor. Simon & Schuster.* $3.
The predawn mental tortures of a middle-aged bank clerk portrayed with wit and satire.

THE FLIGHT. *By Ruth Stephan. Knopf.* $4.
A biographical novel about Queen Christina of Sweden who renounced her throne and her religion for a life of poverty.

THE FOUNTAIN OVERFLOWS. *By Rebecca West. Viking.* $5.
The shabby and artistic, irresponsible and irrepressible Aubrey family in London at the turn of the century.

FURTHER FABLES FOR OUR TIME. *By James Thurber. Simon & Schuster.* $3.50.
The animal kingdom has some wise words and witty morals for us mortals, especially as the inimitable Mr. Thurber tells it.

THE GREAT WORLD AND TIMOTHY COLT. *By Louis Auchincloss. Houghton Mifflin.* $3.75.
A novel about ideals and integrity in the caverns of a New York law firm, and what young Mr. Colt does about it all.

HOMECOMING. *By C. P. Snow. Scribner.* $3.95.
A portrait of the Public Man and his Private Life in an adroit performance by one of Britain's foremost novelists.

THE INSURGENTS. *By Vercors. Translated by Rita Barisse. Harcourt.* $3.95.
A novel of metaphysics and politics which ponders the fundamental nature of man through the mode of a poet's weird experiment.

KING OF PARIS. *By Guy Endore. Simon & Schuster.* $4.
The life of Alexandre Dumas père told with as much dash as the flamboyant Frenchman could have wished.

THE LAST HURRAH. *By Edwin O'Connor. Little, Brown,* $4.
The marvelous figure of Skeffington, one-time mayor and governor, dominates this full-blooded novel of Irish-American political life.

THE LAST OF THE WINE. *By Mary Renault. Pantheon.* $4.50.
A historical novel placed in Athens at the close of the Peloponnesian War when Socrates still had things to say.

THE LOOKING GLASS CONFERENCE. *By Geoffrey Blunden. Vanguard.* $3.75.
Diplomats and diplomacy are delightfully minced in this satire of a top-level international conference.

THE LOST STEPS. *By Alejo Carpentier. Translated by Harriet de Onis. Knopf.* $3.75.
The story of a journey, both real and spiritual, in the South African jungle, and about a man who learns to live without his creature comforts.

THE LOVING COUPLE. *By Virginia Rowans. Crowell.* $3.50.
Bordering on caricature, this is an amusing story of a day in the life of a not-so-happily married couple by the author of "Auntie Mame."

MALONE DIES. *By Samuel Beckett. Grove. Paperbound.* $1.25.
A strange, symbolic, and always cryptic novel by the author of "Waiting for Godot."

THE MANDARINS. *By Simone de Beauvoir. Translated by Leonard Friedman. World.* $6.
An exploration into the milieu of the post-war French intellectual with an assortment of Sartre-esque characters.

THE MERMAIDS. *By Eva Boros. Farrar, Straus.* $3.50.
A delicate treatment of love and death in the special world of the tuberculosis sanatorium.

THE NUN'S STORY. *By Kathryn Hulme. Little, Brown.* $4.
The story of Sister Luke, her work as a nun in the Belgian Congo and in invaded Belgium, and her own struggles before she rejoins the outside world.

THE SACRIFICE. *By Adele Wiseman. Viking.* $3.95.
About a Jewish family that settles in a Canadian town and tries to maintain its cultural traditions.

THE SAILOR, SENSE OF HUMOR, AND OTHER STORIES. *By V. S. Pritchett. Knopf.* $4.50.
A collection of short stories by a distinguished British critic who is also a practised hand at fiction.

THE SEVEN ISLANDS. *By Jon Godden. Knopf.* $3.
The story, told with delicacy and restraint, of a holy man who keeps a rocky retreat in the middle of the Ganges.

A SINGLE PEBBLE. *By John Hersey. Knopf.* $3.
A novella about a group of Chinese and an

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American engineer who take a perilous and symbolic journey on a junk up the Yangtze River.

SIX FEET OF THE COUNTRY. *By Nadine Gordimer. Simon & Schuster.* $3.50.
A collection of short stories about contemporary South Africa written with wit, sensitivity, and understanding.

SON OF DUST. *By H. F. M. Prescott. Macmillan.* $3.75.
The story of a man who loved both God and another man's wife, set in medieval England.

STORIES. *By Jean Stafford, John Cheever, Daniel Fuchs, William Maxwell. Farrar, Straus.* $3.95.
A nice collaboration of contemporary short-story talent for the fastidious appetite.

THE STRAIGHT AND NARROW PATH. *By Honor Tracy. Random House.* $3.50.
A wild and satiric adventure in Ireland which pokes fun at almost everything on the Emerald Isle.

THE SUCCESS. *By Helen Howe. Simon & Schuster.* $3.95.
A Boston Brahmin marriage, a divorce, a glamorous career are the ingredients of the heroine's not-so-successful life story.

THAT UNCERTAIN FEELING. *By Kingsley Amis. Harcourt, Brace.* $3.50.
A delightfully comic novel in which an extraordinarily human Welsh librarian is sorely tempted in flesh and spirit.

THESE THOUSAND HILLS. *By A. B. Guthrie, Jr. Houghton Mifflin.* $3.95.
All about Lat Evans who traveled the cattle trail from Boise City to Montana, started his own ranch, met a couple of women, and married the right one.

THE TRIBE THAT LOST ITS HEAD. *By Nicholas Monsarrat. Sloane.* $4.95.
British civil servants, an Oxford-educated chieftain, an unscrupulous journalist are among the fauna of the fictional island of Pharamaul.

THE VOICE AT THE BACK DOOR. *By Elizabeth Spencer. McGraw-Hill.* $3.95.
The sympathetic story of a Mississippi sheriff whose aim is to give justice to whites and Negroes alike.

AMERICANA

THE AGE OF FIGHTING SAIL. *By C. S. Forester. Doubleday.* $5.75.
The history of the naval war of 1812 told with the salt and tang expected from the creator of the inimitable Captain Hornblower.

AS I SAW THE U.S.A. *By James Morris. Pantheon.* $3.95.
The report of a critical, sometimes caustic, always perceptive Englishman.

AUTUMN ACROSS AMERICA. *By Edwin Way Teale. Dodd, Mead.* $5.75.
A nature-travel book which follows the autumn bloom from Cape Cod to California.

THE BIRTH OF THE REPUBLIC: 1763-1789. *By Edmund S. Morgan. University of Chicago Press.* $3.
A very readable little volume on the period from the end of the Seven Years' War to the ratification of the Constitution.

A CARNIVAL OF BUNCOMBE. *By H. L. Mencken. Edited by Malcolm Moos. Johns Hopkins Press.* $4.50.
A collection of political pieces written for *The Baltimore Evening Sun* during the Twenties and Thirties with the Mencken style at its rambunctious best.

THE CIVIL WAR. *By Otto Eisenschiml, Ralph Newman, and E. B. Long. Grosset & Dunlap. 2 vols.* $10.
An account of the war by men who fought in it and illustrated with contemporary photographs.

HIGH, WIDE AND LONESOME. *By Hal Borland. Lippincott.* $3.75.
A New York newspaperman reminisces about his own pioneer boyhood in the high country of eastern Colorado.

THE HOME RANCH. *By Ralph Moody. Norton.* $3.50.
The story of a young boy's summer on a ranch and the growing-up process in the Western style.

HOME TO TEXAS. *By Stanley Walker. Harper.* $4.
Reminiscences of ranch life interwoven with

(*Continued on page 38*)

Made to Wear a Ribbon

THIS is the time of year when the cheese people tie ribbons around their mail-order gruyère, the orange marmalade people nest their jelly bottles in green tissue paper, and a man can't go to the jug store without receiving a handsome gift decanter at no extra cost. Who can blame the members of the publishing fraternity for greeting the season with big or pretty books that carry off a ribbon with especial aplomb?

Looking over the books that the publishers have put together with more than one eye peeled on December 25 we find that they fall naturally into four types: old favorites done up in attractive new packages, picture books (photographs, old prints, drawings made meaningful by connective text), albums of reproductions of great art, and collections of cartoons. The sports fan has not been overlooked by the bookmakers, either. We'll have some suggestions for his benefactors next week.

New Packages

THIS year the publishers seem to have outdone themselves in this department. The watchword of the trade at the moment is *e pluribus unum,* or possibly *multum in parvo.* And not so *parvo* either; the average package book of this Yuletide would make a lethal weapon.

This upcoming Christmas's most packaged author, a veritable Olympic champion of reissuance, is without question John P. Marquand. "The Late George Apley," "Wickford Point," and "H. M. Pulham, Esquire" have been girdled into a 1,285-page, three-and-a-half-pound sockdolager called **"North of Grand Central: Three Novels of New England"** (Little, Brown, $5.75). (Westchester County is north of Grand Central; why not "East of Greenwich"?) There are new prefaces by the author and a general introduction by Kenneth Roberts. And do you remember Mr. Marquand's Mr. Moto of twenty years ago—the poker-faced Japanese secret agent who understandably went to earth well before Pearl Harbor? There were three Mr. Moto novels, and they are now back in print as a 447-page unit, **"Mr. Moto's Three Aces"** (Little, Brown, $3.95).

Against this behemothian pair totaling 1,732 pages Thornton Wilder's publishers can offer only a modest 309-page job in **"A Thornton Wilder Trio"** (Criterion Books, $3.95), comprising "The Cabala," "The Bridge of San Luis Rey," and "The Woman of Andros." There is an introduction by Malcolm Cowley. The Wilder compilation is, however, a deeper resurrection than the Marquand; its elements first appeared, respectively, in 1926, 1927, and 1930.

Magazines no less than individual authors tend at this Christmas season to be turned over to the entrepreneurs of packaging technique. Consider **"Editor's Choice"** (Random House, $3.95), a selection of twenty-six stories that have appeared in *Good Housekeeping* during the past fourteen years. The choosing editor is, naturally, Herbert R. Mayes. His choices are not all name authors, though he does include the getting-around John P. Marquand. **"A Treasury of True: The Best of Twenty Years of the Man's Magazine"** (Barnes, $7.50) is made up of thirty-one fact yarns, including Mike Stern's disclosure of the murder of OSS Major William V. Holohan, which had national and international repercussions. There is illustrative material in abundance, some of it in color. **"Ten Years of Holiday"** (Simon & Schuster, $5.95) contains pieces that cover the earth, all by name authors. The selections have been made by the editors of *Holiday,* and there is an introduction by Clifton Fadiman. One selection in the 600 pages, "Boston," is by John P. Marquand. Cleveland Amory, writing about "High Society, U. S. A.," also manages to get in a few words about Boston. Budd Schulberg is the only author who is common to these three

—*From "A Merry, Merry Christmas Book."*

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periodical compendia, though there are numerous doubletons.

The two volumes of **"Stories to Remember"** (Doubleday, $7.50), edited by Thomas B. Costain and John Beecroft, cover a broad area. Here are six complete novels, selections from five others, and twenty-seven short stories for a resounding total of 1,018 pages. No Marquand here, no Schulberg, but one of the six complete novels is Thornton Wilder's "The Bridge of San Luis Rey." Other authors are Poe, Hawthorne, O. Henry, MacKinlay Kantor, Edith Wharton, Stephen Vincent Benét, Enid Bagnold, plus plus plus. It is good to see Max Beerbohm's "A. V. Laider" chosen over "Enoch Soames," the usual editorial favorite. There are full-color double-spread title-pages and numerous line cuts through the text.

Anthologizing by category is enjoying the customary seasonal afflatus. Louis Untermeyer's **"A Treasury of Ribaldry"** (Hanover House, $4.95) is not a set-piece of erotica but a most agreeable assemblage of 675 pages devoted to "the paradox of love and laughter" and covering the period from 700 B.C. to now. **"America Remembers: Our Best-Loved Customs and Traditions"** (Hanover House, $3.95), edited by Samuel Rapport and Patricia Schartle, is an effective nosegay of nostalgia composed of eighty units and 669 pages. Two of the units are by John P. Marquand. The names are good, and they are not all writing names. **"A Treasury of American Folk Humor"** (Crown, $5) is edited by James N. Tidwell, who merits congratulations for omitting Mark Twain's "Jumping Frog" (as too well known) and the often corny humor-by-misspelling of a century ago. There are 620 pages. **"Omnibus of Fun"** (Association Press, $7.95) has been put together in 625 pages by Helen and Harry Eisenberg and 125 (listed) helpers. Everything is here from the baby-bottle race to the womanless wedding. There are seventy pages of "quiet games," which you might show to the family upstairs, but be careful —among them are the tractor pull and the rooster fight. Apparently a treasury or omnibus of fewer than 600 pages forfeits its franchise. But this year's crop offers an exception. **"The Teacher's Treasure Chest"** (Prentice-Hall, $4.95), edited by Leo Deuel, with an introduction by Benjamin Fine, education editor of *The New York Times*, contains a mere 372, but it crowds into this space sixty-four units, many of them by authentic teachers —Mary Ellen Chase, Irwin Edman, John Erskine, Gilbert Highet, and Jesse Stuart are among them. One of the contributors is John P. Marquand, and this is the last time that the name of John P. Marquand is going to appear in the present dissertation.

—*From "Phiz: Illustrations from the Novels of Charles Dickens."*

"Mr. Carker Introduces Himself to Florence and the Skettles Family."

Bigness is not the *sine qua non* of the anthology—look at *Reader's Digest*. **"The Best Science Fiction Stories and Novels: 1956"** (Fell, $3.50), edited by T. E. Dikty, eighth in an annual series, runs to only 256 pages but launches whole fleets of space ships. (Practical note from the space front: Eleven science-fiction magazines in England during the year, but Australia sprouted three new ones.) **"Animals All"** (John Day, $3.75) is shorter still—253 pages—but it is the most unusual "theme" collection of the year. In each of its fifteen stories (Thompson Seton, London, Van Vechten, Terhune, Maeterlinck, *et al.*) an animal is the hero and chief character, and none of them talk—they just make like animals. Christmas books about Christmas are relatively uncommon now that Mr. Dickens is no longer producing, but here's one: **"A Merry, Merry Christmas Book"** (Prentice-Hall, $2.95), garnered by Eric Posselt—fifteen jolly stories about Christmas by modern writers (Benchley, Morley, Beerbohm, Ade, Leacock, Runyon are among those present). Then there is **"A Christmas Triptych"** (McKay, $1), by Felix Timmermans, a Dickensian bit (French style) of forty-six pages in gay red wrappers, a sort of glorified Christmas card.

There remains a cluster of books in the show-case class. **"Walt Disney's African Lion"** and **"Walt Disney's Living Desert"** (Simon & Schuster, $10 each) are superb all-color picture books; the illustrations are from the famous nature documentaries, and have been reproduced by Marc Barraud in Switzerland. The text of the first is by James Algar, writer-director of the films, and of the second by Louis Bromfield, Julian Huxley, André Maurois, and others. Comparably spectacular is **"The Book of the Sky"** (Appleton-Century, $10), edited by A. C. Spectorsky, with selections from Petrarch, Rabelais, Donne, Whitman, Gilbert, E. B. White, etc. More than aviation is discussed: astronomy, the migration of butterflies, weather,

(*Continued on page 45*)

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The Saturday Review

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A New Level of Attention

TOKYO.

TOKYO is one of the world's best listening posts. Like Istanbul on the other end of Asia, it is both a contact point between East and West and a bustling exchange center of ideas and opinion. Here are some impressions growing out of a brief visit to that center:

The United States has begun to regain some of its lost prestige and respect among the peoples of the Far East. We are still a long way from occupying the favored position we held fifteen years ago, when we were identified with the cause of justice in behalf of peoples who had been deprived of it for centuries. But at least the downward drift has stopped. And it seems clear that there is now a new level of attention for what we say and want to do.

Two massive world developments have contributed to the improved standing of the United States among the Asian peoples. The first, of course, is the horror and sense of shock produced by the brutal suppression by the Soviet of the Hungarian rebellion. Since the USSR and the U. S. have been juxtaposed against each other in the battle for world public opinion, when one goes down the other usually goes up. The gradual decline of our influence after the end of World War II was marked by a corresponding climb in the standing of the Soviet. But the sudden turn of events in Hungary has thrown not only Soviet Russia but world Communism into an abrupt retreat. This could be of the profoundest historical importance. For the Soviet up until now has claimed it was being victimized by the ugly propaganda of those who were trying to destroy it. It could come before the peoples of Asia and Africa who were clamoring for freedom from outside rule and pose as their champion. It could talk about a better world in which there would be neither hunger nor oppression nor colonial domination. And very little that we could say about the nature of Communism and its totalitarian character could offset the image of a powerful Soviet standing for social justice and national independence for the Asian and African peoples. All this has now changed.

With no group did the name of the Soviet exercise greater magic than the young students. Some of my most vivid memories of visits to Japan, Indonesia, Malaya, India, Pakistan, and Ceylon during the past eight years are of question periods at universities when determined young people would try to get me to back down on some of the statements I made about the dynamics of the totalitarian state, whether Communist or Fascist. For the young people wanted nothing so much as a design for a better world and they sincerely believed, many of them, that this design carried the Soviet seal and that no force in the world could keep it from coming into being. But now, with Hungary, an angry reversal of conviction has come. Students in Asia and Africa are demonstrating outside Russian embassies and consulates. The same sense of justice that attracted them to Communism in the first place is now supplying the heat and energy for their protests against the destruction of the freedom movement in Hungary. And as eyes and hopes turn away from the Soviet, there is a natural tendency to look for a new champion. And all at once America and Americans are being re-appraised in a new light.

This leads to the second important development that has contributed to the upturn of our position in the East. While there was not too much enthusiasm for our vacillating foreign policies, and while people were often astounded at the lack of American knowledge and sensitivity on issues of deep historical concern to those directly involved, it is now felt that when the Middle East crisis broke America showed mature judgment and restraint. In particular, it is felt that the speech of President Eisenhower on October 31 may represent a vital turning point away from what could have been the eruptive beginning of a world war. In that speech the American President defined basic principles in the relations of nations to each other in a way that caused many parts of the complex Middle Eastern crisis to fall into place. In just seven words he stated the basic challenge of our age: "There can be no peace without law." He did not condone the provocative and inflammatory actions of the Egyptian Government that led to the sudden moves by the Israeli, British, and French Governments, but he also made it clear that the only hope for the world was to create a situation in which justice could be achieved without force.

NO ONE knows whether the many fuses of a hydrogen bomb war that are now spluttering can all be stamped out. But if by some miracle this can be done, there will open out a stage for effective action such as the world has not known since 1945. The principle of a U. N. Police Force has been accepted. This force must be broadened and permanently established. But all its implications must be fully understood. A police force must have behind it all the agencies of law enactment and interpretation if it is to be responsibly operated. It must have the confidence of the peoples. Therefore, an attempt must be made to implant in the U. N. responsible and effective agencies of world justice which can command the respect and confidence of the world's peoples. There can be no peace without law, but there will be no respect for law unless law exists for the purpose of assuring justice. Where there is no justice the people will take the law into their own hands.

The new level of attention enjoyed by the United States may well serve as the basis for advocating the big and bold measures that can make world law a reality. World law cannot come into being without inspired advocacy. It must be the kind of advocacy that seeks more than a way out of the present convulsions. It must seek an end to the age of world anarchy and the beginning of justice among nations and men.

—N. C.

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LETTERS TO THE EDITOR

MR. BUTTERFIELD ATTACKS

PROFESSOR WALTER P. WEBB has written some very good books on Texas history. But his review of Samuel E. Chamberlain's "My Confession" (*SR* Nov. 3) is a surprisingly incompetent performance. Certain statements he makes there require printed correction.

Professor Webb implies throughout his review that the Chamberlain book is a hoax. But he offers no proof until his final paragraph, which reads as follows: "So much for the probabilities and circumstantial evidence. Now for the positive proof that Sam Chamberlain was working on this manuscript as late as 1903. On page 271 he describes 'Judge' Holden of Texas, a talented member of Glanton's gang, and he sums up the Judge's abilities by saying that he was 'in short another Admirable Crichton.' He [Chamberlain] had read J. M. Barrie's remarkable play, and he wanted to exhibit his own versatility. Barrie published 'The Admirable Crichton' in 1903." End of review.

Professor Webb should know—and so should the editors of *The Saturday Review*—that "the Admirable Crichton" has been a common phrase in English since the seventeenth century, based on the career of an actual scholar-adventurer named James Crichton. The story was retold in a popular novel called "Crichton" by W. Harrison Ainsworth in 1837. I presume that Chamberlain read this tale and picked up there the characterization he applied to Judge Holden. Certainly he did not get it from Barrie's play, which is not about the real Crichton or anyone else who remotely resembled Judge Holden. The hero of Barrie's play is a suave London butler, and Barrie simply used the well-known phrase as a title for its punning effect.

Professor Webb states that he personally "combed the official records of the Mexican War" and does not recall "any mention" of the hanging of American deserters in the Mexican Legion of San Patrick. This is an astounding admission for a reputable scholar to make. The capture and punishment of these deserters is fully covered in the orders of General Scott, and is discussed in every standard history of the war. The copious records on file at the National Archives do not differ in an essential way from Chamberlain's account.

I said in my Introduction that Chamberlain's "Confession" was apparently written before 1861 because there is no mention in it of the Civil War. He frequently discusses Irwin McDowell, Robert E. Lee, Jefferson Davis, and other prominent men, but always as soldiers in Mexico, and with no hint of their activity in the later conflict. Since the Civil War was the biggest event in his own life I think he would have said something about it if he had written his "Confession" at a later date.

I agree with Professor Webb's warning that Chamberlain's "Confession" contains "falsehoods, exaggeration, and self-aggrandizement," and should be used with caution by historians. That is exactly what I said in the Introduction and Postscript to the published book. But Chamberlain also gives us what no academic writer ever can: a common soldier's account of the Mexican War, in a richly picaresque style, with valuable illustrations, by a man who was really there—as even Professor Webb admits. Before the "Confession" was published, in *Life* and in the Harper's book, it was thoroughly checked in consultation with a large number of experts. In view of all this I cannot accept Professor Webb's statement that Sam Chamberlain "has apparently fooled the editor, Roger Butterfield." The exact opposite is the case.

ROGER BUTTERFIELD.

New York, N. Y.

THROUGH HISTORY WITH J. WESLEY SMITH

". . . and in dedicating this great canal, we must not forget our debt of gratitude to Ferdinand de Lesseps—who has solved forever the greatest maritime problems of all the nations of the world."

PROFESSOR WEBB'S REPLY

MR. BUTTERFIELD is correct in stating that an Admirable Crichton existed before Barrie wrote his play, and I regret that I was not acquainted with him. It follows that Chamberlain could have made the reference at the time he was supposed to have written the book without attempting a hoax.

I credited Chamberlain with making a contribution to our knowledge of the execution of the deserters who formed the San Patricio Corps. Mr. Butterfield states that this episode is covered in the reports of General Scott, and of course the execution of so many soldiers would have to be reported; he states that the episode is "discussed in every standard history of the war." I am sure that Justin H. Smith's "The War with Mexico," two volumes, is a standard history. Smith refers to the San Patricio soldiers five times in the text and three times in the notes. There is nothing that could be called a discussion in the text. The more extensive treatment in the notes is at best sketchy, a short paragraph. If Mr. Butterfield is correct, then Chamberlain's contribution is less than I thought.

There is no doubt that Chamberlain was in the war. The value of his story comes from the fact that he recorded his experience as a common soldier, but this is not a unique value. There are other accounts by participants who wrote as well as Chamberlain, but who lacked the quality of his imagination and the fertility of his constructive memory.

WALTER PRESCOTT WEBB.

Austin, Texas.

EDITOR'S NOTE: SR *takes this opportunity to thank the more-than-thirty other readers who reminded us of the reality of the long-dead, but not-at-all forgotten, Admirable Crichton.*

TONE-DEAF AMERICA

I WANT TO take issue with David Manning White ("What's Happening to Mass Culture?" *SR* Nov. 3). He paints far too rosy a picture of our tone-deaf American society. This Thursday Virgil Fox will play on Kansas City's finest organ. Throughout his fine recital there will be yawning, snapping of handbags, discussion of Aunt Tillie's operation, etc. There won't be more than 300 people there. When I was in Amsterdam this last summer I was one of more than 2,600 people who came out to the regular Saturday night organ recitals in the Old Church there. The Dutch sat in perfect silence throughout the recital. Even after the organist had finished, the 2,600 people filed out in total silence. In Kansas City they'll jabber about everything but the music.

I wish what Mr. White says were true, but all Americans should remember that in the whole United States we have less opera per year than in Munich, Germany, alone.

JAMES P. LAWBAUGH.

St. Joseph, Mo.

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"The Frugal Repast"

The Artist at Seventy-five:

"PORTRAIT OF PICASSO"

Author: Roland Penrose

By JAMES THRALL SOBY

"PICASSO is above all preoccupied with vision and it is therefore appropriate that a visual record should be made of the surroundings in which he was born and in which he has chosen to live, the friends he has made and the women who have shared his intimacy. By so doing we can gain insight into both his work and his character, we can divine the influences that have combined to inspire him and perhaps shed some light on the strange and incaluculable workings of genius."

These words are by Roland Penrose, painter, writer, and, as Alfred Barr has remarked, "by far the most adventurous English collector of his generation." They occur in Penrose's **"Portrait of Picasso,"** one of the most enchanting and revealing books I have seen in a long time. The book has just been published by Lund Humphries for the Institute of Contemporary Art in London; it will be reprinted in March by the Museum of Modern Art in New York and distributed by Simon & Schuster ($2.95). It summarizes the large exhibition of documents on Picasso's personal life organized by the Institute to celebrate the master's seventy-fifth birthday. The book does precisely what its author claims: it tells us a great deal about Picasso's art and character, and it gives us a valuable insight into the artist's restless, fervent, and indisputable genius. It has been a labor of love, Penrose being an old and close friend of the painter. And it has been assembled and written with a perceptive clarity typical of a man whose modesty is as remarkable as his taste and knowledge.

The book begins with photographs and captions describing Picasso's youth in Malaga, Spain. Very quickly we are made aware of the extraordinary visual memory which has been so important a part of Picasso's equipment as an artist. On one page, for example, are reproduced two photographs of Picasso as a child. In one of them he stands alone, in the other is seated beside his sister Lola. Picasso has inscribed the photographs with notes describing exactly the colors of the clothes he and his sister were wearing at the time. After about seventy years he still remembers details of color, event, and place which the average mind would have forgotten long since. We usually think of Picasso as the one who has done most to disrupt the bond between art and external reality. In the pages of this book we can see how vast is the treasury of outer appearance and happening stored in his mind. He has made direct use of this fund of awareness whenever it has suited his purpose. The photograph of his son Paolo seated on a donkey as a child is reproduced alongside the painting Picasso did of the same subject in 1923. The images are alike, yet with no surrender whatever of Picasso's authority as a painter. He sees and remembers constantly. He draws on the tangible world with an intensity of absorption and choice which makes the achievement of most self-avowed realists seem minor indeed.

The impact of Picasso's various loves on his creative vision has also been important. We are all accustomed to recognizing his first companion, Fernande Olivier, and his wife, Olga Koklova, in the paintings and drawings of his "Rose" and neoclassic periods respectively. But the book makes plain how much what Penrose describes as "the great moonlike heads in the sculpture and paintings of the early Thirties" owe to a less-publicized romance with Marie Thérèse Walter, whose classic profile, with unbridged nose, was an inspiration for a time. By the same token, Picasso's years with Dora Maar produced a great number of images in which the imprint of her beauty is apparent, however disguised, and later Françoise Gilot was the subject of innumerable paintings and sketches.

Today Picasso's love is Jacqueline Roque, whose patrician profile and marvelous eyes are the theme of many of the pictures the artist has produced at his present villa, "La Californie," at Cannes. From the women who have loved him there has come little recrimination of any kind, as though his choice of them were a shared and cherished privilege. And even the most ardent of puritans could not deny that Picasso has been an affectionate parent. His grown son and daughter are with him often, as the charming photographs in Penrose's book attest. Of his two young children he has made a fine series of paintings and drawings in which he is proud papa as well as irrefutable artist.

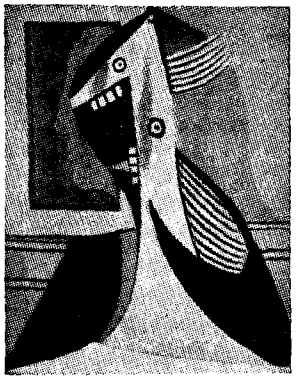
The many places Picasso has lived and worked have also been of decided importance in his career. Included in the book are a number of documents relating to his formative years in Spain—photographs of his ancestors, the accomplished portraits he painted of his parents when he was fourteen,

THREE OF THE FOUR PICTURES here are portraits of Picasso. The one at the right, a heretofore seldom reproduced photograph, shows the artist at the age of fifteen, when he was living with his parents in Barcelona. The proto-Cubist self-portrait in the lower left-hand corner was drawn in Paris in 1907, a year after the portrait of Gertrude Stein (center), one of the last works of his "Iberian period." By 1929, when Picasso did the self-portrait at the lower right, his interest in Cubism still persisted but had taken a more violent turn. "The Frugal Repast," at the top of this page, an etching done in 1904, was one of the first products of Picasso's Paris years.

Picasso at fifteen

Self-portrait, 1929.

Portrait of Gertrude Stein.



Self-portrait, 1907.

—From "Portrait of Picasso."

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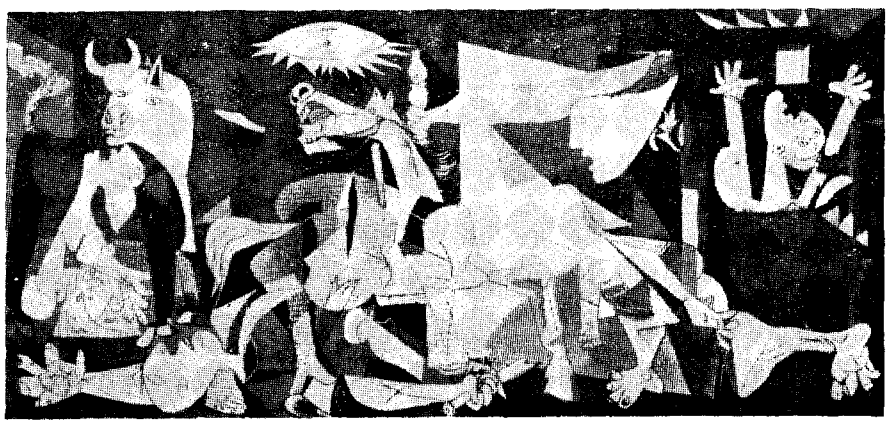
THE MURAL below is of course "Guernica," the famous painting entirely in black, white, and gray that Picasso painted in 1937 on learning that the Basque town of Guernica had been destroyed by German bombers flying for Franco. As Alfred H. Barr has pointed out, "The insistent regularities and some of the transparencies, patternings, and fragmentations recall Cubism and Cubist collage but they serve to suggest the confusion, and augment the explosive emotion of the scene." Here, as in many of Picasso's works, appears the head of a bull; another example of this is the "Head of Bull" reproduced at the left.



—*From "Picasso and the Bull."*

"Guernica."

the drawing he submitted for the entrance examination to the School of Fine Arts in Madrid (1897). There is even a photograph of the interior of the Barcelona tavern known as "The Four Cats," where Picasso foregathered with the Catalan intellectuals at the end of the century. Roland Penrose's diligence and patience in locating these and other documents have been exemplary, and the photographs and drawings define for us the environment in which Picasso matured as an artist. He matured so rapidly that when he was thirteen his father, whom Penrose describes as "an honorable bourgeois painter in the academic tradition," turned over to his son his cherished paints and brushes. The gesture is not merely touching. It refutes the theory of certain psychoanalysts who have attempted *in absentia* to find in the more violent aspects of Picasso's art a reflection of Freudian animosity between father and son.

In 1904 Picasso settled in Paris, which he previously had visited on several occasions. He lived first in Montmartre, and just before or soon after the outbreak of World War I moved to Montparnasse. Appropriately if lamentably few photographs have survived of Picasso and his circle during the early years of Cubism, which gave photographic realism in painting the most severe rebuff it had ever had. Penrose nevertheless has been able to gather enough documents to suggest the vitality of this fertile period in art history, and his accompanying text adroitly clarifies the devotional atmosphere in which Picasso and Braque, Cubism's founders, perfected their revolutionary style.

In 1917 Picasso went to Rome to design the sets and costumes for Diaghilev's ballet "Parade." The experience affected deeply his art and life. It stimulated his rising interest in the overt depiction of the human face and figure. And it introduced him to the *haut monde*, which found in the Russian ballet one of its satisfactory diversions. Back in Paris, Picasso moved into a huge apartment on the Rue la Boétie, and he went often to the gathering places of the elite on the French Riviera. His new life of luxury and fashion did not in any real sense threaten the integrity and passion of his art, and during the early 1920s he completed some of his most admirable works. Yet one senses that Picasso was never entirely at ease in the social world. At any rate, two events were soon to remove him from it: the birth of the Surrealist movement; and the Spanish Civil War. Picasso's friendship with the Surrealists sharpened the psychological content of his paintings; the destruction of the helpless Basque town of Guernica by Nazi planes inspired his famous mural painting of 1937. Thenceforth he was more often in the company of professional friends—poets, artists, musicians—as he had been in youth.

In recent years Picasso has been much preoccupied with political matters, and his devotion to Communism is well known. But he is so thoroughly an artist that his tremendous energy has been spent mainly on a fantastic number and variety of works of art—sculpture, paintings, drawings, prints, the ceramics through which he has revived the ancient pottery center Vallauris. The man is a creative giant. "Portrait of Picasso," as its author intended, helps us to know how and why.

A Stocktaking

"Picasso," by Frank Elgar and Robert Maillard *(translated by Francis Scarfe. Praeger. 315 pp. 450 illus. $5), is a guidebook to the work of the great artist. Our reviewer, Georgine Oeri, is on the staff of the Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum.*

By Georgine Oeri

THE FRENCH original of Frank Elgar and Robert Maillard's "Picasso" was published last year when the great retrospective exhibition honoring Picasso's seventy-fifth birthday took place in Paris. It is as though the book reflected the impact of that event, the overwhelming, awesome presence and immediate vitality of a body of work that is still growing while it has already become a historical monument, the sum total of a lifetime that has become independent from its creator and exemplary as an expression of our time, so much so that it escapes or thwarts our comprehension.

Messrs. Elgar and Maillard seem to be under that very spell when they state that "we are fully aware of the faults of this study. They are inevitable" and when they further state "the real Picasso cannot be classified or easily summed up. We have only tried to draw nearer to him and to take stock of the scandal of his genius." In their assertion in the concluding pages of their study that it is impossible to capture the dimensions of their subject they come closest to grasping it and transmitting an idea of its monstrous stature. They pinpoint the shocking fact that a genius of this magnitude lives among us—in an era inclined to underestimate its staggering creative potential—and that he *is* a genius no matter how incomprehensible.

What the two authors have done then is to "take stock" as a pair of painstaking, faithful recorders and narrators of the tangible facts of the phenomenon Picasso. They strictly

(*Continued on page* 58)

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New Threat from the USSR

***"The Big Thaw," by C. L. Sulzberger** (Harper. 275 pp. $4), is a* New York Times *correspondent's analysis of the course of Soviet policy. Henry C. Wolfe, our reviewer, is the author of "The Russian Octopus" and other books.*

By Henry C. Wolfe

THE DEATH of Stalin was a turning point in the history of the Soviet Union, and perhaps of the world. An era ended abruptly. The new masters of the Kremlin, uncertain at first about the strategy to be followed, changed from crude ruthlessness to subtler tactics. "The Competitive Coexistence of Bulganin and Khrushchev," C. L. Sulzberger concludes in his book "The Big Thaw," "is more brilliant, more significant, more durable, and more dangerous to our own position than Stalin's Peaceful Coexistence ever was."

Mr. Sulzberger, veteran *New York Times* correspondent and "Foreign Affairs" columnist of that newspaper, illuminates the post-Stalin global struggle between the Soviet bloc and the democratic West. His on-the-scene survey ranges incisively from the Oder-Neisse line across the satellite belt and the Soviet Union. He explores the ideological, economic, propaganda, diplomatic, and military factors involved in the identification of *Russian* policy with *Soviet* power. Impressively documented yet wonderfully readable, "The Big Thaw" is one of the truly important books of the year.

Most of the time since World War II the Kremlin has had the initiative; the free world has been largely on the defensive. Soviet power, although content with the *status quo* in Europe, has been on the offensive in the Far East, Central Asia, and the vitally important Middle East. Although the current Soviet rulers have repudiated Stalin's internal Party tactics, there is no ground for belief that they have turned against his diplomatic methods. "A diplomat's words," according to Stalin, "must have no relation to his actions—otherwise what kind of diplomacy is it? Words are one thing, actions another. Good words are a concealment of bad deeds. Sincere diplomacy is no more possible than dry water or iron wood."

In these days of the H-bomb—as, indeed, long before—the leaders of imperialist Communism would prefer to attain their objectives without the gamble of large-scale conflict. In a recent conversation with the author Mr. Molotov said bluntly: "We should like the change-over to Communism [by the rest of the world] to be as painless as possible." That, Mr. Sulzberger comments, "is small comfort."

Although the news spotlight of late has been focused on Kremlin activities in Europe and the Middle East, one of the most important fields of Soviet expansion is remote Central Asia. "As Genghis discovered," the author points out, "this is the land that leads to everywhere: Europe, Asia, the Danube, or the Indus. . . ." It is a springboard. "For Soviet diplomacy and Communist revolution are pushing across Central Asia toward India with more vigor, more skill, and more chance of success than imperial Russia ever demonstrated in its drive against the British Raj."

IT IS ironical that while in the Middle East the Soviets pose as friends and champions of the Moslem world in their own domain they have waged ruthless, effective warfare against the Mohammedan religion and culture. In Central Asia the Kremlin is using the brainwashed Tadzhiks, Kazakhs, and other Turanian peoples as instruments in the big push toward the Indian Ocean. Afghanistan, in the immediate path of the Soviet offensive, "now seems doomed." In the Middle East the Soviets have leapfrogged over the Turkish barrier and are busily penetrating Egypt. They are gambling on an "audacious Middle East policy." If the Kremlin can "deprive Europe of Middle Eastern oil Britain's straitened economy may collapse and the Continental powers of NATO will be subject to economic strangulation or political blackmail."

C. L. Sulzberger—"wonderfully readable."

Although the Soviet Union is "industrially immensely powerful and scientifically advanced," it has never been able to solve the problem of insufficient food. Whereas about 7 million workers on American farms turn out more food than we can use or export, some 50 million producers on the Soviet collectives do not raise enough food. "Farmers throughout the world work better for themselves than for the State." In Poland, for example, "the peasant is reluctant to produce. He is on a slow-down strike." And the Red hierarchs appear to be no nearer finding a solution of the peasant problem today than thirty-five years ago.

In spite of Soviet aggression, broken treaties, genocide, and other excesses and crimes the West has fared badly in the propaganda war. In the battle for men's minds, "despite millions of dollars spent, we are not successful." In the eyes of millions of people in the Far East it is we Americans, not the Russians, who are imperialists and colonialists.

In historical perspective Titoism may turn out to be the catalyst of the break-up of Soviet power. Mr. Sulzberger believes that this deviationist movement represents an opportunity for us. "Our initial goal is to loosen up the bloc." What has been happening in the European satellites since the book went to press bears out the author's verdict on Titoism. Should the Big Thaw in the Soviet empire "prove meaningful its consequences to the Communist system [will be] far more dangerous than to ourselves. Let us attempt by every means to stimulate it."

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Prospectus for World Law

—*Burck in* The Chicago Sun-Times.

"Don't Muff It!"

"Waging Peace," by Maxwell Stanley *(Macmillan. 256 pp. $3.50), makes a plea for peace through world government and offers a plan for that government. Our reviewer is Reginald D. Lang, professor of government and international relations, Carleton College.*

By Reginald D. Lang

THE arresting title Maxwell Stanley has chosen for his new book accurately describes its tone. For "Waging Peace" combines a sincere plea for peace through world law with a pattern of government for establishing it, and a plan of action for attaining that government. The pattern of government and the plan of action, however, are inseparable. They are not related as an end with a variety of means suggested for achieving it in gradual stages, but they coalesce into a single plan founded upon a single policy. This permits the treatment of this complicated subject to move easily, sometimes too easily, over obstacles which frequently are toughly intractable. Mr. Stanley thus compels the reader to judge his proposals in their unqualified completeness because he has described them only in their ultimate form.

Following an estimate of the present situation, in which he emphasizes the dangers of current weapons of destruction, and after dismissing, somewhat summarily, proposals suggested by others, Mr. Stanley lists seven points that form the nucleus of his program of action and his solution:

(1) Maintenance of our present military strength "until we have achieved a rule of law in the world and have provided other methods for preventing aggression."

(2) An expanded program of technical assistance and economic development.

(3) Maximum use of the present United Nations.

(4) Establishment of a rule of law through making "the United Nations responsible for establishing a rule of law adequate to control all armaments, prevent aggression, and aid peaceful settlement of disputes."

(5) Universal enforceable disarmament.

(6) Strengthening the United Nations so that it can "administer and enforce a rule of law to control armaments and to prevent war."

(7) Speaking for Man by championing "the eternal principle of individual freedom" and demanding the abolition of war.

Of these seven, points 4, 5, and 6 are developed extensively in specific suggestions. Mr. Stanley frankly admits that these equal world government. But, he insists, it is a limited and federal world government confined to enforcing universal disarmament and preventing war.

The rule of law (point 4) is to be established through an amended and transformed United Nations endowed with legislative processes, administrative methods, and judicial procedures to enforce disarmament and to secure the peace. Mr. Stanley's definition of the rule of law "as a rule of conduct prescribed by a supreme governing authority and enforced by sanctions" is of course Austinian. While the Austinian doctrine applies in a general way, but with many reservations and qualifications, to centralized or federal states, the concept of law itself is much wider; law is not merely the attribute of the centralized sovereign state. This Austinianism governs the argument of this book which always seeks to conform a revised United Nations to a centralized, even though federal, state. This telescopes the patterns of development to be found in the history of any polity with an alarming acceleration.

IN THE chapter on disarmament Mr. Stanley's emphasis inevitably is upon inspection. This central task should, in the opinion of the author, be entrusted to inspection forces of the revised United Nations. Their powers are stated in ample terms; indeed, no objective terminal principle is indicated, and armament is a pervasive business. Consequently the "inspectors must be empowered to go anywhere and to inspect anything which looks suspicious"; in the phrase of the author, they "become sort of an international FBI."

The strengthened United Nations called for in point 6 likewise receives detailed treatment. It must be universal; it should be composed of a legislature with authority to enact world law in the limited sphere of armaments and aggression. The highly complex and one of the most exacting and baffling problems in government, the basis and form of representation, is cavalierly dismissed in the sentence: "The present General Assembly can no doubt be revised to become a legislature." In addition to a legislature there should be an executive with administrative powers, and a court to try violators of laws relating to armaments and aggression.

Regarding the rock that nowadays always looms menacingly in the navigable channel of a voyage toward any goal of universal political concord—the Soviet Union—Mr. Stanley hopes that the Soviets might be persuaded to enter a world government such as he proposes, which is assuredly not Marxist; but if they refuse then he is prepared to accept something less than universal, a federation of the free.

From the point of view of public law the principles and concepts used in this book lack a professional precision and frequently have a doubtful or unsteady validity; the absence of an historical third dimension not only deprives them of solidity but also renders many of them politically unfeasible and unattached to the essence of politics—the art of the possible. On the other hand, the book is an earnest and convincing exhortation to do something, something bold and imaginative, and so is a bracing tonic for pessimism or apathy. That something bold and imaginative should be done no one will deny; but, since an order of public law in any society originates in the laws of politics, bold and imaginative deeds must subtly fuse the art of politics with the principles of public law. This book presents an unimpeachable case that to strive for law in international society is to be astutely politic.

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A Year of Red Propaganda

"Target: The World," edited by Evron M. Kirkpatrick *(Macmillan. 362 pp. $5), is a factual report on Communist activities around the globe last year. Our reviewer is Theodore S. Repplier, president of the Advertising Council, who has made a study of American information activities abroad.*

By Theodore S. Repplier

BOOKS on propaganda seldom escape entirely the aura of the schoolroom, and "Target: The World," edited by Evron M. Kirkpatrick, is no exception. It is for the most part textbookish in style and based on astonishingly complete Government data—a factual, authoritative chronicle of Communist propaganda activities in the year 1955, area by area and country by country, around the world.

Yet, make no mistake, the book packs the kick of a mule. To anyone with an ounce of imagination it is well-nigh terrifying. For it is the story of the promotion of an international conspiracy so gigantic, so ingenious, and so devilishly well-organized that it chills the blood.

The very tables and lists with which the book is liberally studded produce the very opposite reaction to the usual one generated by such data. For they contain the lists of the endless organs of Communist persuasion which claw away tirelessly at the underpinnings of our free world.

It is scarcely reassuring to read that in Italy, for example, the Communist Party (only one of many channels for propaganda) publishes *L'Unita*, a daily and Sunday newspaper with a circulation up to a half million; *Avanguardia*, a weekly paper aimed at youth; *Vie Nuove*, a popular illustrated magazine; *Quaderno dell'Attivista*, a fortnightly guide for Party faithful; *Gioventu al Lavoro*, a monthly magazine on labor subjects; *Rinascita*, a monthly journal with Red-slanted views on cultural, political, and social affairs; *Critica Economica*, a bimonthly review of economic subjects; *Societa*, a bimonthly for intellectuals, and *Arena*, a quarterly literary and theatrical journal. How very fine it would be if our side had an equal array of journals published in Italy by Italians and constantly singing hallelujahs for the United States and relating the sins of our enemies!

IN HIS introduction Mr. Kirkpatrick reminds us of what we are prone to forget: that the aim of international Communism is still to destroy capitalism and replace it with Soviet-centered Communism; and that to achieve this aim the Communists use propaganda in greater volume and with far more artfulness than did Hitler. He points out our own persistent skittishness in the field, from President Wilson to President Roosevelt—a skittishness which continues with Congress and the people—and ventures the hope that this volume will help awaken the free world to the tremendous task which it faces.

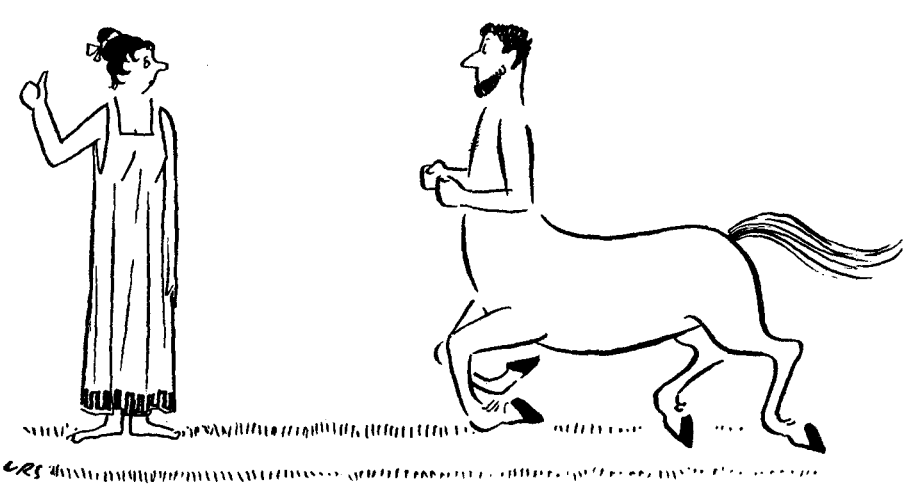
If facts will do the awakening Mr. Kirkpatrick will get his hope. For 1955 was a year in which Communist propaganda considerably increased the already raging torrent of words poured out in its behalf around the world.

Hours of radio broadcasting by Communist countries were increased 10 per cent. Production of books and other printed media stepped up sharply. Communist film production rose and quality improved, perhaps showing the effects of free six-year Government schools for "the people's artists." Visits to the Soviet Union doubled in 1954 over 1953, and rose an additional 35 per cent in 1955. (Red China also lays great stress on this propaganda-in-person, and delegation travel to and from China and other satellites was estimated to be nearly twice that of the USSR.) In 1954 the Communist entries in international trade fairs totaled forty-five; in 1955 the exhibitions from the Workers' Paradise totaled sixty-eight. In short, all indications are that the Communists are blandly confident that they are riding a winning horse and are now applying the whip.

In 1955 the Red propaganda line, although subject to surface deviations, continued to drive toward the same objectives: undermine the United States as the leading capitalist power, destroy confidence in its integrity, its intentions, its motives, and create a climate favorable to the growth of Communism. Red propaganda spoke with a thousand tongues, but the purpose was everywhere the same. To Europe it preached peaceful coexistence and the evils of a U.S.-dominated NATO as against an all-inclusive European security system; to Japan it clucked the tongue at U.S. "atomaniacs"; to Asia it talked of U.S. economic imperialism and U.S. immorality in dumping its agricultural surpluses in Asian markets; in Iceland it fanned the fires which threaten U.S. military bases—and so on around the world.

The sweet Geneva spirit modified Russian invective for a time. Instead of railing like a shrew Moscow shook its head sadly for the erring capitalists. But as the mood passed the old intemperate adjectives reappeared. And, no matter what the mood, the Communist propaganda juggernaut never once changed its course.

Mr. Kirkpatrick's book should be carefully studied by every Congressman and every American dealing with public opinion. It should be on the bedside table of every responsible American. On second thought, perhaps it should *not* be on the bedside table. For when read late at night it is no aid whatsoever to sound sleep.



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FICTION

—From the jacket for "The Disobedient Son."

". . . the struggle for the starkly simple goal of being let alone."

The Power That Didn't Corrupt

"The Disobedient Son," by François Clément *(translated by Christopher Veiel. Little, Brown. 274 pp. $3.50), is the story of a simple Mexican country boy who, through some time spent in the great world, becomes a leader without becoming corrupt.*

By Oliver La Farge

OF LATE years North American and European writers have been increasingly interested in the problem of the Mexican character. Shedding the old, foolish stereotypes of knavery, poltroonery, and murderousness, they have tried to see into and expound the product of the blending of two strange sub-cultures: the old Mexican, that we usually think of as Aztec, and the late medieval Spanish. The latest to try his hand is François Clément, a Frenchman who has lived some time in Mexico.

Whether anyone but a Mexican, a more lucid and dispassionate (and better translated) Mariano Azuela, can do the ultimate job remains to be seen. However, there have been good tries, and M. Clément's "The Disobedient Son" is one of them. He has grasped what this reviewer takes to be an essential—that one cannot understand the Mexican's view of life unless one understands his view of death. (It may be, incidentally, that this is not merely a local situation, but a generalization we could apply in trying to understand many peoples.)

One of the advantages of the Mexican setting is that it enables a writer to produce a novel of character that is also full of action, in fact, in which character and action are often one. This book studies an unimportant Mexican and his unimportant, dot-on-the-map village. It is primarily a character analysis of both with wider implications, but it is also and of necessity a tale of as many and as lively events as the cheapest adventure writing. It points the old moral that it is not necessary to throw good writing out of the window in order to have knives flash and lots of guns go bang-bang.

The story is built around the common device of the simple country boy whom fate projects into a greater world for a time, where he acquires the extra equipment of half-knowledge and material goods that cause him, returning home, to become a leader and shaper. Power once achieved carries its corruption, but in this case it never corrupts the obsidian, Mexican core.

The tour of wider experience is neatly handled here to give the reader some sense of the forces beyond the village that continuously play upon it—forces that Juanito, the hero, never sees as a whole pattern. This is unobtrusively done, without ever departing from the narration of a legitimate sequence of events. The reader's perception gives him a necessary background against which to place the struggle of Juanito and his people for the starkly simple goal of being let alone.

The opening pages of "The Disobedient Son" read like a pastoral, but the men are carrying weapons. In that there is a lot of Mexico. Pastoral with weapons could be said to be the nub of the book, of theme and events that lead to the quietly handled, terminal page of violence.

The Englishing by Christopher Veiel is so good the reader completely forgets he is reading translation.

History of an Emotion

"My Name Is Rose," by Theodora Keogh *(Farrar, Straus & Cudahy. 223 pp. $3.50), is a study of the disintegration of a Parisian woman.*

By Mary Barrett

THEODORA KEOGH'S "My Name Is Rose" deserves the same serious critical attention that was accorded her five earlier novels. For one thing, she has now developed a personal style of her own. Open the book and you hear it. For another, with great taste and simplicity she is attempting a short form not often attempted and too little appreciated in America. It is a form that relies on the swift stroke, on concision and brilliance; its power lies as much in what is not said as in what is. It has had any number of successes in French literature, and in England only recently it gave us that minor classic, Julia Strachey's "Cheerful Weather for the Wedding."

"My Name Is Rose" is told partly in the form of a journal and partly as a narrative. Its central figure is Rose Flamand, daughter of an expatriate American artist and a Jewish mother who was killed in a concentration camp. She is unhappy in her marriage to a French journalist, and her life is meaningless and disconnected, but in her blind self-examination she is more aware of her unhappiness than of its cause. The distracting uncertainty leaves Rose at the mercy of a chance encounter.

Basically a novel of this kind is the history of an emotion. The central figure is not a "character" in the usual sense, only a source through which we see and feel the impact of his world. Such a figure is seen as we see ourselves, from within, without outlines. But in order to create dramatic force the resisting world must be even more powerfully portrayed.

It is a pity that once outside the horizon of Rose's consciousness Miss Keogh is a little indistinct and too tentative to create the necessary other half of the novel—the forceful, sharply outlined cast whose pressure is the cause of the central effect. Pierre, the journalist husband, with his ready subservience to anything in power, even the latest fashion in ideas or women's wiles, is true in intention but neither compelling nor entirely original in the drawing. La Citale, the aging courtesan who lives at the top of the Flamand house, is perhaps too easily recognized as a literary

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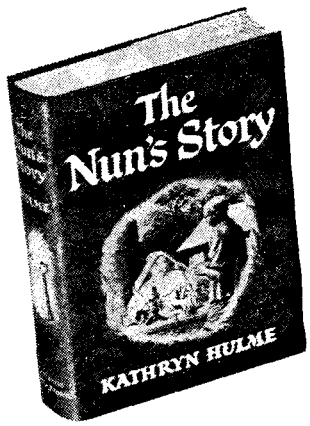

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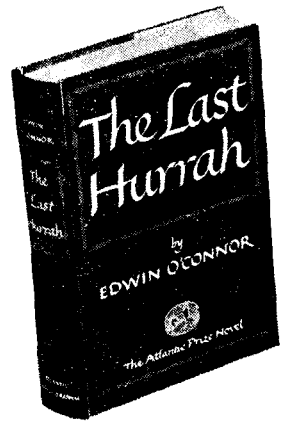

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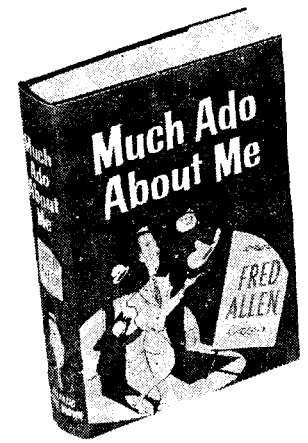

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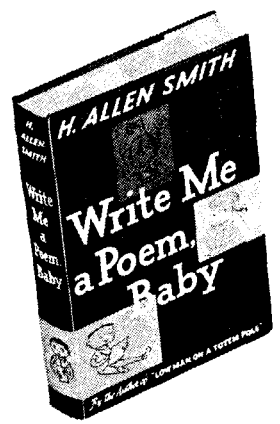

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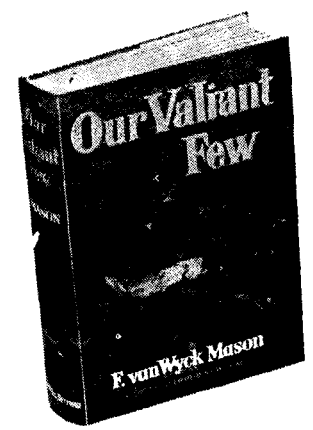

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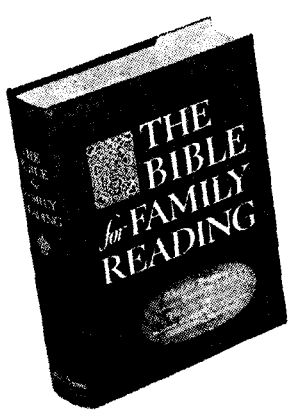

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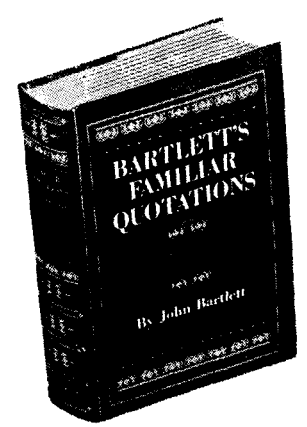

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type. It is only Pierre's friend and colleague on the magazine, the twisted, pettish Simon, who seems to spend his entire life on that defiant, destructive edge known as the brink of tears, that is Miss Keogh's real success in portraiture, and a measure of what she can do as a concentrated critic of the world. Unfortunately, he alone is not enough to bear the weight of Miss Keogh's dramatic intention and at the end the reader is puzzled as to the real cause of Rose's disintegration. Was it her expatriate father, her divided heritage, or was it just the strain of so many divisions?

It would be a pity to carp. Miss Keogh's real originality lies in her use of the feeling of place, without any obtrusive machinery, as a dramatic element that accentuates her heroine's rootlessness. It is not the Paris of the tourist but of the people who live in it—its half lights, its weather, its perspectives, all have their emotional consequences for Rose. And it has been a long time since such an intimate and original study of a woman's life has been done so appealingly.

A Squalid World

"Giovanni's Room," by James Baldwin *(Dial. 248 pp. $3), tells of a young American's adventure with homosexuality in Paris.*

By David Karp

JAMES BALDWIN, the young American writer whose first novel "Go Tell It on the Mountain" received wide critical praise, has chosen the special, tortured world of the homosexual as the subject of his second. David, the central character and narrator of "Giovanni's Room," is an expatriate American living in Paris who meets a primitive young Italian bartender in one of Paris's homosexual bistros. David is instantly attracted to Giovanni, the bartender, and before the evening is out he shares Giovanni's room. It is this room which Mr. Baldwin uses as a symbol of David's fear and distaste and fascination with homosexuality as a way of life. To David the room seems like the act, squalid, mean, dirty, alien. And to David, in time, the room seems to contain all of life and living. When in the end he feels he must leave the room or die he is seeking desperately to leave his homosexuality behind. To aid David in his struggle there is his girl, Hella. David goes back to Hella, who has been away, agonizingly anxious to prove his "manhood," clinging fearfully to the dream of normality. David, however, fails and the limits of Giovanni's room suddenly thrust themselves outwards, covering the world, trapping David, and excluding Hella and all women forever.

Mr. Baldwin has taken a very special theme and treated it with great artistry and restraint. While he is franker about the physical aspects of male love than other writers who have written on the subject, he manages to retain a very delicate sense of good taste so that his characters never really offend us even when they appear most loathsome, most detestable. This truly remarkable achievement is possible because of Mr. Baldwin's intense sincerity and genuine ability to understand and to pity the wretches involved. The author evidently knows the homosexual world of Paris and renders it with precision, but not with clinical detachment. A clinical report of the world of Giovanni and David, after all, would require a strong stomach, a sure set of nerves, and a highly developed capacity for finding objects of pity. Of all the ills and vices of men it would seem that homosexuality is the one least demanding of patience and consideration, but Mr. Baldwin has managed to instil in one reader, at least, a greater tolerance, a fresher sense of pity.

It is Mr. Baldwin's theory that David's failure is a failure of other young men of his generation to attain "sexual authority." It is hard to discover from the novel just what Mr. Baldwin means by "sexual authority." It is possible that Mr. Baldwin is referring to the general erosion of personal identity which has been working on modern man since the emergence of the machine and the big State. In that larger sense we are all victims and may be forced into other rooms to shut out a world with which we can not cope, a world in which we have become merely counters for manipulation by forces which we have created but can no longer control.

THE ONE AND ONLY SAROYAN: Since his "The Daring Young Man on the Flying Trapeze" William Saroyan has delighted or annoyed his readers (and a few publishers and editors) for more than twenty years. He has never forgotten that he is the son of Armenian parents who produced a prodigy in himself in Fresno, Calif., or that he intended to revolutionize American literature. Nor has he ever doubted that he is unique—an Armenian zany, a home-grown, naive philosopher who hoped to alleviate the woes of his fellow men through the long Depression, a world war, and its aftermath.

To some extent Mr. Saroyan has succeeded. He is a "Writer." Nobody will deny it, least of all Mr. Saroyan, since he has produced twelve books of short stories, seven novels, twelve plays, and two volumes of memoirs. Mr. Saroyan's new book, **"The Whole Voyald and Other Stories"** (Little, Brown, $3.75), contains twenty-two stories and sketches, the whole being prefaced by "A Writer's Declaration" which is intended to prove that he is unlike any other literary craftsman, that he has been entirely free and independent, that he has never written to order or on assignment or for cash or permitted any alteration of his text.

There is only one Saroyan, and the qualities that have made him popular are stamped on every page of this book. In the threadbare poverty of his childhood and youth he had an astonishing zest for life which he has never lost. He loves everyone, including himself, and his memory of the days when he sold newspapers, worked half the night in outdoor markets, ran errands for the telegraph company, and picked up what food and money he could find, is as sharp as ever. He discovered the human race. His mother's cousin Hagovian, who lived on a little vineyard in the country, was, he says, the human race. He remembers everything about him though Hagovian died thirty-five years ago. Mr. Saroyan loves everyone, including a dog and a hen he rescued from a flood. He discovered with joy the public library and devoured a

—*Leslie Schenck.*

James Baldwin—"artistry, restraint."

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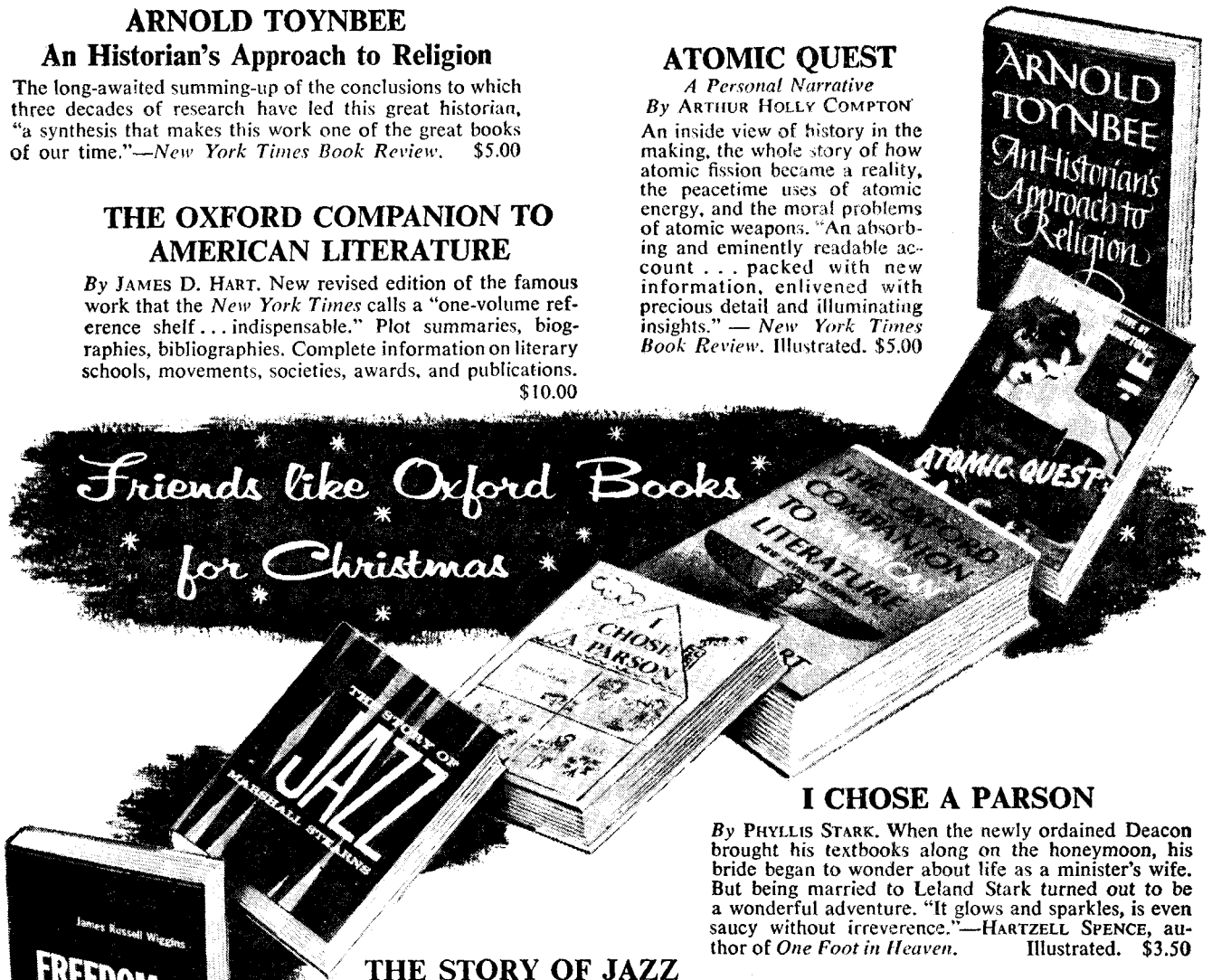
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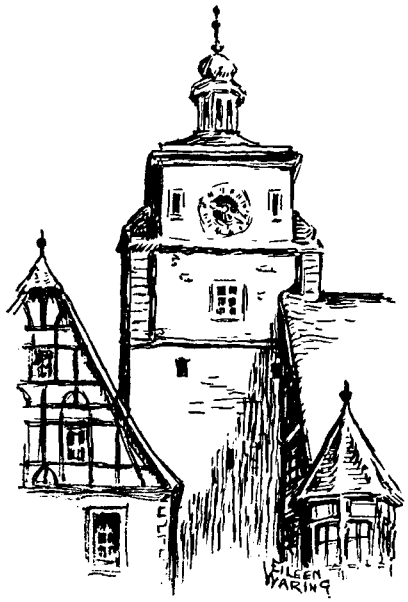
vast quantity of books in short order. His recollections of his earlier years are filled with eccentric and delightful children. There is a solemn boy who spent a whole month slowly tearing his family's old car to pieces, a girl called Bellie who imagined she was a motion-picture queen recently returned from Baghdad with a couple of tigers, and a small boy who wanted to go into the saloon with his father. Several of his characters, including a melancholy and gentle murderer, are too good to be true, until you suspect that they might be fair copies of Mr. Saroyan himself at various stages of his life, always charmed and delighted with everybody.

In our depressing world of wars, terrors, crimes, and assorted wickedness Mr. Saroyan has diligently attempted to prove for a quarter of a century that life is almost unbearably wonderful, that people are instinctively good and above all extremely amusing, and that it is a blessed boon to be poor, especially if one is a writer who does not write for money. And this attitude has its advantages. It is a relief from daily and humdrum cares to absorb his whole "voyald," although a good many of his readers who are not acquainted with his work and his philosophy may discover that there is too much sugar in his recipe.

—HARRISON SMITH.

TV WHEELER-DEALER: The travails of an independent "packager" whose simple ambition it is to become fabulously rich by producing radio and television shows are outlined in Robin Moore's **"Pitchman"** (Coward-McCann, $3.95). On the subject of such travails Mr. Moore is evidently an unqualified expert. His scarred but unbowed entrepreneur, Benton March, works every possible angle of this most angular branch of show business. He creates (or steals) and "pitches" radio shows, live TV productions, and filmed TV series. He uses every last crumb of family influence, social connection, and trickery that his limping conscience will allow—in the interest of peddling such hot "properties" as "Space Blazers" (science fiction), "The Amazing Dr. Barstow" (medical horrors), and other esthetic nuggets. For his pains March is clobbered by the networks, the advertising agencies, and the big talent agencies in ways that are too devious to be detailed here. Suffice it to say that no form of hucksterish collusion has escaped Mr. Moore's eagle eye—in fact the seamy data compiled in "Pitchman" makes other novels of this ilk sound like Mother Goose.

But fascinating as "Pitchman's" inside information may be, Mr. Moore



seems to have been a victim of its very richness. There is an absence of characterization, a lack of focus to all the wheeling and dealing which dissipate whatever dramatic impact March's battles should have. This is a great pity, because better novels have been written about the radio-TV dodge on the basis of a fraction of this author's background material.

—MARTIN LEVIN.

GERMAN WOMAN: The first novel of Luise Rinser to be translated into English makes an impressive arrival on the fictional scene. It is entitled **"Nina"** (Regnery, $3.75) and gives an interesting glimpse into postwar German writing. The novel is a study of the contradictions of the divided heart, unusual because it is a story of adult feeling and choice. In it Miss Rinser returns to a classic theme of German romanticism, man's essential loneliness and unfulfilment. But through her altogether appealing heroine this theme is less forbidding than it sounds.

The story takes place in and around Munich in the Germany of the past twenty years. We are introduced to Nina at a chance meeting with her sister. Then through the several devices of her sister's narration—including letters dating from school and university days, and the diary of a lover, Doctor Stein—we become absorbed in Nina's several unhappy attempts at happiness. Nina conceives of experience as discovering the limits of endurance, while the Doctor, much older than she, lives a withdrawn existence and thrives upon the dissection of the more placid ambiguities. Through Nina, with whom he has fallen in love, he is compelled again and again to approach direct experience, even to an indecisive heroism in the resistance during the war; but he will not surrender himself to the "absolutes" of life. Ironically, through motives in direct contradiction to Doctor Stein's, Nina finds that she herself must at last make her own refusal of the man she loves.

Miss Rinser is admirable not only for the perception and originality of her theme, but for the way she has turned her back on many of the overused conventions of the novel. She never descends to cheap effects. Yet it cannot be denied that nobility and high-mindedness are dangerous subjects for a woman. What is it that makes so many feel that long-suffering is attractive in itself? Here Luise Rinser succumbs. Too many of the war incidents are of the stock variety, and in order to prove heroism at these junctures the book becomes an analysis of emotional states and of ideas rather than the presentation of people themselves.

—MARY BARRETT.

TAP GIRL AT THE MERMAID: From the early American scenes that have been the backgrounds of her previous novels, Shirley Barker turns to Elizabethan England to fulfil a long-nurtured project. In her new novel entitled **"Liza Bowe"** (Random House, $3.50) the Mermaid Tavern is the focal point, and from this fact springs much of the book's greatest interest. But from this fact also spring some of the book's gravest problems. I fear this novel is more truly about a place and a time than about events—more truly about a constellation of people than about persons. In it Liza Bowe, a tap girl in a Cambridge tavern, seeks to widen her horizons by going to London and taking service at the Mermaid Tavern. The problem there is to keep from being trampled to death by famous names. Quiet Will Shakespeare is there. So is the arrogant Kit Marlow. Nashe, Kyd, and Greene are lesser lights, along with fictitious Philip Fineux, friend of Marlowe and lover of Liza.

This mix has a high caloric content and it requires more than Miss Barker's skills to keep it from being artificial. What we have is a pageant of symbolic personages. But if we surrender to the pageant it is seen to have substantial merits and authentic interest. I don't believe Liza Bowe for one minute, but I accept her as an amiable convention and on those terms positively like her. And why not?—for she leads me into an animated picture gallery of Elizabeth's London, full of color and smell and motion. The figures wearing the masks of great names move persuasively to fulfil Miss Barker's set of conjectures as to how they might have been.

The deepest notes are sounded

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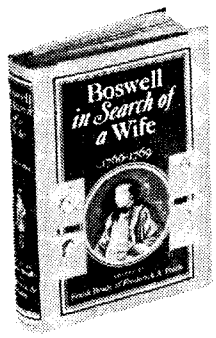

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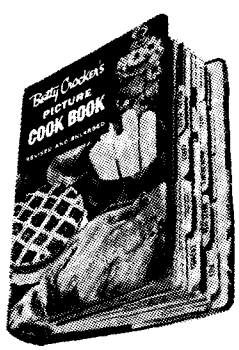

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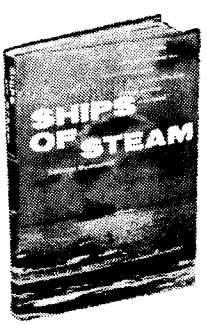

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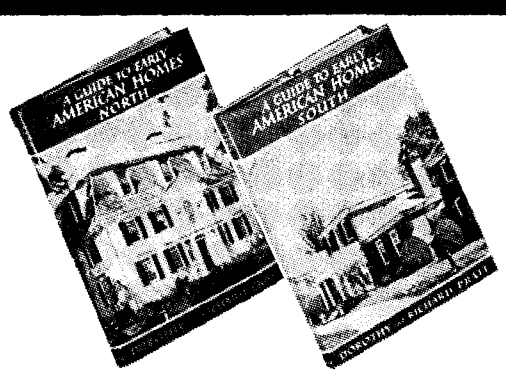

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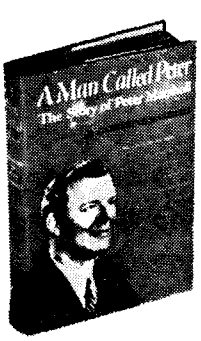

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through the Faustus theme, of which Miss Barker makes much. While Kit is hammering out his play, Liza's Philip is translating a German book about Faustus and killing his soul through both the initial morbid temptations of demonology and the aftermath of his disillusionment with it. Coming to believe that there is no devil, or that he is inaccessible, Philip comes to believe also that there is no God, or that He is inaccessible. In this pattern we are shown the stimulating but perilous currents of moral, physical, and philosophical speculation that are the continuing fascination of that age.

Say then that Shirley Barker has created an interesting book, with perhaps considerable potential for popularity. —EDMUND FULLER.

SUNSET OF IMPERIAL CHINA: Chang Hsin-hai's long novel **"The Fabulous Concubine"** (Simon & Schuster, $4.50) tells an exciting story of Imperial China's twilight years, a cataclysmic time which included that misguided but understandable outburst of anger against a rapaciously aggressive West known as the Boxer Rebellion. The story is chiefly concerned with the upper classes, in particular the scholar Shen Wen-ching, ambassador to Germany and Russia, and his lovely young concubine, Golden Orchid. Exciting as are Golden Orchid's adventures in the time of the Boxer troubles, they are neither so absorbing nor so fresh in the historical sense as Dr. Chang's analysis of the official mind of that day as he tells of the devious intrigue that engulfed the upright ambassdor.

This is Dr. Chang's first novel, and he is perhaps a little self-conscious. His English if anything is too correct. He moves his story along at a very cautious pace. He frequently pauses to put Confucian aphorisms into the mouths of his characters so that they sound like actors in a morality play. These qualities would seem to rob the story of vitality, but curiously they do not. Instead they create a quaintness and a charm. It is as if one were in the presence of an old journal, yellowed with years, yet alive, authentic, its people real and recognizable, more rather than less so because they have an odd formality foreign to our culture and our time. Though Dr. Chang can hardly be aware of it, he himself hovers over his work as a prototype of the Chinese scholar-gentleman, wise, understanding, benevolent, indignant at sham and corruption, full of love for his country and sorrow at the misery it must endure before it can get soundly on its feet again and once more illuminate the world. This awareness is curiously appealing and adds a gentle warmth to the story.

—PRESTON SCHOYER.

UNHAPPY AD MAN: The business novel, like golf, bank mergers, and the friendly rewriting of corporate history, seems to be a phenomenon of these times. In **"Company Man"** (Harper, $3.50), John G. Burnett tells the the story of advertising man Robert Franklin, who believes that he can leave his small independent agency and accept an equivocal position as advertising manager with Farnsworth Airlines without yielding his individualism and independence.

Robert is a talented copy man with the standard irresistibility for all women except his wife. Farnsworth Airlines is a complacent, subsidized enterprise whose planes are never on time and whose managers guard preserves with the vicious office politics usual in the business novel.

The climax comes when Farnsworth must show cause to the Civil Aeronautics Bureau why the company's only foreign route should not be taken away. Robert is neatly jockeyed out of participation in the plan for salvation because he is trying to be a "company man." However, when he decides that the scheme of proposed advertising is puerile and foredoomed to failure he devises independently, in spite of all opposition, his own plan to save the company. In the end he is defeated ignominiously in a transparent series of maneuvers by which he is induced to stick his head in the noose and tighten the knot with his own hand.

Perhaps the author intends merely to demonstrate that a corporation will always take the easy, unprincipled way to success instead of the harder road of honor, talent, and originality. But, whatever his intent, the reader never learns what impact, if any, the experience has had on the hero. He is simply left in defeat while Farnsworth Airlines successfully retains the foreign route through a chicanery its officers have always refused to practise before. Mr. Burnett does not choose to reveal whether Robert's belief in independence and integrity is strengthened or destroyed, or whether he has arrived in defeat at some deeper understanding and adjustment. We are, perhaps, due a major talent in the genre of the business novel—one who will crystallize our understanding of the modern businessman into valid archetypes like Dreiser's financier and Lewis's Babbitt. But this has not yet been accomplished. Mr. Burnett, in his first novel, plows among the old cliches instead of breaking new ground.

—BORDEN DEAL.

Books for Christmas

Continued from page 22

some shrewd character sketches of Texas folk.

CHARLES EVANS HUGHES AND AMERICAN DEMOCRATIC STATESMANSHIP. *By Dexter Perkins. Little, Brown.* $3.50.
The life story of a complex and controversial man who was Presidential candidate, Secretary of State, and Chief Justice of the Supreme Court.

THE IMPERIAL YEARS. *By Foster Rhea Dulles. Crowell.* $5.
A valuable history of the American imperialist years from the administrations of Cleveland through Theodore Roosevelt's days of the "big stick."

IT'S A BIG COUNTRY. *By Ben Lucien Burman. Reynal.* $4.
Travels in picturesque parts of America off the main-traveled highways.

ROBERT E. LEE. *By Earl Schenck Miers. Knopf.* $2.50.
A concise biography introduces the great general as an embodiment of the Southern cause in the Civil War.

LINCOLN FINDS A GENERAL: VOL. 4, IUKA TO VICKSBURG. *By Kenneth P. Williams. Macmillan.* $7.50.
A new volume in a monumental military history of the Civil War.

MEN TO MATCH MY MOUNTAINS. *By Irving Stone. Doubleday.* $5.95.
A narrative panorama of the West told in terms of the heroic men and women who pioneered the wilderness.

THE NEGRO IN AMERICAN CULTURE. *By Margaret Just Butcher. Knopf.* $4.50.
The folk and formal contributions of the Negro to American culture are discussed in a study originally begun by Professor Alain Locke.

THE PECULIAR INSTITUTION. *By Kenneth Stampp. Knopf.* $5.75.
A disavowal of the romantic interpretation of slavery, this re-examines Negro slavery from its economic and moral aspects.

PROFILES IN COURAGE. *By John F. Kennedy. Harper.* $3.50.
An assortment of essays dealing with U.S. public men whose trials and tribulations were both political and moral.

AN OLDER MAN with literary tastes is certain to be pleased with a Christmas gift picked from the suggestions of Frederic Babcock, editor of *The Chicago Tribune Books*:

PROFILES IN COURAGE. *By John P. Kennedy. Harper.* $3.50.

WITH LOVE FROM GRACIE. *By Grace Hegger Lewis. Harcourt, Brace.* $5.75.

THE LETTERS OF THOMAS WOLFE. *Edited by Elizabeth Nowell. Scribner.* $10.

ATOMIC QUEST. *By Arthur Holly Compton. Oxford.* $5.

THE MAN WHO LIVED TWICE. *By Eric Wollencott Barnes. Scribner.* $5.

THIS HALLOWED GROUND. *By Bruce Catton. Doubleday.* $5.95.

AUTUMN ACROSS AMERICA. *By Edwin Way Teale. Dodd, Mead.* $5.75.

THE LAST HURRAH. *By Edwin O'Connor. Little, Brown.* $4.

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SO FELL THE ANGELS. *By Thomas Graham Belden and Marva Robins Belden. Little, Brown.* $4.
A double biography of Salmon P. Chase, the Civil War Treasury Secretary, and his daughter Kate, who wanted her father to be President.

THIS HALLOWED GROUND. *By Bruce Catton. Doubleday.* $5.95.
The Union side of the Civil War on a broad canvas by the Pulitzer Prize-winning historian.

THREE SAINTS AND A SINNER. *By Louise Hall Tharp. Little, Brown.* $5.
About the members of an unusual and spirited nineteenth-century American family, which includes Julia Ward Howe, her two sisters, and their incorrigible brother, Sam Ward.

THE WILD TRAIN. *By Charles O'Neill. Random House.* $5.
An exciting account of the capture of a Confederate locomotive by disguised Union raiders and the ensuing chase in a dramatic re-creation of an almost legendary event.

WOODROW WILSON AND THE POLITICS OF MORALITY. *By John Morton Blum. Little, Brown.* $3.50.
An assessment of the American President's individual morality in balance with his political aims.

BELLES-LETTRES

BOSWELL IN SEARCH OF A WIFE. *Edited by Frank Brady and Frederick A. Pottle. McGraw-Hill.* $6.
Boswell as his own indefatigable biographer tells of his quest for the right woman and his final choice of his sensible cousin, all interspersed with much talk of love and marriage.

COLLECTED POEMS: EDNA ST. VINCENT MILLAY. *Harper.* $6.
Sonnets, lyrical poems, and a few previously unpublished works now gathered together by her sister in a new and complete edition.

THE CROWNING PRIVILEGE. *By Robert Graves. Doubleday.* $5.
Witty and candid appraisals of poets and poetry by a poet who gives out laurels charily.

EMILY DICKINSON: An Interpretive Biography. *By Thomas H. Johnson. Harvard University Press.* $4.50.
A biography of the enigmatic Amherst recluse and a discussion of her poetry.

THE ENERGIES OF ART. *By Jacques Barzun. Harper.* $5.
A collection of critical essays largely concerned with placing ourselves in our proper place in the world's time.

ESSAYS IN LITERARY CRITICISM. *By George Santayana. Scribner.* $7.50.
Essays from such general themes as the function of poetry to the more particular discussion of Shelley, Proust, and Goethe by the philosopher, critic, and esthetician.

THE FLOWERS OF THE FOREST. *By David Garnett. Harcourt, Brace.* $4.50.
The reminiscences of a noted British man of letters include some offside glimpses at the Bloomsbury Group at work and play.

FROM DARKNESS TO LIGHT. *Edited by Victor Gollancz. Harper.* $5.
A thoughtful and beautiful anthology of prose and poetry dealing equitably with places, justice, and married love.

GOOD READING. *Edited by J. Sherwood Weber. Introduction by Atwood H. Townsend. New American Library-Mentor. Paperbound,* 50¢.
An annotated list of more than 1,500 of the world's best books as selected by a committee of college teachers.

JOURNALS OF JEAN COCTEAU. *Edited and translated by Wallace Fowlie. Criterion Books.* $5.
The highlights of these excerpts from Cocteau's various writings are the deft pen portraits of his fellow celebrated artists.

THE LETTERS OF THOMAS WOLFE. *Edited by Elizabeth Nowell. Scribner.* $10.
A large collection of letters which reveal many facets of Wolfe's personality and very often shows him at his voluble best.

MIRROR IN MY HOUSE. *By Sean O'Casey. Macmillan. Two volumes.* $20.
The collected autobiography of the Irish poet and dramatist which hums and sings with the familiar lilting prose.

THE MIRROR IN THE ROADWAY. *By Frank O'Connor. Knopf.* $4.50.
Informal, chatty essays about fiction.

MRS. LONGFELLOW. *Edited by Edward Wagenknecht. Longmans-Green.* $5.
The letters and journals of the New England

Ovation for

NADINE GORDIMER'S

SIX FEET OF THE COUNTRY

Her new book is being greeted with unanimous praise, as critics celebrate one of the most distinguished of younger contemporary writers.

"Miss Gordimer is a mature and accomplished craftsman, and that, in an age when so much is artificial and making-do, makes her welcome. But she is more. She is a person of tenderness and strength and sympathetic insight. That in any age would make her irreplaceable."
—*New York Herald Tribune* (daily)

"Splendid, subtle, searching tales. Her scene is mainly South Africa. Yet her characters are universal. It is to the moments of greatest stress, when frail structures of idealism are being tested by shaking realities, that Miss Gordimer gives the form of literature." —*New York Times* (daily)

"With *Six Feet of the Country,* Nadine Gordimer emerges from the category of gifted beginner and assumes the stature of one of the most distinguished younger contemporary writers." —*Saturday Review*

"The quality of the prose, the authority and intelligence behind it, are surely unsurpassed by any other writer in South Africa today." —*New York Times Book Review*

"With each new book, Nadine Gordimer augments her status as a writer. *Six Feet of the Country* establishes beyond a doubt that she is not merely a gifted regionalist, but a writer of great sophistication who is aware of all the subtle innuendoes of human relationships."
—*New York Herald Tribune Book Review*

"Her mind is a distinguished one, her sympathy for people profound, and her artistic aims superior."
—*The (London) Sunday Times*

"Her attitude towards language is that of a woman towards the man she loves, and as a result she winds it around her little finger." —*The (London) Observer*

$3.50 at all bookstores, SIMON AND SCHUSTER

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poet's lady provide numerous glimpses of famous contemporaries and a rich picture of the world in which they lived.

A PIECE OF MY MIND. *By Edmund Wilson. Farrar, Straus.* $4.
The reflections at sixty of a leading critic who touches upon such varied themes as religion, sex, education, and Russia.

PORTRAITS FROM MEMORY. *By Bertrand Russell. Simon & Schuster.* $3.50.
Philosophical meanderings about a variety of famous acquaintances.

BERNARD SHAW: His Life, Work, and Friends. *By St. John Ervine. Morrow.* $7.50.
Shaw's long-time friend has written a critical, informative, and witty biography.

GEORGE BERNARD SHAW: Man of the Century. *By Archibald Henderson. Appleton-Century-Crofts.* $12.
Everything significant that Shaw did or said during his voluble and volatile lifetime has been cogently recorded in this extensive and thorough biography.

THE UNICORN AND OTHER POEMS. *By Anne Morrow Lindbergh. Pantheon.* $2.75.
A personal philosophy expressed in poetry by the woman who wrote "Gift From the Sea."

WITH LOVE FROM GRACIE. *By Grace Hegger Lewis. Harcourt, Brace.* $5.75.
The first Mrs. Sinclair Lewis recalls her life with the chronicler of Sauk Center.

HUMOR

THE ART OF BEING HAPPILY MARRIED. *By André Maurois. Harper.* $3.
Light and frothy dialogues illustrating the right and wrong way to behave from courtship to the silver anniversary.

HOW TO SUCCEED IN TV WITHOUT REALLY TRYING. *By Shepherd Mead. Simon & Schuster.* $2.95.
A good-humored spoof at the world of television complete with advice on how to become an announcer or a cowboy on the home screen.

THE LIFE OF THE PARTY. *By Bennett Cerf. Hanover House.* $2.95.
A grab bag of humor, jokes, gags, nonsense, all in very good fun.

WRITE ME A POEM, BABY. *By H. Allen Smith. Little, Brown.* $2.95.
Random observations of a grown-up who has poked into the writings of the small fry and come up with some wise and witty morsels.

PERSONAL HISTORY

ALL OUT OF STEP. *By Gerard Lambert. Doubleday.* $4.50.
The autobiography of an irrepressible advertising man who tuned America to the sound of the slogan.

L. M. DAGUERRE. *By Helmut and Allison Gernsheim. World.* $7.50.
The story of the early stages of modern photography and the man who gave the daguerreotype his name.

THE EARLY CHURCHILLS. *By A. L. Rowse. Harper.* $6.50.
About a great English family, the forebears of Sir Winston, with the eighteenth-century Duke and Duchess of Marlborough as the hero and heroine.

GOLDEN INTERLUDE. *By Janet Dunbar. Houghton Mifflin.* $3.50.
An account of the Eden family, and especially the genteel English ladies Emily and Fanny, who witnessed the strange and splendid world of Victorian India.

BILLY GRAHAM. *By Stanley High. McGraw-Hill.* $3.95.
The life and religion of a famous and unusual evangelist preacher.

THE HAPPY WARRIOR. *By Emily Smith Warner with Hawthorne Daniel. Doubleday.* $4.50.
The affectionate recollections of the New York Governor who ran for President, by his daughter.

THE HEART HAS ITS REASONS. *By the Duchess of Windsor. McKay.* $5.
All about a Baltimore girlhood, a royal courtship, and a marriage to a king.

LES GIRLS. *By Constance Tomkinson. Little, Brown.* $3.95.
Being a chorine with the Folies Bergère is a bushel of fun and a peck of trouble according to this good-humored account by a Canadian girl who came buoyantly through it all.

THE MAGSAYSAY STORY. *By Carlos P. Romulo and Marvin M. Gray. John Day.* $4.50.
A biography of the practical liberal who rose to the Presidency of the Philippines.

THE MAN WHO LIVED TWICE. *By Eric Wollencott Barnes. Scribner.* $5.
The life story of an American playwright who when severely paralyzed lived on as an inspiration to countless artists and writers.

MUCH ADO ABOUT ME. *By Fred Allen. Little, Brown.* $5.
More autobiography by the late humorist who tells about his early career from road shows to Australia and finally a memorable debut at the Palace.

—*From "A Cycle of Goya's Drawings" (Macmillan).*

"This Is the Truth."

THAT YOUNG WOMAN who loves to read and who you want to remember come Dec. 25 will be delighted to receive one of the books suggested by Mrs. Robert Molyneux, co-book editor of *The Pittsburgh Press:*

AMELIE IN LOVE. *By Henri Troyat. Simon & Schuster.* $4.50.
THE LOVING COUPLE. *By Virginia Rowans. Crowell.* $3.50.
GREENWILLOW. *By B. J. Chute. Dutton.* $3.50.
WRITE ME A POEM, BABY. *By H. Allen Smith. Little, Brown.* $2.95.
THE MISTRESS COOK. *By Peter Gray. Oxford.* $6.50.
THREE SAINTS AND A SINNER. *By Louise Hall Tharp. Little, Brown.* $5.
SOME INNER FURY. *By Kamala Markandaya. John Day.* $3.50.
THE MIND GOES FORTH. *By Harry and Bonaro Overstreet. Norton.* $3.95.
MY LORD WHAT A MORNING. *By Marion Anderson. Viking.* $5.

MY FORTY YEARS WITH FORD. *By Charles Sorenson. Norton.* $5.
An "inside story" of the way the Ford dynasty operated, together with a penetrating picture of Henry Sr. by the man known as "Henry Ford's man."

MY LORD, WHAT A MORNING! *By Marian Anderson. Viking.* $5.
The unassuming but nevertheless charming autobiography of a celebrated singer.

JAWAHARLAL NEHRU. *By Frank Moraes. Macmillan.* $6.75.
The biography of Nehru, his apprenticeship to Gandhi, and his final emergence as a powerful leader by the editor of *The Times of India.*

OVER THE BRIDGE. *By Richard Church. Dutton.* $3.75.
The gentle and charming memoirs of an English poet who grew to manhood when Edward was King.

A PRINCE OF MANTUA. *By Maria Bellonci. Harcourt, Brace.* $5.
The life and opulent times of Vincenzo Gonzaga, complete with the intrigues, alliances, and violence of sixteenth-century Italy.

REPRIEVE. *By John Resko. Doubleday.* $3.75.
An intimate and uncomfortably real glimpse into the world behind iron bars by an ex-lifer who spent nineteen years in Dannemora.

RICHARD III. *By Paul Murray Kendall. Norton.* $5.95.
A rich and vivid portrait of the enigmatic fifteenth-century monarch.

ROOSEVELT: THE LION AND THE FOX. *By James MacGregor Burns. Harcourt, Brace.* $5.75.
A remarkably objective political biography of a controversial man which also serves as a history of an era of great change.

FRANKLIN D. ROOSEVELT: THE TRIUMPH. *By Frank Freidel. Little, Brown.* $6.
Volume III of an extensive biography, this one deals with FDR as Governor of New York.

THE SEARCH FOR CAPTAIN SLOCUM. *By Walter Magnes Teller. Scribner.* $3.95.
The biography of the strange and angry man who first made a solitary voyage around the world and wrote a careful account of his lonely travels.

HARLAN FISKE STONE: Pillar of the Law. *By Alpheus Thomas Mason. Viking.* $8.75.
The life story of a learned and independent

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THE NEIGHBORS or the friendly family down the block ought to be remembered with a good book at Christmas. Robert L. Perkin, book editor of *The Rocky Mountain News* of Denver, suggests the following titles as likely to serve nicely:

BOSWELL IN SEARCH OF A WIFE. *Edited by Frank Brady and Frederick A. Pottle. McGraw-Hill.* $5.50.

PORTRAITS FROM MEMORY. *By Bertrand Russell. Simon & Schuster.* $3.50.

MEN AND GARDENS. *By Nan Fairbrother. Knopf.* $5.

ATOMIC QUEST. *By Arthur Holly Compton. Oxford.* $5.

A PIECE OF MY MIND. *By Edmund Wilson. Farrar, Straus.* $4.

THE HOME RANCH. *By Ralph Moody. Norton.* $3.50.

THINGS. *Edited by Geoffrey Grigson and Charles Harvard Gibbs-Smith. Hawthorn.* $10.

THE SELECTED WRITINGS OF SYDNEY SMITH. *By W. H. Auden. Farrar, Straus.* $6.50.

THE SATURDAY BOOK. *Edited by John Hadfield. Macmillan.* $5.75.

A SINGLE PEBBLE. *By John Hersey. Knopf.* $3.

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jurist and his career in the Supreme Court during an era of great cases.

THREE GEISHAS. *By Kikou Yamata. Translated by Emma Craufurd. Day.* $3.50.
A fictionalized biography of three unusual women engaged in that enigmatic but always fascinating profession.

CONTEMPORARY PROBLEMS

ARMS AND MEN. *By Walter Millis. Putnam.* $5.75.
Military history and policy, recent changes and their effects upon our present military establishment, are the subjects of an engrossing survey.

THE CRUCIAL DECADE. *By Eric F. Goldman. Knopf.* $4.
A lively history of the United States from the mid-Forties to the mid-Fifties.

DIAMOND. *By Emily Hahn. Doubleday.* $5.95.
All about mines and millionaires and the extraordinary business of diamond-hunting.

THE FBI STORY. *By Don Whitehead. Random House.* $4.95.
The history, development, and methods of our own department of investigation and pursuit by the head of the *New York Herald Tribune* Washington bureau.

FRANCE: 1940-1956. *By Alexander Werth. Holt.* $6.
A look at the complex history of France from the days of Vichy to the present day.

HERITAGE OF THE DESERT. *By Harry B. Ellis. Ronald Press.* $5.
A clear-eyed view of the Arab world, its history and contemporary position, by a noted Middle East correspondent.

LIFE IN BRITAIN. *By J. D. Scott. Morrow.* $5.
A guiding tour through the maze of British traditions, institutions, and contemporary life.

THE NEW ISOLATIONISM. *By Norman A. Graebner. Ronald.* $4.
American foreign policy and politics since

The Mask of Keats

A STUDY OF PROBLEMS

By ROBERT GITTINGS, author of *John Keats: The Living Year.* Critical essays of high originality on key problems in Keats' life and poetry. Among other important studies, two show Keats' debt to Dante's *Inferno* (reproducing for the first time Keats' markings in his own copy) and reveal the satire behind his final, mysterious poem, *The Cap and Bells.* With nine illustrations. $3.25

THE PAINTER'S EYE

Henry James

NOTES AND ESSAYS ON THE PICTORIAL ARTS

Selected and edited with an introduction by JOHN L. SWEENEY. Henry James' novels reflect his "painter's eye" for detail, beauty and mood. Here, in a revealing collection of his impressions on art itself, is James the art lover. His insights on individual paintings, his perceptive comments on art criticism, on "modern" artists like Turner and Whistler, on the early Impressionists, etc., will delight all who relish Henry James—or the pictorial arts. $4.00

Errand into the Wilderness

By PERRY MILLER, author of *The New England Mind.* One of our most distinguished historians explores what happened to the European ideas and aspirations of the early colonists as they faced the relentless pressures of isolation from Europe and wilderness life. A BELKNAP PRESS BOOK. $4.75

Ancestors and Immigrants

By BARBARA MILLER SOLOMON. A spirited study of the fears which led turn-of-the-century Boston Brahmins to adopt a discriminatory immigration code—a code that still exists in American law—and of the great Boston liberals and the changing circumstances which brought increased tolerance. $4.75

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1950 stir up some interesting questions and answers about the recent Administration and world affairs.

THE ORGANIZATION MAN. *By William H. Whyte, Jr. Simon & Schuster.* $5.
An incisive review of the man and the "system" and extensive discussion of the poles of conformity and individuality.

PORK CHOP HILL. *By S. L. A. Marshall. Morrow.* $5.
The struggle and hardwon victory of a Korean outpost by a keen military reporter who views both the heroism and the failures.

RUSSIA WITHOUT STALIN. *By Edward Crankshaw. Viking.* $3.75.
An astute survey of the Soviet scene today from the first-hand experiences of a British journalist.

SEGREGATION. *By R. P. Warren. Random House.* $1.95.
A Southern novelist's account of his own inquiry into the nature of prejudice.

A TEACHER IS A PERSON. *By Charles H. Wilson. Holt.* $3.95.
A reasonable discussion of the problems of schools and schoolteachers.

THE WORLD AT HOME. *By Anne O'Hare McCormick. Knopf.* $4.50.
A collection of essays dealing with the American scene between 1925 and World War II by the late journalist and interpreter of world affairs.

SCIENCE AND NATURE

ATOMIC QUEST. *By Arthur Holly Compton. Oxford.* $5.
Part autobiography, part history of atomic research and development in this country by a man who was intimately connected with it.

THE GREAT MIGRATIONS. *By Georges Blond. Macmillan.* $4.
The dramatic movement of the creature kingdom, be it bird, salmon, or lemming, receives an imaginative and thoroughly individual treatment.

IN SEARCH OF ADAM. *By Herbert Wendt. Houghton Mifflin.* $6.50.
A history of modern man's search for his ancestors and the quest for his own niche in nature.

KINGDOM OF THE BEASTS. *By Julian Huxley and W. Suschitzky. Vanguard.* $12.50.
Animal-lovers of all ages will be delighted with this picture book which is given depth by text written by the distinguished British scientist.

FARAWAY PLACES

FROM ONE CHINA TO THE OTHER. *By Henri Cartier-Bresson. Universe Books.* $10.
A handsome book of photographs effectively showing the transition from the old to the new China.

POSTED MISSING. *By Alan Villiers. Scribner.* $4.75.
An account of sea disasters and the mysterious fate of countless missing ships and men.

SAHARA ADVENTURE. *By Philippe Diolé. Translated by Katherine Woods. Messner.* $4.50.
The account of a lonely safari to the African desert by an explorer who may justly claim to be poet and mystic as well.

SOUTH AFRICA IN TRANSITION. *By Alan Paton. Scribner.* $5.
A plea by the author of "Cry, the Beloved Country" for understanding of contemporary South Africa is contained in this illuminating album of photographs.

HISTORY

THE BIRTH OF BRITAIN. Volume I of "A History of the English-Speaking Peoples." *By Sir Winston S. Churchill. Dodd, Mead.* $6.
The origins of England to the advent of the Tudors told with authority by an eloquent historian.

THE BERNAL DIAZ CHRONICLES. *Edited and translated by Albert Idell. Doubleday.* $5.
The Spanish conquest of Mexico as recorded by an observant soldier who accompanied the Cortez expedition and now presented in a new and lively edition.

GALLIPOLI. *By Alan Moorehead. Harper.* $4.50.
A dramatic account of the sea and land effort of 1915 to remove Turkey from World War I.

THE NEW WORLD. Volume II of "A History of the English-Speaking Peoples." *By Sir Winston S. Churchill. Dodd, Mead.* $6.
A memorable history from the reign of the Tudors on through the Age of Elizabeth, past Cromwell and Charles II to William and Mary, and all with a sense of the inherent drama.

—*From "The Pick of* Punch."

"I'm probably sentimental, doctor, but I shouldn't like to lose him."

FOR THE OLDER WOMAN on your Christmas List, Mildred C. Smith of the editorial board of *The Publisher's Weekly* suggests the following books as highly acceptable:

THE STRAIGHT AND NARROW PATH. *By Honor Tracy. Random House.* $3.50.

THREE SAINTS AND A SINNER. *By Louise Hall Tharp. Little, Brown.* $5.

AUTUMN ACROSS AMERICA. *By Edwin Way Teale. Dodd, Mead.* $5.75.

LEAVEN OF MALICE. *By Robertson Davies. Scribner.* $3.50.

THE CHAMBERLAIN CALENDAR OF FRENCH COOKING. *Hastings House.* $1.50.

WATER, WATER EVERYWHERE. *By Emily Kimbrough. Harper.* $3.75.

THE COMPLETE BOOK OF ABSOLUTELY PERFECT HOUSEKEEPING. *By Elinor Goulding Smith. Harcourt, Brace.* $2.50.

VILLAGE SCHOOL. *By "Miss Read." Houghton Mifflin.* $3.

BEOWULF. *By Bryher. Pantheon.* $2.75.

RICHARD THE THIRD. *By Paul Murray Kendall. Norton.* $5.95.

RUSSIA LEAVES THE WAR. *By George F. Kennan. Princeton.* $7.50.
An absorbing account of the relationship between our Government and the Soviet Union during the early period of Soviet rule.

MUSIC

DEBUSSY: MUSICIAN OF FRANCE. *By Victor I. Seroff. Putnam.* $6.50.
An appreciative biography of the French composer with attention neatly divided between the man and his work.

THE ENCYCLOPEDIA YEARBOOK OF JAZZ. *By Leonard Feather. Horizon Press.* $3.95.
The answers to all questions about who's who and what's what in the world of jazz.

THE MOZART COMPANION. *Edited by H. C. Robbins Landon and Donald Mitchell. Oxford.* $6.50.
A sparkling collection of essays by leading Mozart scholars dealing with the composer's works, his influence, and his style.

THE STORY OF JAZZ. *By Marshall Stearns. Oxford.* $5.75.
A history of jazz from its West Indian and African origins up to its present place in American culture.

TOSCANINI AND THE ART OF ORCHESTRAL PERFORMANCE. *By Robert Charles Marsh. Lippincott.* $4.50.
A critical appreciation of the Maestro, it includes much information about the field of symphonic music.

EDDIE CONDON'S TREASURY OF JAZZ. *By Eddie Condon with Richard Gehman. Dial.* $5.
A collection of pieces all about jazz and jazz musicians flavored by the personal touch.

THE WORLD OF OPERA. *By Robert Lawrence. Nelson.* $3.50.
A discussion of singers, conductors, critics, repertoire, in fact almost anything to do with the opera world.

ART AND ARCHITECTURE

AN AMERICAN ARCHITECTURE. *By Frank Lloyd Wright. Edited by Edgar Kaufman. Horizon Press.* $10.
The life and works of the dean of American architects told with text and photographs.

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A CYCLE OF GOYA'S DRAWINGS. *By Jose Lopez-Rey. Macmillan.* $12.75.
A distinct group of Goya's work depicting the struggle for liberalism at the end of the Napoleonic era carefully and convincingly described.

THE PAINTINGS OF LEONARDO DA VINCI. *By G. Castelfranco. Random House.* $1.95.
An attractive little volume reproducing all of Leonardo's paintings in color and black-and-white, prefaced with a perceptive introduction by the noted Italian art critic.

POST-IMPRESSIONISM. *By John Rewald. Simon & Schuster.* $15.
A scholarly discussion of personalities and events in the Paris art world of 1886-1893, illustrated with fine reproductions in both black-and-white and color.

THE IDEA OF LOUIS SULLIVAN. *By John Szarkowski. University of Minnesota Press.* $10.
A text-photograph book which tells the life story of a great American architect in terms of the magnificent structures he designed.

RELIGION AND PHILOSOPHY

BEING AND NOTHING. *By Jean-Paul Sartre. Translated by Hazel E. Barnes. Philosophical Library.* $10.
The man who knows more than anyone else about French Existentialism has more to say about the nature of man.

THE CASE FOR MODERN MAN. *By Charles Frankel. Harper.* $3.50.
An explanation and a defense of liberalism with a clear-headed attack against its opponents.

GUIDES TO STRAIGHT THINKING. *By Stuart Chase. Harper.* $3.50.
An intellectual spin through the modern fallacies and illogicalities of thought and speech.

AN HISTORIAN'S APPROACH TO RELIGION. *By Arnold Toynbee. Oxford.* $5.
A look at faith through a historian's eyes beginning with nature-worship and ending with the higher religions.

THE MIND GOES FORTH. *By Harry and Bonaro Overstreet. W. W. Norton.* $3.95.
An attempt to deal with the problem of hostilities in the contemporary world.

THE OUTSIDER. *By Colin Wilson. Houghton Mifflin.* $4.
The young Mr. Wilson quotes copiously to establish a thesis about the aloneness of the modern intellectual.

THE PROFESSOR AND THE FOSSIL. *By Maurice Samuel. Knopf.* $4.
A counterattack at Toynbee's "A Study of History," this searches into the nature and meaning of Judaism.

THEATRE

CENTER RING. *By Robert Lewis Taylor. Doubleday.* $3.50.
A group portrait of the Ringling family from an engaging collection of *New Yorker* profiles.

CIRCUS! FROM ROME TO RINGLING. *By Marian Murray. Appleton-Century-Crofts.* $7.95.
A chronicle and possibly an obituary of the circus from the early Egyptian equilibrists through the fabulous career of Barnum.

LONG DAY'S JOURNEY INTO NIGHT. *By Eugene O'Neill. Yale University Press.* $3.75.
This dark and powerful play about the Tyrone family haunted by tuberculosis, drink, and drugs is the last work of the American playwright.

MY FAIR LADY. *By Alan Jay Lerner and Frederick Loewe. Coward-McCann.* $3.50.
The book version of Broadway's current delight.

FOR YOUNG PEOPLE

PICTURE BOOKS

THE FLYING CARPET. *By Marcia Brown. Scribner.* $3.
A retelling of the Arabian Nights story in flowing text and rich colors.

GEORGIE TO THE RESCUE. *Written and illustrated by Robert Bright. Doubleday.* $1.75.

"An even better book than his NORTH WITH THE SPRING"
—JOHN KIERAN, *N. Y. Times Book Review*

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AUTUMN ACROSS AMERICA

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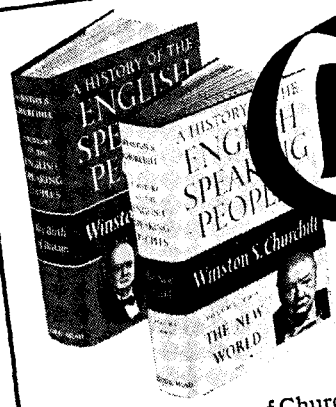
The adventurous story of a 20,000-mile wandering journey through the bright-colored autumn, from Cape Cod to the Pacific. "A revelation of the seasonal wonders that lie around us and the reflections they caused in the searching mind and genial soul of the author."—JOHN KIERAN, *N. Y. Times Book Review*. "Don't miss this salute to autumn. It is Edwin Way Teale at his best."—ROGER TORY PETERSON, *Natural History Magazine*.
$5.75



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The biggest hits of one of Broadway's greatest seasons!

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The little ghost and his cat and owl friends learn to live in the city.

I KNOW A LOT OF THINGS. *By Ann and Paul Rand. Harcourt, Brace.* $2.75.
A book for the youngest about simple things.

IF I RAN THE CIRCUS. *By Dr. Seuss. Random House.* $2.50.
Gales of laughter will greet this new Dr. Seuss book.

JEANNE-MARIE IN GAY PARIS. *By Françoise. Scribner.* $2.75.
Jeanne-Marie takes her young friends about Paris.

LION. *By William Pène du Bois. Viking.* $3.
Imaginative text and brilliant drawings tell of the creation of new animals by angel craftsmen.

MAXIE. *Written and illustrated by Virginia Kahl. Scribner.* $2.50.
A little dachshund outwits larger and faster dogs.

MISTER PENNY'S RACE HORSE. *By Marie Hall Ets. Viking.* $2.
The old horse Limpy and his animal friends have hilarious adventures at the fair.

ONCE IN ROYAL DAVID'S CITY. *Retold from the Gospels by Kathleen Lines. Illustrated by Harold Jones. Watts.* $3.95.
Full-page drawings in color and black-and-white give the nativity story an old-fashioned charm.

1 IS ONE. *By Tasha Tudor. Oxford.* $2.75.
Birds, flowers, and little animals in delicate colors give this counting book an especial appeal to small chlidren.

CHRISTMAS STOCKING BOOKS

A CHRISTMAS STORY. *By Mary Chalmers. Harper.* $1.
This tells of the search for a star to put on top of the Christmas tree.

SEE THE CIRCUS. *By Hans Rey. Houghton Mifflin.* $1.

THOSE YOUNG AND MIDDLE-AGED MEN on your Christmas list will be delighted to receive one or more of the books William Hogan, book editor of *The San Francisco Chronicle*, has listed here:

IT'S A BIG COUNTRY. *By Ben Lucien Burman. Reynal.* $4.

DON'T GO NEAR THE WATER. *By William Brinkley. Random House.* $3.95.

THE WORLD OF MATHEMATICS. *Edited by James R. Newman. Simon & Schuster.* $20.

THE STORY OF JAZZ. *By Marshall Stearns. Oxford.* $5.75.

BATTLES AND LEADERS OF THE CIVIL WAR. *Edited by Ned Bradford. Appleton-Century.* $8.95.

I WAS A CHAPLAIN ON THE FRANKLIN. *By Joseph T. O'Calahan, S.J. Macmillan.* $2.75.

CIRCUS: FROM ROME TO RINGLING. *Edited by Marian Murray. Appleton-Century.* $7.95.

HITS, RUNS AND SOCIAL ERRORS. *Selected from* Sports Illustrated *by Charles Preston. Random House.* $2.95.

BANG THE DRUM SLOWLY. *By Mark Harris. Knopf.* $3.50.

BOSWELL IN SEARCH OF A WIFE. *Edited by Frank Brady and Frederick A. Pottle. McGraw-Hill.* $5.50.

A trick books showing many circus attractions.

WAS IT A GOOD TRADE? *By Beatrice Schenk de Regniers. Drawings by Irene Haas. Harcourt, Brace.* $1.95.
Jingles and pictures tell a tale of trading.

STORIES FOR YOUNGER READERS

THE CORN GROWS RIPE. *By Dorothy Rhoads. Illustrated by Jean Charlot. Viking.* $2.75.
A Mayan Indian boy living in two cultures learns to use the best of each.

HAH-NEE OF THE CLIFF DWELLERS. *By Mary and Conrad Buff. Houghton Mifflin.* $3.
An Indian boy leads his drought-stricken family to a new home.

LITTLE PEAR AND THE RABBITS. *Written and illustrated by Eleanor Frances Lattimore. Morrow.* $2.50.
The beloved little Chinese boy, Pear, is back with more adventures.

THE LONE HUNT. *By William O. Steele. Illustrated by Paul Galdone. Harcourt, Brace.* $2.75.
Pioneer Tennessee is the setting for a dramatic story of a young boy on a buffalo hunt.

THE RUNAWAYS: A Tale of the Woodlands. *By Berta and Elmer Hader. Macmillan.* $3.
What happens to the animals when their woodland is destroyed by a superhighway.

FOLK, FAIRY AND FANCIFUL TALES

THE AMAZING VACATION. *By Dan Wickenden. Illustrated by Erik Blegvad. Harcourt, Brace.* $2.95.
Two children step through a study window into a land of magic.

CAPTAIN KIDD'S CAT. *Set down and illuminated by Robert Lawson. Little, Brown.* $3.
With tongue-in-cheek humor McDermot the cat tells what *he* knows about Captain Kidd.

THE ENORMOUS EGG. *By Oliver Butterworth. Illustrated by Louis Darling. Little, Brown.* $2.95.
What happens when a dinosaur hatches from a hen's egg!

THE FAIRY DOLL. *By Rumer Godden. Illustrated by Adrienne Adams. Viking.* $2.50.
A Christmas tree doll helps a little girl find herself.

THE GLASS SLIPPER. *By Eleanor Farjeon. Illustrated by Ernest H. Shepard. Viking.* $2.75.
The Cinderella story retold for older girls.

THE LITTLE BOOKROOM. *Eleanor Farjeon's short stories for children chosen by herself. Illustrated by Edward Ardizzone. Oxford.* $3.
A great storyteller has collected her favorite stories.

STOWAWAY TO THE MUSHROOM PLANET. *By Eleanor Cameron. With illustrations by Robert Henneberger. Little, Brown.* $2.75.
Two small boys make a second trip to the planet Basidium.

THE BEGINNING. *By Maria Leach. Illustrations by Jan Bell Fairservis. Funk and Wagnalls.* $3.50.
Many lands contributed to this collection of creation myths.

SEVEN DAYS FROM SUNDAY. *By Tom Galt. Illustrated by Don Freeman. Crowell.* $3.
A collection of myths and legends telling how the days and months got their names.

POETRY, SONG, AND DRAMA

THIS WAY, DELIGHT: A Book of Poetry for the Young. *Selected by Herbert Read. Illustrated by Juliet Kepes. Pantheon.* $3.50.
A very attractive book of poems, old and new.

THE WIZARD IN THE WELL. *Poems and pictures by Harry Behn. Harcourt, Brace.* $2.25.
More poems by a modern children's poet.

A CAT CAME FIDDLING AND OTHER RHYMES OF CHILDHOOD. *Adapted and made into songs by Paul Kapp. Illustrated by Irene Haas. Introduction by Burl Ives. Harcourt, Brace.* $3.
Songs and gay drawings make this a book the whole family will enjoy.

STORIES FROM SHAKESPEARE. *By Marchette Chute. World.* $3.75.
Brief retellings of all the plays of the First Folio by a writer who knows Shakespeare and his London.

HOBBIES

THE BOOK OF REPTILES AND AMPHIBIANS. *Written and illustrated by Michael H. Bevans. Garden City.* $2.50.
Brief identifications and many illustrations make this ideal for the young naturalist.

CLAY, WOOD AND WIRE: A How-to-do-it Book of Sculpture. *By Harvey Weiss. Scott.* $3.50.
Easy directions are accompanied by illustrations of famous sculpture.

FIRST BOAT: How to Pick It and Use It for Fun Afloat. *Written and illustrated by C. B. Colby. Coward-McCann.* $2.
Small boats and how to handle them are covered in this book for beginners.

THE FIRST BOOK OF CODES AND CIPHERS. *By Sam and Beryl Epstein. Pictures by László Roth. Watts.* $1.95.
Children will be fascinated by this book that tells how to learn a secret writing or to make their own.

FIRST BOOK OF GARDENING. *By Virginia Kirkus. Pictures by Helene Carter. Watts.* $1.95.
Much information, attractively presented, for the young gardener.

FUN WITH WIRE. *By Joseph Leeming. Lippincott.* $3.
Diagrams and simple directions for making many things with wire.

THE STARS BY CLOCK AND FIST. *By Henry M. Neely. Viking.* $4.
A new way to identify the stars.

THE STEP-BY-STEP COOK BOOK FOR GIRLS AND BOYS. *By Julia Kiene. Illustrations by William Sayles. Simon & Schuster.* $2.95.
Easy to follow recipes are explained in brief text and descriptive pictures.

PEOPLE AND PLACES

AT HOME IN INDIA. *By Cynthia Bowles. Illustrated with photographs. Harcourt, Brace.* $3.
India and her people are seen through the eyes of a young girl who loves them.

IN FRANCE. *By Marguerite Clément. Illustrated by William Pène du Bois. Viking.* $3.
A kaleidoscopic picture of all that has been blended into modern France.

GOYA. *A biography by Elizabeth Ripley. With drawings, etchings, and paintings by Goya. Oxford.* $3.
This brief, profusely illustrated life of Goya is set against the background of Spanish history.

THE EMPRESS JOSEPHINE: From Martinique to Malmaison. *By Marguerite Vance. Illustrated by Nedda Walker. Dutton.* $2.75.
A sympathetic biography of the Creole girl who became Empress of France.

MOZART. *By Manuel Komroff. Decorations by Warren Chappell. Knopf.* $3.
The man and his music presented here in an attractive book.

RIDE ON THE WIND. *Told by Alice Dalgliesh from "The Spirit of St. Louis," by Charles A. Lindbergh. Pictures by George Schreiber. Scribner.* $2.75.
A fine retelling of the first Atlantic flight for the youngest children.

STORIES FOR OLDER BOYS AND GIRLS

THE DAY AND THE WAY WE MET. *By Mary Stolz. Harper.* $2.50.
This sequel to "Ready or Not" has the younger sister, Julie, as its heroine.

DOWN THE MAST ROAD. *By John M. Duncan. Whittlesey House.* $2.75.
An exciting story of the American Revolution and a boy's growing up.

JACOBIN'S DAUGHTER. *By Joanne S. Williamson. Illustrated by Charles Clement. Knopf.* $3.50.
The French Revolution is the background for this story of young love.

OUT OF THE WILDERNESS: Young Abe Lincoln Grows Up. *By Virginia S. Eifert. Illustrated by Manning De V. Lee. Dodd, Mead.* $3.
The third in a series about Lincoln's ancestry and youth.

THE RUNNER. *By Jane and Paul Annixter. Drawings by Paul Laune. Holiday House.* $2.75.
A horse and a dog survive a Western winter to be reunited with their master in the spring.

VIKING'S DAWN. *By Henry Treece. Illustrated by Christine Price. Criterion Books.* $3.
This is a stark, but exciting, tale of the Viking voyagers.

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A Ribbon

Continued from page 23

any super-terrestrial activity or mystery. There are stunning photographs. The sixteenth issue of **"The Saturday Book"** (Macmillan, $5.75) lives up to the elevated standard set by its predecessors. This is a high-I.Q. "Chatterbox" for adults, with fine color reproductions and high-screen half tones, and apposite, but not overabundant, text. This is an English book and the accent is pleasantly insular. You probably never saw a close photograph of a thatcher at work—time you did. And did you know that Holman Hunt's painting "The Awakening Conscience" gave the Victorians a jolt?

—JOHN T. WINTERICH.

Picture Books

TOO BIG to fit in the average bookshelf, the handsome big picture books must be left out on library and living-room tables, and that is where they ought to be, as snares to the curiosity of family and guests. The books described below are not meant primarily for children, but would certainly be attractive and appropriate for most people over the age of ten.

One of the most magnificent books of this or any year is **"Venice Observed"** (Reynal, $15). This combination of essays by Mary McCarthy (some of which recently appeared in *The New Yorker*), photographs of Venice, and superbly reproduced plates of Venetian architecture, painting, sculpture, and jewelry is worth every penny of its price. Miss McCarthy's ideas wash in among the dry facts of history, custom, and Baedeker statistics, and set them charmingly afloat, while the reproductions (printed in Switzerland) can only be called breathtaking. There are extensive notes on Venetian art and culture by André Chastel, professor at the Sorbonne.

A compendious, but somewhat personal survey of the styles, modes, and movements in Western art and literature is **"Heritage: An Illustrated History of Western Culture,"** by Allison Travis Brown (Coward-McCann, $7.50). Liberally illustrated with line drawings by the author, this work can be used as a kind of refresher course on cultural history, or a quick reference encyclopedia. It is indexed.

Bibliophiles and Dickensians will be delighted by the hundreds of etchings Hablôt Knight Browne ("Phiz") did for Dickens's novels, which Albert Johannsen has collected in **"Phiz: Illustrations from the Novels of Charles**

THE RIGHT BOOKS MAKE THE BEST GIFTS

BM

A stirring novel of a man who had the courage to be more than King

SEATS OF THE MIGHTY

A Novel of James Stuart, Brother of Mary Queen of Scots

By ALICE HARWOOD, author of *The Lily and the Leopards* and *Merchant of the Ruby*. James Stuart was the son of James V of Scotland and the elder brother of Mary Stuart. When Mary returned to reign in Scotland, her illegitimate brother held the real power. Would he help her keep the throne? Out of this dramatic moment in history Alice Harwood has written her best and most gripping book. $4.50

The gift for bridge players . . . the revolutionary new book on **DYNAMIC POINT COUNT**

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A book for everyone interested in the law — and America

THE LAWYER'S TREASURY

Edited by EUGENE C. GERHART. The board of editors of the famous *Journal* of the American Bar Association have chosen forty-six articles representative of the best to appear there in the past forty years. In *The Lawyer's Treasury* statesmen, scholars, journalists, scientists join bench and bar in comment on America's past and present, problems and promise. A book of immediate interest and enduring value. $5.95

He has flown more miles than any other living being, man or bird!

UNDER MY WINGS

The Adventurous Autobiography of a Great Airline Pilot from Crates to Clippers

By CAPTAIN BASIL L. ROWE. He started as a barnstorming kid just before World War I, and has made flying a passport to five continents and a marvelously eventful life. Now, in a book of warmth, humor and great excitement, Basil L. Rowe tells you his unique story — and gives you a closeup of what the pilot of a great passenger plane actually does. $4.00

JAMES MADISON

THE PRESIDENT: 1809-1812

By IRVING BRANT. "Magnificent biography . . . an account of the great Virginian's first term which could hardly be excelled." —*J. R. WIGGINS, Executive Editor, Washington Post & Times-Herald.* Illus. $6.50 (The four preceding volumes, each $6.00)

SANTEE PARADISE

THE BEAUTIFUL WILDERNESS AROUND HAMPTON PLANTATION

By ARCHIBALD RUTLEDGE. With all the charm of his famous *Home by the River,* Dr. Rutledge now celebrates the fascinating swamp and delta country around his South Carolina home. A great nature book. *Illus.* $4.00

SUNDAYS FROM TWO TO SIX

By VIRGINIA ABAUNZA. What happens in the minds of a young girl and her small brothers when their parents suddenly decide to separate? A New Orleans writer tells you in a fresh, flavorful novel that draws both tears and laughter. $3.50

SECOND CONSUL

THE VICE-PRESIDENCY: OUR GREATEST POLITICAL PROBLEM

By EDGAR W. WAUGH. A political authority presents a searching examination of a vital issue. His book is not only timely — it is definitive. $3.75

THE GRASS IS NEVER GREENER

By ROBERT THOMAS ALLEN. "Rollicking account of the Allen family's hegira from the Dominion of Canada to Florida and westward to California in quest of the Perfect Place to Live."—CLARK KINNAIRD, *King Features Syndicate.* *Illus.* $3.00

A DIFFERENT VALOR

THE STORY OF GENERAL JOSEPH E. JOHNSTON, C.S.A.

By GILBERT E. GOVAN and JAMES W. LIVINGOOD. The definitive life of the Confederate general who equaled Lee in rank, was much respected by his Union opponents but detested by Jefferson Davis. An enthralling picture of the Confederacy. *Illus.* $6.00

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Dickens" (University of Chicago Press, $8.95). Duplicate and sometimes triplicate plates, showing variations in treatment of the same scenes, are reproduced here, with interesting comments by Mr. Johannsen. Besides being a definitive listing of these illustrations, the book invites hours of page-turning and poring over the details of the lively, cluttered world of Dickens's fiction.

From meticulously constructed designs for crowding the maximum number of slaves into the 'tween decks of a slave ship, down to the stories of Ralph Bunche, Martin Luther King, and Autherine Lucy and Emmet Till, **"A Pictorial History of the Negro in America,"** by Langston Hughes and Milton Meltzer (Crown, $5.95), vividly suggests the course of life of American Negroes in all ages of our country. Few of its pages can be read with pride by any white person, and most call forth a sense of shame and a corresponding awe that human beings can so well endure what has been the lot of the Negro in America. More than 1,000 photographs and line cuts.

"A Picture History of Russia," edited by John Stuart Martin (Crown, $5.95), is a revised and expanded edition of a book that first appeared in 1946. The text and the 1,200 illustrations give a strong impression of the sweep of this huge nation's history.

"Blood Royal," by Ian Moncreiffe and Don Pottinger (Thomas Nelson, $3), is an essay on the history, psychology, and symbolism of kingship, brightly and simply written, and illustrated with hundreds of tiny, colorful, and crisply drawn cartoons. Did you know that Queen Elizabeth II has royal Arab blood in her veins? Or that she is related by blood to George Washington; Charlemagne; Kuiyen, Khan of the Cumans; and Mujahid Al-Aamiri, King of the Barbary Corsairs? These and other startling facts can be gleaned from this fascinating little volume.

From the 1780s, when Fitch, Rumsey, and Fulton tinkered with the first steamboats, to the day of the S.S. *United States*'s record three-and-a-half-day Atlantic crossing, **"Ships of Steam,"** by Lamont Buchanan (McGraw-Hill, $5.95), covers the story of steam with text and more than 200 illustrations.

Mostly in the form of newspaper and magazine cartoons, the illustrations in John Durant's amusing volume **"Predictions"** (Barnes, $3) trace the predictions made in the American press from the 1880s to the 1920s about aviation, woman suffrage, television, tall buildings, smog, and automobiles. Some are ridiculous, some truly prophetic, and all are lively.

Fire engines were first drawn by men, who resisted being supplanted by horses; then in the early 1900s the partisans of the horse resisted motorization. But right down from Revolutionary times American firemen and their equipment have fascinated hobbyists and antiquarians. Robert S. Holzman's **"The Romance of Firefighting"** (Harper, $7.50), with its hundreds of illustrations and stories of great fires, fire companies, and personalities, should be a delight to fire buffs. —THOMAS E. COONEY.

—From "The Paintings of Leonardo da Vinci."

"Heads of Warriors."

—From "Leonardo da Vinci."

"The Condottiere."

Art Books

BESIDE the material pleasure they give by hefting well in both hands the large-size art albums that always appear on the eve of Christmas have the further virtue of being easy to wrap, easy to mail, and easy to size up. Not to be overlooked, of course, are enduring values that lie between the covers.

Weightiest (ten pounds) of this season's crop is the mammoth **"Leonardo da Vinci"** (Reynal, $35), which, although no editor is credited on the title page, must have been produced by the Cecil B. De Mille of art books. Bolstering more than 1,600 illustrations are thirty-seven essays originally prepared by as many scholars for a 1938 exhibition in Italy. Even the translation and editing of this new edition have been entrusted to a team of experts. Da Vinci was a gigantic and many-sided man; so is this book. Even so the last word on the subject is yet to be said.

More portable is the latest number of the annual **"The Seeing Eye"** (Reynal, $8.75), containing twenty-five articles that appeared during the past year in the French art magazine *L'Oeil*. The arts of all the ages are dealt with by such names as Sacheverell Sitwell, Michel Senphor, and Claude Roger-Marx. There are more than 200 illustrations, fifty of them in color.

"The Art News Annual" (Simon &

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Schuster, $3.95), now in its twenty-sixth year, again offers a varied group of full-length essays profusely and attractively illustrated. Clement Greenberg, Cyril Connolly, Parker Tyler, and others contribute. Of particular timely interest is Greenberg's article on Monet.

Among the profusely illustrated monographs on old masters is **"Hubert and Jan Van Eyck"** (Scribner, $17.50). There are thirty-six large color plates, many of them greatly enlarged details, and an introduction and extensive notes by Leo Van Puyvelde. **"Antonello da Messina"** (New York Graphic Society, $18), credits this young Italian contemporary of the Flemish Van Eyck brothers with introducing their techniques into his native country. This album of fifty large color plates is the first of its kind to be published on Antonello in English. Moving on a few centuries to France we have **"Toulouse-Lautrec"** (Abrams, $12.50), by Douglas Cooper, a specialist in nineteenth-century French painting. This is not merely a picture book for the text has equal importance with the plates. The latter show a fair balance between familiar works and those seldom reproduced.

"Decorative Art of Asia and Egypt" (Praeger, $12.50) is made up entirely of illustrations—600 of them in color—of textiles (mostly), ceramics, and inlay on various body materials from Bokhara, Samarkand, Chinese Turkistan, the work of such people as the Lapps, Tartars, and others of remote areas. All items are now the possessions of German museums.

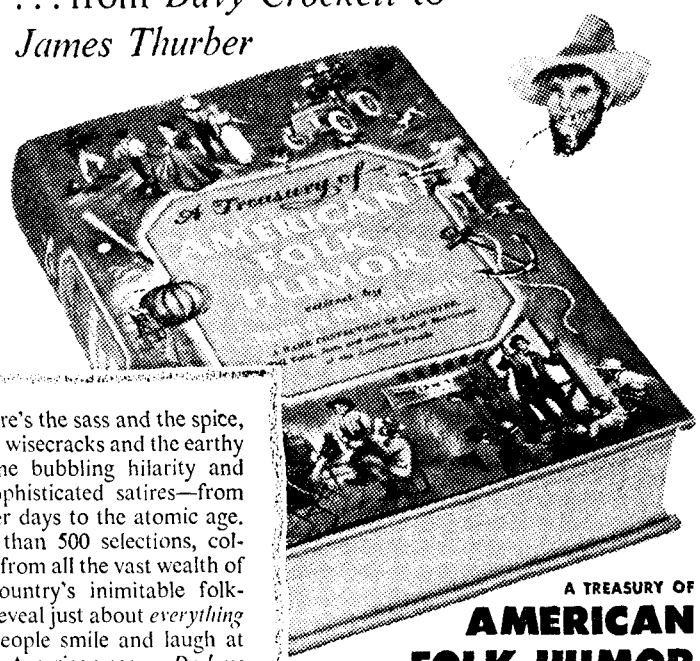
Probably the most delightful of the series of volumes with large formats that UNESCO has been arranging for in the past few years is **"Iran"** (New York Graphic Society, $16.50). Thirty-four color plates reproduce in actual size Persian miniatures from the Imperial Library at Teheran. They have been rarely seen for they are products of the court workshops and have never left royal possession. The fine arts officials of the present Iranian

SOLUTION OF LAST WEEK'S KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC (No. 1183)

ANITA RASKIN:
(COME, TREAD ME)
A METRICAL MEASURE

I do not call it poetry at all
Unless it marches forth on ordered feet.
I crave the neat obedient rise and fall,
The comfort of the conscientious beat. . . .
But let one single measure skip or fall—
I will not call it poetry at all.

A great encyclopedia of American mirth and merriment . . . from *Mark Twain* to *Robert Benchley* . . . from *Davy Crockett* to *James Thurber*



● Here's the sass and the spice, the sly wisecracks and the earthy wit, the bubbling hilarity and the sophisticated satires—from pioneer days to the atomic age. More than 500 selections, collected from all the vast wealth of our country's inimitable folklore, reveal just about *everything* that people smile and laugh at on the American scene. *De luxe 620-page gift volume, $5.00*

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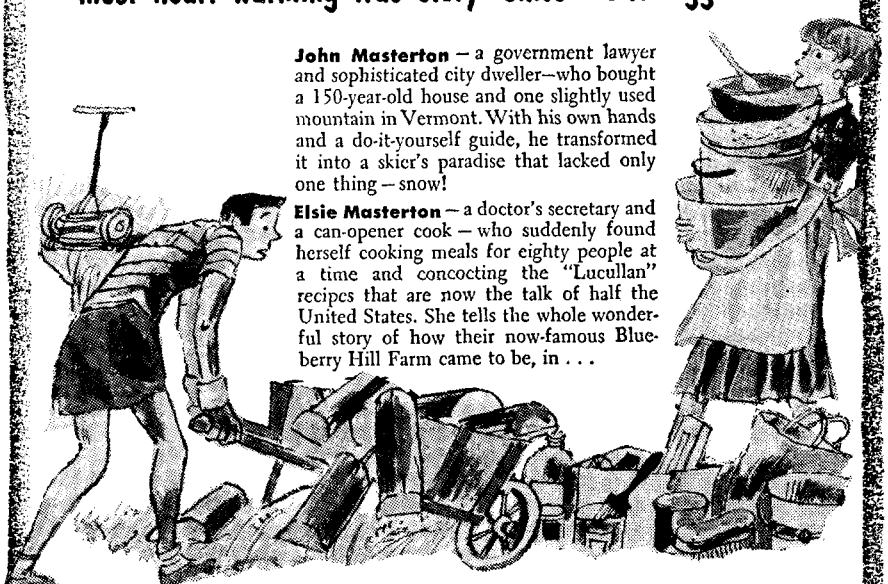
Meet the Mastertons of Blueberry Hill — in the merriest most heart-warming true story since "The Egg and I"



John Masterton — a government lawyer and sophisticated city dweller—who bought a 150-year-old house and one slightly used mountain in Vermont. With his own hands and a do-it-yourself guide, he transformed it into a skier's paradise that lacked only one thing — snow!

Elsie Masterton — a doctor's secretary and a can-opener cook — who suddenly found herself cooking meals for eighty people at a time and concocting the "Lucullan" recipes that are now the talk of half the United States. She tells the whole wonderful story of how their now-famous Blueberry Hill Farm came to be, in . . .

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By ELSIE and JOHN MASTERTON, with 35 of Elsie's famous recipes. $3.50 at all bookstores

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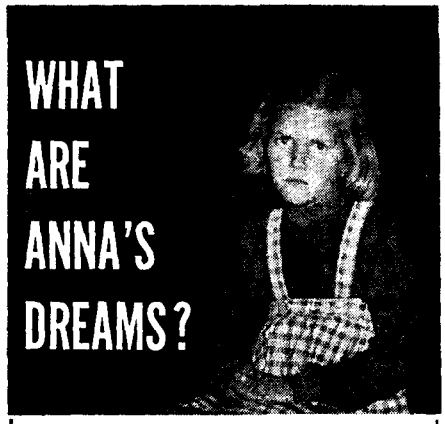

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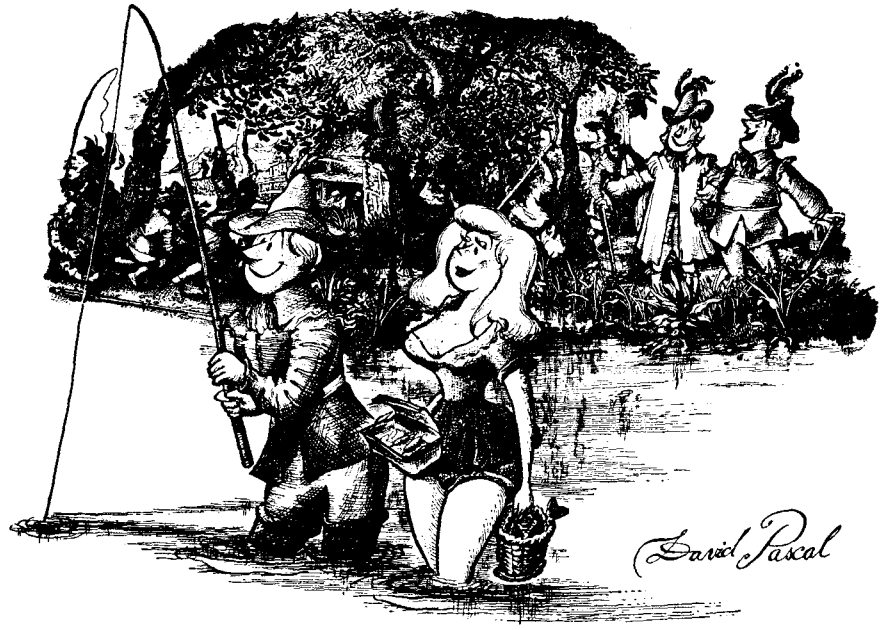

—*From "Hits, Runs and Social Errors."*

"That Izaak Walton is certainly the *compleat* angler."

administration together with their European collaborators for this book have seen to it that not only the choice but the quality of the reproductions are worthy of the ancient collection. Basil Gray and André Godard supply the text.

"Italian Painting" (New York Graphic Society, $20), a one-volume collection of color plates, covers Italian painting from the sixth to the eighteenth century—from the mosaics at Ravenna, which are really not yet Italian, to the last of the Venetian painters who can properly represent that culture. There are eighty-six color plates and a few small black-and-whites along the margin of Edith Standen's short introduction.

—L. R. Sander.

Cartoon Books

By all odds the major work among this season's cartoon books is **"The Hokinson Festival"** (Dutton, $5), which proves to be a full and final exploration not only of Helen E. Hokinson's ladies but of their world, from Westchester to Womrath's. Although she mastered an easy and impressionistic drawing style Miss Hokinson was never vague in her satire of costume, place, or person. Her eye sailed lightly over complicated scenes only to swoop down on the details here or there that would best demonstrate her point. The result is a clear, direct discourse to the viewer.

Almost equally impressive, but less full, is **"Should It Gurgle?"** (Simon & Schuster, $3.50), a selection from Alan Dunn's latest ten years at *The New Yorker*. Devilishly didactic, more than merely funny, every one of these cartoons is really a short editorial on some topic of real interest in today's world, from de-Stalinization to color TV. The best type of adult humor.

"Kovarsky's World" (Knopf, $2.95), the work of another *New Yorker* artist, is more on the whimsical side. A delight to the eye, his drawings range from the absurdly simple to the unbelievably complex, but—and this is what distinguishes Kovarsky from his competition in the whimsy field—every one of them contains a solid punch, expertly telegraphed.

To round off this galaxy, Mr. New Yorker Cartoonist himself comes along this season with another in his long series of albums, Peter Arno's **"Hell of a Way to Run a Railroad"** (Simon & Schuster, $3.95). Although the drawings are individually magnificent and many of the gags funny, there is a quality of standardization about the book as a whole—call it frozen perfection, if you will—that makes it less exciting than it should be. Mr. Arno seems to be doing only a masterly chore, his mind on other things, and only pretending to be himself.

From England comes **"The Pick of Punch"** (Dutton, $3.95), easily the equivalent of a three-months' trial subscription to that lively awake-to-the-world magazine. The book is about half taken up with cartoons, the rest being given over to light verse, stories, jingles, satires. It may have gone to press too early to include any of the pieces in the "Khrushchev-Bulganin Visit to England" issue, which is unfortunate since the consensus on this side is that the *Punch*-men outdid themselves in that one. Otherwise it's a very good book, though somewhat smudgily printed.

One of *Punch*'s funniest artists, Giovannetti, has put out an album of his

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own entitled **"Max Presents"** (Macmillan, $3.95). It is not as full of Max, his very popular little rodent-creation, or even Max's cousin Sam, as it pretends to be on the cover, but what little of them it does contain is thoroughly enchanting. Most of the book is filled with a sweeping-up of Giovannetti's earlier experiments, equally talented but less amusing. In them, if you are interested, can be seen his stages of transition between the grotesque, overexaggerated "European style" of cartooning, in which he began, and his present happy métier.

The crudities Giovannetti wisely decided to eschew, plus a great many others he was never guilty of, are represented in full force in **"The Best Cartoons from Abroad, 1956"** (Crown, $2.95), put together by Lawrence Lariar and Ben Roth. You might assume from this opus that all foreign cartooning is pretty moronic unless you should happen to compare it with this same Mr. Lariar's companion volume, **"The Best Cartoons of the Year, 1956"** (Crown, $2.95), in which you'll find he manages to convey a similar impression about his fellow Americans. A credit to neither side of the Atlantic.

While still on the sour note, it must be said that Abner Dean's latest slim little volume of smart-aleck verse, **"Not Far from the Jungle"** (World, $3), is even skimpier and scratchier than last year's. The drawing is less interesting and there is less of it. The same even holds for the verses, bad as they were before. The price is a nickel more than last time. Only the level of puerility remains the same.

Of the one-subject books, designed as gift items in cases where you as a giver don't mind revealing to the recipient that all you can remember about him is that he has a bug or some single area of preoccupation, about the best seems to be **"Hits, Runs and Social Errors,"** (Random House, $2.95), gleaned from the pages of *Sports Illustrated* by Charles Preston (Random House, $2.95). It is full, varied, and obviously the work of some of the best men in the business. One of its pleasantest surprises, visually, is a series of mock-historic sports flashbacks by David Pascal, who shows a knack for mimicking old drawing styles that he has had little opportunity to practise elsewhere.

Less successful, speaking of originality, is **"Happy Holiday"** (Dodd, Mead, $3.50), another Lariar collation. Here are all the old vacation clichés fleshed out with a few rather vintage travel pieces—these last of good authorship but long familiarity to most literate globe-trotters. Hank Ketcham's **"Wanted: Dennis the Menace"** (Holt, $1) packs a few smiles, is competently handled throughout, and reveals no blinding insights into the nature of childhood. Crockett Johnson's insights into the nature of doghood seem to be a bit keener and consequently more often amusing. His **"Barkis"** (Simon & Schuster, $1.95) is a model of quiet, whimsical inventiveness. For all owners and fanciers.

—E. Z. Fisher.

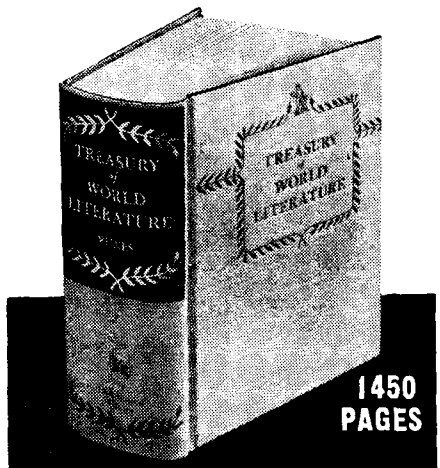
Your Literary I. Q.

Conducted by John T. Winterich

MISTAKEN IDENTITIES

Bookbuyers, say booksellers, frequently get their authors mixed. Dorothy Marie Davis of Sierra Madre, Calif., submits the following list out of her own experience. Kindly determine who wrote what. Corrections (if needed) on page 58.

1. "Aaron's Rod" ( ) Maxwell or ( ) Sherwood Anderson
2. "Bachelor Abroad" ( ) Jane Austen or ( ) Mary Austin
3. "Basket Woman" ( ) *Lucius M. or* ( ) C. *William* Beebe
4. "The Case of Sergeant Grischa" ( ) Stephen Vincent or ( ) William Rose Benét
5. "East Coker" ( ) Erskine or ( ) Taylor Caldwell
6. "God's Little Acre" ( ) George or ( ) T. S. Eliot
7. "Half Mile Down" ( ) Edward Ellsberg or ( ) Felix Riesenberg
8. "Home Town" ( ) D. H. or ( ) T. E. Lawrence
9. "It Can't Happen Here" ( ) C. Day-Lewis or ( ) C. S. Lewis
10. "Letter to a Young Poet" ( ) Sinclair Lewis or (Upton) Sinclair
11. "Man Possessed" ( ) Christopher Marlowe or
12. "Noah and the Waters" ( ) Christopher Morley
13. "Thirty Fathoms Deep" ( ) E. B. or ( ) T. H. White
14. "The Trojan Horse" ( ) Thomas Wolfe or ( ) Virginia Woolf
15. "Witch in the Wood" ( ) Arnold or ( ) Stefan Zweig



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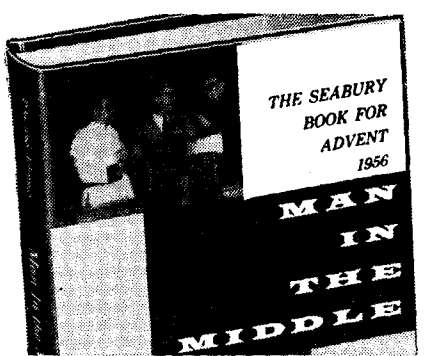

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BROADWAY POSTSCRIPT

Al Capp's Druther World

ONE aim of the satirist is to make the big-shot world seem foolish. Cartoonist Al Capp does this in his daily comic-strip **"Li'l Abner,"** and it must be admitted that Norman Panama and Melvin Frank do it now and then in their musical comedy of the same name. When Li'l Abner and his shiftless, barefoot cronies sing the lazy "If I Had My Druthers," while fishing off a log, their Izaak Walton contentment challenges our neurotic coffee-gulping world. And when in a song titled "Oh Happy Day" four scientists exhibit childish joy at the thought of synthesizing "man-made man," the philosophy of science seems ridiculous. Likewise, there are moments in the dialogue that deflate other Americanisms. Our "security" fad is spoofed when an incompetent government official is asked how he can be so ignorant and still hold his important job. He replies unabashed: "I was loyal." Both runaway capitalism and maudlin American sentimentality are hit when the billionaire financier General Bullmoose explains his childhood dream of acquiring all the money in the world before he meets "the greatest broker of them all in that stockmarket in the sky."

However, except for that early, brief, fishing scene "Li'l Abner" never rolls under its own power. Each number is inflated with a bicycle pump, and though we get introduced to new colorful characters and some new Dogpatch traditions there is little urgent reason for us to become involved with the stage doings. The ideas for many of the songs are excellent, but that usually clever lyricist Johnny Mercer tends to let each song ride on the impact of its first line. "Progress Is the Root of All Evil," sung by General Bullmoose, would be a show-stopper if Mr. Mercer had been able to fill it in with the right examples. The case is much the same with "The Country's in the Very Best of Hands" or "I'm Past My Prime," the latter Daisy Mae's lament that eighteen is too old for marriage in the Tennessee hills. Gene de Paul's music is catchy, though a great deal of it seems caught from other songs. "Love in a Home" has overtones of "You'll Never Walk Alone." "The Matrimonial Stomp" is reminiscent of a number Phil Harris used to do. "Oh Happy Day" recalls Burl Ives's "The Little Engine That Thinks It Can."

Michael Kidd's choreography is energetic and inventive, but tends to persist long past the point of inspiration. Bonnie Evans risks water-on-the-knee as she leads a chorus that carries on with the vigor of the New York Football Giants driving for a touchdown. The principals, Peter Palmer as Abner, Edith Adams as Daisy Mae, Stubby Kaye as Marryin' Sam, are up to standard. Howard St. John has enormous wry fun as General Bullmoose. The result is a gay hayride which is enjoyable only so long as you don't care if you're really moving.

LAST week also saw two straight plays. One, Robert Alan Aurthur's **"A Very Special Baby,"** deals with a selfish father who wants to keep his adult son dependent. The last-act scene, where the father humiliates his son in front of the rest of the family, is extremely powerful drama and will seem particularly effective to any grown-up who has been mortified to find himself treated as a child by a "well-meaning" parent. The play features especially fine performances by Luther Adler as Papa Casale and by Jack Warden as son Joey. Unfortunately, the playwright has concerned himself too much with naturalistic detail and too little with an uncompromising exploration of a most interesting theme.

HENRY JAMES'S "Wings of the Dove," adapted into **"Child of Fortune"** by Guy Bolton, resembles an illustrated edition of an old-fashioned novel. The play concerns Milly Temple, a wealthy young girl dying of Addison's disease. Her only glimmer of hope is the development of a new Swiss drug. Her friend Kate Croy takes advantage of the situation by urging her impecunious lover to court and marry Milly so that he can inherit Milly's fortune and marry her. Just before the curtain went up on Act III a colleague tapped this reviewer on the shoulder. "The medicine from Switzerland," he whispered gravely, "has just arrived." This did it, and not even a somewhat effective scene in which Betsy von Furstenberg as Kate tells off the whole romantic bunch for not appreciating her wisdom and generosity could save "Child of Fortune" from seeming a parody on nineteenth-century dramaturgy.

—HENRY HEWES.

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MUSIC TO MY EARS

Callas in "Tosca," Stella, Borkh, Paray

WHATEVER Maria Callas's future Metropolitan career may be, she has already done what no performer of any recent time has accomplished—a first-class Tosca in the same week in which she sang another expert Norma. In a cast ardently conducted by Dimitri Mitropoulos and with George London and Giuseppe Campora as basis of the equilateral triangle, she gave a sharp sense of life and meaning to a project that is all too often only theatrical.

There may be sound basis for arguing which singer, of all contemporaries, is the most voluptuous sounding Tosca, the most ample in vocal volume, the most unwilling partner to Scarpia's intentions, but Callas strikes me as the most credible Tosca of our time. She sings her music with the instincts of an actress and phrases her acting with the instincts of a fine musician. Slight in appearance but commanding in manner, she is believable from the first byplay with Cavaradossi, responsively jealous to Scarpia's trickery, and an avenging fury in the moment most foreign to Tosca's true nature, when a knife becomes the key to her dilemma.

Even for those whose knowledge of the Italian text derives from the printed page rather than a close familiarity with the language, it was clear that Callas was merging word with note in a way that might cost her something in purity of sound but made an explosive totality. The dialogue was delivered as dialogue (Callas is the rare performer who works to her dramatic *vis-à-vis* rather than to the audience), but when she came to "Vissi d'arte" there were full resources of vocal color and eloquence to give it sure effect. Notable too were the variations of movement to suit the situation—the quick eager steps when she was looking for Cavaradossi in Act I, the complete bodily dejection when she was at Scarpia's untender mercy in Act II and knew it, the upsurge of spirit when she came upon the weapon. Of note, too, the plan of gesture was of another sort than in her Norma; the strong design for the part still allowed for improvisation in the heat of performance.

Recognizing the basic sound for what it is—whitish and variable—there were few notes not securely in place, cleanly, clearly articulated with her own kind of bland coloration, which is not to everybody's taste but should be to anybody's comprehension. I would have welcomed more thrust in such spoken words as "Assasino" and "Muori, muori," as Scarpia is dying. The voice loses something of carrying power when (as in the case of the first) her target is upstage or, in the second, truly downstage (on the floor). Also it lessened the effect for Miss Callas to pose as long as she did in the doorway at the end of Act II. The stage direction says she departs "cautiously," but it would seem pure instinct for a murderess to get away with all dispatch, particularly one bent on saving her lover from a firing squad. For those with an eye as well as an ear for their Toscas, Callas carried the long-skirted blue-on-blue gown of Act I with an air, and was appropriately regal in black-with-brilliants in Act II.

Thanks to Mitropoulos's strong leadership this was altogether a "Tosca" of vigor and intensity. Campora's likable voice and appealing manner leave him still somewhat boyish for Tosca's ardor, but he performs well, within his vocal limitations. London's Scarpia has gained ease and authority since his first performances of a few seasons back, but it requires more modulation of effort, a lessening of sheer physical output, to achieve distinction. To his credit, he maintained a suitable place in the stage picture while Tosca sang her prayer, no common attribute of Scarpias. Mitropoulos's reappearance in the Metropolitan pit brought a warm greeting from the audience, an odd contrast with the polite gestures that prevail at the Philharmonic. The fact is, with all his labors in the symphonic groves, he is much more dynamic and purposeful in the opera house, also capable of the quick adjustment necessary when London lost his place momentarily in Act I and had to be cued back as the music went on.

TWO representatives of the younger group of Italian opera aspirants joined the company during the week, with Antonietta Stella singing Aida, also Leonora in "Trovatore," and Carlo Bergonzi appearing in both as the principal tenor. Miss Stella, somewhat the younger of the two, is also the more gifted, with a lyric-dramatic voice in the Verdian mold and an attractive presence as well. Bergonzi's somewhat light, but well-focused, sound has to do all the work for him, as presence is a neglible asset in his case.

Oddly enough, both performed with more distinction in the introductory "Aida" than in the subsequent "Trovatore." Stella's voice has not much to be described as voluptuous in quality, but it is strong and rather caressing in the middle range, with the top extension an Aida requires. The dramatic line of her Aida was well worked out, with a powerful climax in her tearful rejection of her father's scorn in the Nile Scene. Throughout she showed qualities of admirable taste and dramatic vitality. Of the arias, "Patrai mia" was less successful than "Ritorna vincitor," for if her best sound is lyric, her best impulse is plainly dramatic. This contradiction was more conspicuous in her Leonore, a part she does not have as much in her voice as the Aida, and one in which she stressed volume and drive rather than repose and vocal beauty. Where she goes from here depends on the extent to which she can resist the clamor that spells easy approval at the Metropolitan these days, and concentrate on artistic essentials.

Bergonzi is a stalwart, rather stocky man who has some lyric suavity in his sound as well as a good ringing top. However, Manrico weighed more heavily on him than Radames, a consideration that has baffled some illustrious figures of the past, including one named Caruso. In both operas illusion was seriously curtailed by Bergonzi's casual attitude toward makeup and movement. The Metropolitan can use a tenor of his resonant resources, but it should, preferably, be one with a little more care for the non-vocal aspects of his profession.

The "Aida" was notable for some hideous costuming "brought along" by Fedora Barbieri, the Amneris. Her opening ensemble, in bright green, suggested a preview of Chirstmas trees to come, and the subsequent item also clashed with Rolf Gerard's scenic design. What value "new productions" when they are abused in this manner? Geoffrey Holder's debut as principal male "dancer" in the triumphal scene stressed the grotesque at the cost of real relevance to the surroundings. Fausto Cleva directed with more of the zeal admired in his recent "Rigoletto."

A FINAL newcomer in a singer's week was Inge Borkh, performing as soloist with the Pittsburgh Symphony in Carnegie Hall under the direction of William Steinberg. A muscular blonde woman, Miss Borkh has a muscular (if not blonde) voice which she drove through Beethoven's "Ah perfido" and Berg's "Der Wein." This is a talent

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that plainly needs a stage and its trappings—that is to say, the opera house—for the best results. Steinberg's effort on behalf of Ernest Toch's Third Symphony (a Pulitzer prizewinner) was devotion itself, though the work lacks the substance to justify its length.

PAUL PARAY did himself and the New York musical public a service by bringing along for his first appearance as guest conductor with the New York Philharmonic - Symphony Orchestra the admirable pianist Clara Haskill, who hasn't played in this country since the Twenties. The years have grayed Mme. Haskill's hair and impeded her locomotion, but done nothing but good for her musicality, pianistic finesse and insight into such a work as the D minor concerto of Mozart. Withal that it is the most played of Mozart's works in this form, Mme. Haskill attacked it so sympathetically, with so much relevant vigor and appropriate expressiveness, as to make one rejoice in its beauties all over again. Certainly she should be heard in recital while in this country, and even, if one dares hope such a thing, in the two-piano literature of Mozart with Wanda Landowska.

For Paray this was a welcome opportunity to demonstrate how well the Philharmonic can sound when the leadership is like minded. His opening Haydn (D major, No. 96) symphony was full of verve and impulse, but also animated by a sense of the vibrance to be conveyed by warm string tone and throbbing tympani. He provided Mme. Haskill with a beautifully balanced background in the Mozart and then went on to a finely colored "La Mer," one among numerous Debussy scores he does with distinction. A not too consequential work of Henry Barraud ("Offrande a une Ombre") also had a first performance.

THE Dutch pianist Cor de Groot made a first New York appearance in Town Hall after an American debut with the Cincinnati Orchestra earlier in November. De Groot demonstrated the wide-ranging, incisive technique that had been anticipated but less of poetic impulse or artistic flair than had been hoped for. In a sequence of Scarlatti (three sonatas), Beethoven ("Appassionata"), and Chopin ("Berceuse" and C sharp minor Scherzo), de Groot tended to a single manner of pianism that was drasticaly excessive for Scarlatti, a little out of balance for Beethoven, and truly adjusted only to Chopin. His fluency and clean articulation in the latter were good to hear, but there was little purpose in looking below the surface, for depths were non-existent. —IRVING KOLODIN.

TV AND RADIO

A Backward Giant-Step

TELEVISION took a giant step backward recently with "Jack and the Beanstalk," a ninety-minute spectacular over NBC on the "Producers Showcase" program. It wasn't that this "original" musical-comedy version of the old nursery tale was a tasteless porridge of flatulent fantasy. It was simply that the whole presentation came off as a shocking hoax on trusting grownups.

This successor to NBC's earlier triumph, James M. Barrie's "Peter Pan," was given the full publicity build-up. More than a month before "Jack and the Beanstalk" was presented I read an interview in *The New York World-Telegram and Sun* in which Helen Deutsch, the author of NBC's "Jack and the Beanstalk," was reported as "hard at work bringing logic, psychological truth, comedy, and narrative excitement to that preposterous folk tale." Now fun is fun. But when you start plugging up the holes in Mother Goose it's time for audiences to watch out.

"In my version," the author said firmly, "I've invented a way for Jack to get the harp, the hen, and the bag of gold dramatically without stealing them. What mother would send a six-year-old out to sell a cow? My Jack is sixteen. I've given him some real social problems for that age. He's rejected by the town because the town thought his father was no good. And I've given him lots of obstacles to overcome. After all, the original story only runs three pages. Whenever he comes to a door I've made it just like the door on his mother's house. But don't worry, I'm not doing the psychiatric thing too big." Chill premonitions of "Oedipus Jack" plagued me, but NBC's saturation campaign—delivered with mounting excitement on the days immediately preceding the show—destroyed all doubts.

"Saturation" huckstering practically guarantees a rise in rating. Steve Allen gave "Jack and the Beanstalk" an extra pinpoint bombing on his Sunday program prior to the spectacular. My two young daughters were permitted to stay up past bedtime to watch Celeste Holm, Cyril Ritchard, and Joel Grey (Jack) run through a rehearsal of one of the songs in the show, merrily describing the twelve-foot giant. Again I felt a foreboding. Where was the terror? But a dwarf dances in the run-through (and Cyril Ritchard can do no wrong in my kindergarten since he played Hook to Mary Martin's Pan), so the following evening the family was gathered at the RCA-Victor shrine.

The crash of our hopes was louder than the giant's fall. Three pages of crystallized legend distilled for centuries of storytelling are alive and magical. Ninety minutes of cardboard characters, mediocre imitations of the Rodgers and Hammerstein tunes, awkward camera tricks, belabored special effects, a brief earthbound climb for Jack up a section of a prop beanstalk (it was all a dream in a hay-wagon, anyway, in this version), a new husband for Jack's widowed mother at the happy end, and a girl-friend for teen-ager Jack—all this may well have been "logic, psychological truth, comedy, and narrative excitement" in NBC's book but any resemblance it bore to "that preposterous folk-tale" "Jack and the Beanstalk" was merely intentional.

MY TWO children watched the spectacular with unlit eyes. "It's not like 'Peter Pan'," one commented rather sadly. The next morning my wife took our little girls to Westport's new library and borrowed an old illustrated version of the story so they could discover what "Jack and the Beanstalk" is really like. I weep for the experience that could have been theirs—the first three-dimensional realization of one of childhood's great tales. No saturation campaign will ever bring my brood to a TV folk-tale again. We've had it.

Television is within its rights to grind any literary bones it pleases for its spectacular pumpernickel, but the FCC ought to get after it for misrepresenting the real McCoy. Even Broadway, when it brings new theatrical excitement to Shaw's "Pygmalion," has the good grace to change the title to "My Fair Lady." When I tuned in "Jack and the Beanstalk" I traded a beautiful childhood memory for beans. It's not fair trade. I have but one sentiment for the peddlers who cleverly conned me and mine into "Jack and the Beanstalk." In the wise words of Dennis King, the narrator, speaking of Mad Meggie, the local Ophelia in Jack's town: "She may be mad. She knows this is nonsense—but she is giving the public what it wants in return for fresh laid eggs." —ROBERT LEWIS SHAYON.

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SR GOES TO THE MOVIES

The Japanese Do It Again

IT IS now just about five years since most of us learned of the existence of a creative Japanese film industry—or of any Japanese films at all, for that matter—through Akira Kurosawa's bold, original "Rashomon." Kurosawa was quite properly praised at that time for his extraordinary ability to make a story of ancient Japan come alive on the screen, as well as for the physical beauty and intellectual stimulation of his picture. In the years that followed many of the films from Japan have reaffirmed this special facility of Japanese directors to deal persuasively with the past, and to tell the stories of *samurai*, priests, and hapless emperors with a delicacy of composition and refinement of gesture rare on the Western screen.

While we are still waiting for some more penetrating glimpse of the Japan of today, we have ample reason to be grateful to Columbia Pictures for importing another masterful work by Kurosawa, **"The Magnificent Seven."** Once again we are back in the fifteenth century, a time when bandits ravaged the land and *samurai*—a caste of warriors comparable to our feudal knights—put their swords and skills in the service of the highest bidder. In this film, however, it is idealism, not money, that brings together "the magnificent seven." A peasant village, learning that a bandit horde plans to carry off its crops immediately after the harvest, determines to make a fight for it. Without money, the villagers send their young men out to recruit "hungry *samurai*," men who will work for rice and the justice of their cause. They find them and test them; then the *samurai* return to the village, teach the peasants to defend themselves, and all stand together to drive off the invaders. That, in sum, is just about all the story there is to this picture that runs a fast two hours and forty minutes. It is in the wealth of detail, the richness of characterization, and the robust quality of its physical action—as well as in the sheer technical virtuosity with which Kurosawa has managed each sequence—that lies the ceaseless fascination of the film. For he has taken a theme as familiar and standardized to Japanese audiences as our own Westerns are to us and treated it with a freshness, a directness, a sensitivity to texture and tempo and psychological truth that impart new excitement and meaning to the old form.

Some indication of this may be found in the diversity of personalities and motivations not only among the *samurai* but in the villagers as well. Some are resigned to their fate, believing that resistance is useless. Others fear the expense while the swordsmen are quartered among them. Only the young men are really anxious to fight. The same kind of personalization exists among the *samurai* who come to their defense—the wise and humane leader, the perfectionist who seizes every opportunity to improve his technique with the long sword, the youth who follows him to learn, the peasant who hides his humble origins for the free, adventuresome life of the warrior caste.

No less remarkable is Kurosawa's consummate skill in setting the spectator down in the very midst of these people. The young men come to town, and the director conveys the dizzying confusion of crowds and shops through a brilliant series of swinging shots that never seem quite completed before the camera is moving off in another direction for another impression. An early encounter between the false *samurai* and the swordsman is played with the camera so close to the two men that it seems in constant danger of being smashed by a blow. There is an incredible moment when the chief *samurai*, learning that a madman has kidnaped a child, rushes into the hut where the man is hiding. From within comes a terrible cry; the camera lingers at the open door until, after an agonizing wait, the madman runs out in nightmarish slow motion to die in the open. There are shots of churning intensity—an old woman dying of hunger in the rain, the searing close-up of a young wife, abducted by bandits and made their concubine, when she sees her husband again. The final hour, which whips by like a whirlwind, is devoted to the battle itself—a series of skirmishes in which courage, strategy, and cunning combine to produce some of the most exciting combat footage of the decade. Long before it is over we have forgotten that this is an isolated incident in a distant era. Kurosawa has made it part of the ceaseless struggle of the weak and humble against their predators in every age and every land.

—ARTHUR KNIGHT.

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BOOKED FOR TRAVEL

Magnum Opus

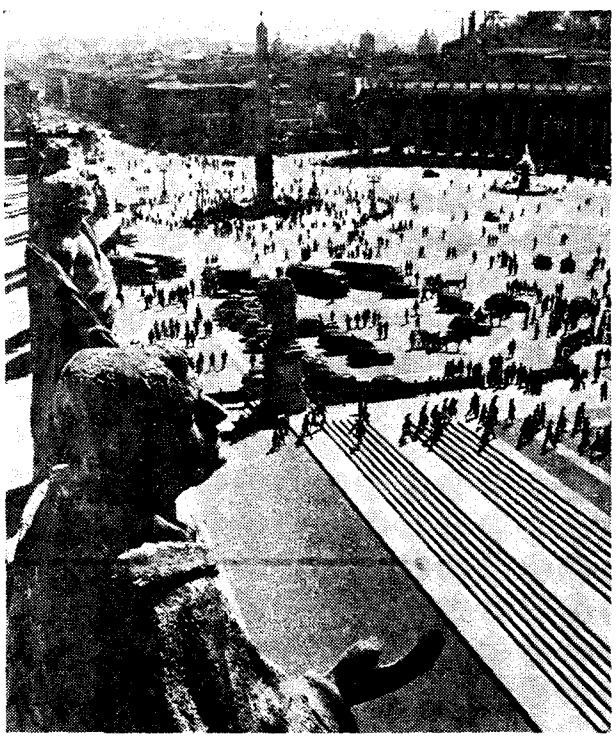
THEY shot Chim last week, and it's been a job getting the body back from El Qantara.

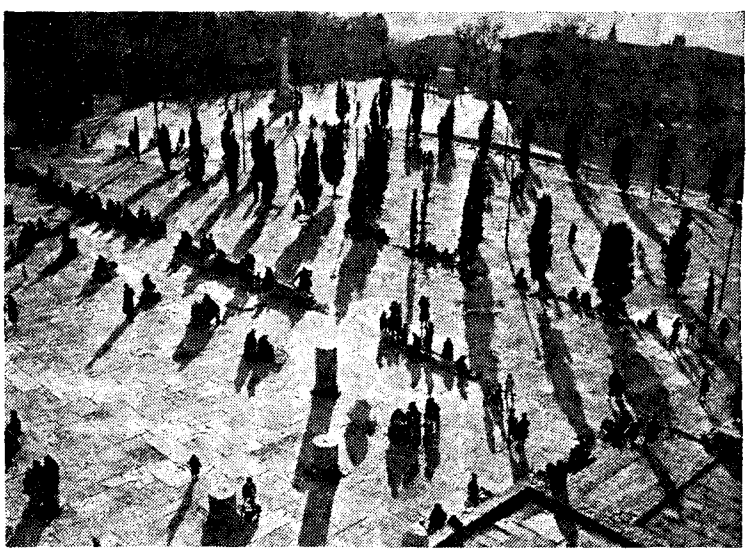
He hadn't waited for an assignment. When the trouble started he was in Greece, where he had gone to photograph the pre-Olympic ceremonies. From there he was going up to Paris and then back to New York in time for his birthday next week. But he worked his way across to Cyprus and *Newsweek* cabled him credentials and he was finally accredited to the French forces. He and Jean Roy of *Paris Match* tried to cross the Allied lines with a group exchanging wounded. The Egyptians fired on them and the jeep toppled into a canal. And so Chim was killed at El Qantara. How ironic. His parents were exterminated in a Polish pogrom.

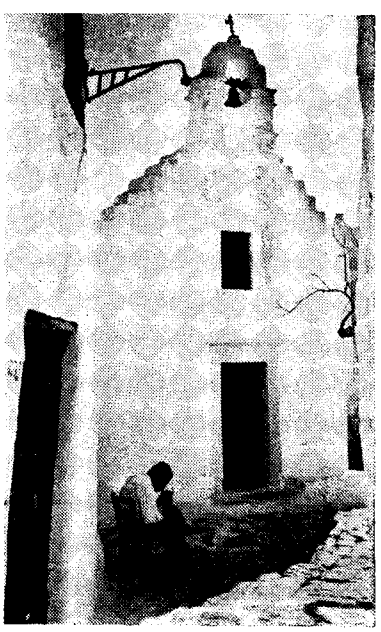
Chim was the name by which his friends knew David Seymour, who was the gentlest of men. You loved Chim and you were not ashamed of it. He had a broad balding head and his hair was turning gray as it fled his scalp. His nose and his mouth came together in a rush and a cigarette dangled, Mediterranean style, from his lips. He hung the cigarette there even when his Leica was jammed up to his eye until one would be certain the smoke would fog the picture. "You know I am a Mediterranean," he would say, although it was true he was born in Warsaw. He meant that the Mediterranean tastes and habits were the ones he had adopted.

This summer he was my photographer on a story about Copenhagen and I went down to the airport to meet him with Fred Smith of *Sports Illustrated*, Marc Connelly, and Eliot Elisofon of *Life*, who was in Europe on another story. Chim, coming up from his headquarters in Rome, hadn't quite expected such a welcoming committee. When he came through the door from the customs-shed the ebullient Mr. Elisofon burst upon him. "Chimsky!" he cried, and kissed him loud on one cheek. We told Chim there wasn't time to go to his hotel, but that we must ride immediately out into the Danish countryside to photograph the Viking festival at Frederikssund. There was no change of expression, merely the waggling of the cigarette in the corner of his mouth as he said, "You'll give me please a moment with Eliot."

Later that night we sat with the bearded Viking players at their wood-







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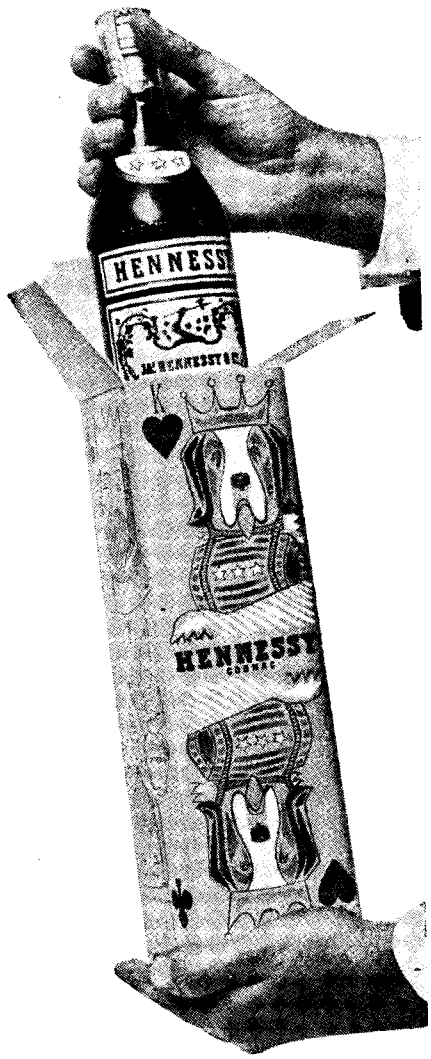

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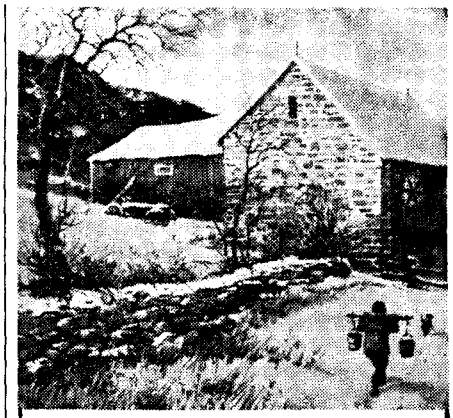
en tables and ate spit-roasted ox flavored with raw salt and horseradish. We hoisted giant tankards of beer and shouted "Hil! Hil!" with them. I told Chim how we would eat at the famous restaurants of Copenhagen, and as the days passed we were at the Belle Terrasse in Tivoli when the fireworks of Midsummer's Eve exploded outside the window. We lunched along the Danish seacoast and held our editorial conferences at Krog's magnificent fish restaurant. It was at Krog's he unbent a bit to ask the waiter, "You'll give me please one from each of the herrings, to taste." Chim was the compleat gourmet, a man of seven languages and uncounted sensibilities, the artist, the creator. After a week of smørrebrød I asked him how he liked the Danish kitchen. "It is potch-keying around," he said. "After ull, I am a Mediterranean."

In Rome a few weeks later I fell on him quite by accident in the moneychangers and we sat on the Veneto and sipped Compari. Then he explored the shops with me when I went to buy gifts for friends who had entertained us in Denmark. We stopped to pick up his messages at his hotel, a tiny place called the Inghilterra, which will be sad this week. Chim owned the soul of it. He was president of Magnum, a global combine of photographers, and when the fat monthly statements from New York came to his mailbox at the Inghilterra he would open the envelope and study the company's papers while strolling in the Roman sun.

CHIM avoided ostentation as if it were the Automat. His favorite hotel in Milan was the Corso and once, coming up from Rome, he arranged to meet there with John Morris, Magnum's New York manager, who was arriving from Zurich. Morris's plane was late and when his cab pulled up in front of the Corso in the small hours of the morning he found nothing but a ruin. They had torn the place down. Chim and Morris found each other in Milan by calling the Magnum office in Paris.

In Paris he lived like a shah in the borrowed apartment of a friend. We met at the flat just before I left Europe in July. It was both immense and fashionable, and Chim for all his Spartan attitudes displayed it with zest. His tastes in food were, indeed, hardly Spartan at all and we repaired that very evening with Paul Friedlander of *The New York Times* and Burt Glinn, another Magnum photographer, to Chez Ami Louis, a tumbledown gourmet's hideaway which Chim called "the secret restaurant of Darryl Zanuck." Last time he was there, he said, people at three different tables had cables in their pock-



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ets from Zanuck urging them not to leave Paris without eating at his secret restaurant. While waiting for an immense side of beef which ultimately arrived quite blue we whiled away the time eating—at Chim's insistence—tiny *ortolan* which, as well as I have been able to determine, is roast bobolink. The poor, bare bird so lonely on the plate looked, I told him, like an anemic canary that had fallen into the stew pot. Chewing the fragile bones, he was too deep in ecstasy to take issue with my heresies.

CHIM knew Paris as well as Rome and Rome as well as Warsaw. He had studied at the Sorbonne after a tour at the Leipzig Academy of Graphic Arts. His father, Benjamin Chimin, had been a Polish publisher before the Germans, and Chim freelanced as a journalist in the Paris Thirties.

Coming to the States ahead of the Germans he became an Air Force intelligence officer and a citizen. With Bob Capa and Henri Cartier-Bresson, who had been his Paris colleagues before the war, Chim founded Magnum Photos. When Capa stepped on a mine in Indo-China in May 1954 Chim took over as president. Capa's death was followed by the loss of Werner Bischoff, another Magnum photographer who was killed in a jeep accident in Peru.

Running the office from Rome or wherever, Chim was a working president. For UNESCO he photographed the plight of the postwar youngster abroad, a collection which appeared as a book called "Europe's Children." He did the pictures for a Holy Year book on the Vatican for which Ann Carnahan wrote the text, striking up, in the course of the assignment, an unusual relationship with ecclesiastical Vatican officials.

Late on a November Sunday night this year a telephone operator finally reached John Morris in New York. It was Burt Glinn and he was calling from Israel. He was so excited Morris could scarcely understand him. "Calm down," Morris told him across the many miles, "your photograph of the Israeli soldier is on *Life's* cover next week" (November 19). "Oh, you haven't heard," said Glinn. "Well, brace yourself. I think Chim's been killed." Then he read the Reuter's dispatch. Twenty minutes later another call came in from Trudi Feliu, Magnum's bureau chief in Paris. The death had been confirmed by the French Ministry of Defense. In Cyprus only four days before Chim had gotten his last message from Morris. It was a cabled account of Magnum's receipts for October. "Take it easy," the cable said, "we don't need the money." —HORACE SUTTON.

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Picasso at Seventy-five

Continued from page 27

follow the chronological method, registering what happened year by year. Maillard gives a biographical account of Picasso's background, where he lived, who his friends were, when and where he exhibited. Elgar discusses the work that abundantly materialized in a continuous torrent from this life the changes the work underwent (without ever ceasing to be Picasso's work), the stimuli it adopted and regally used, the stimuli it generated.

The two narrations are carried parallel to and coordinated with each other, the biographical data running on the lower part of each page complementing the critical interpretation of the works of the given period on the upper part. Together they function as a sound track, as it were, to the illustrations, reproducing some 400 of Picasso's works (seventy-five of them in color), again in chronological order. The result of this arrangement is that it can be read like a score, the orchestration of a creative existence translated into visual terms.

This scorelike presentation plus all the other features that contribute to the character of a handy primer for quick reference (a selected bibliography, a listing of works by Picasso in European museums, and thirty-six pages of small-size reproductions of the artist's principal works in chronological order) tend to give the impression, however, that Picasso is not so hard to understand after all. The attempt to "domesticate" him is honorable and sincere, but nevertheless questionable. It can be misleading unless one realizes that this is an engaging, genial pocketbook designed to ease the way for a first acquaintance with the artist's work.

This tendency to cut Picasso down to normal size is evident also in the comparatively small size of the book itself. It cannot provide enough space to reproduce Picasso's works according to their proper scale. As desirable as it may be to have a great number of reproductions in a handy format, the degree of falsification that has been indulged in here is discomforting. This is particularly true of the color plates; they are seductive, but not authentic. Perhaps the main difficulty in the basically legitimate desire to popularize Picasso's work for large-scale consumption is that the authors themselves are, to a certain extent, taken in by their own concept. They are inclined to apologize for whatever may seem "strange" in Picasso's creation. They try to convince the reader that creating a new universe is actually something quite "natural," as though they were not quite certain about it themselves. Yet they are actually right, if one thinks highly enough of the human potential. Their main contribution is that out of a dedicated fervor for their subject they have laid a groundwork of facts from which the image of Picasso the creator may result.

BULL IN OUR CHINA SHOP: In the 1930s a strange and mysterious monster, minotaur or bull, made its appearance in the work of Picasso. Brutal and enigmatic, this figure goes through its metamorphoses in drawing after drawing during that period, in the course of which Picasso produced some works which in sheer power and violence are matched only by Goya. This figure of the bull haunts also the great mural "Guernica" of 1937. In a little book called **"Picasso and the Bull"** (Regnery, $3) Vincente Marrero sets himself the task of interpreting the meaning of this creature for Picasso.

For Picasso it is not merely the bull as myth or symbol of the brute force of nature that recurs to him; the bull is a creature who has suddenly and savagely been let loose in the modern world. It is no accident that the "Guernica" mural, his most savage indictment of the modern world, was painted during this period. Visionary artists are usually good prophets, and Picasso was haunted by this mythical animal well before it broke loose with all its violence in the fragile china shop of modern civilization.

A graceful and evocative study, this book suggests much more than it solves, but it will be appreciated by readers who have had enough of purely formal and technical studies of modern painters.

—WILLIAM BARRETT.

LITERARY I.Q. ANSWERS

Column Two should read: 8, 3, 7, 11, 6, 5, 13, 1, 12, 9, 14, 2, 15, 10, 4. The correct authors (keyed on Column One) are: 1. D. H. Lawrence; 2. Evelyn Waugh; 3. Mary Austin; 4. Arnold Zweig; 5. T. S. Eliot; 6. Erskine Caldwell; 7. William Beebe; 8. Sherwood Anderson; 9. Sinclair Lewis; 10. Virginia Woolf; 11. William Rose Benet; 12. C. Day-Lewis; 13. Edward Ellsberg; 14. Christopher Morley; 15. T. H. White.

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(Continued on page 60)

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(Continued from page 59)

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KINGSLEY DOUBLE-CROSTIC NO. 1184

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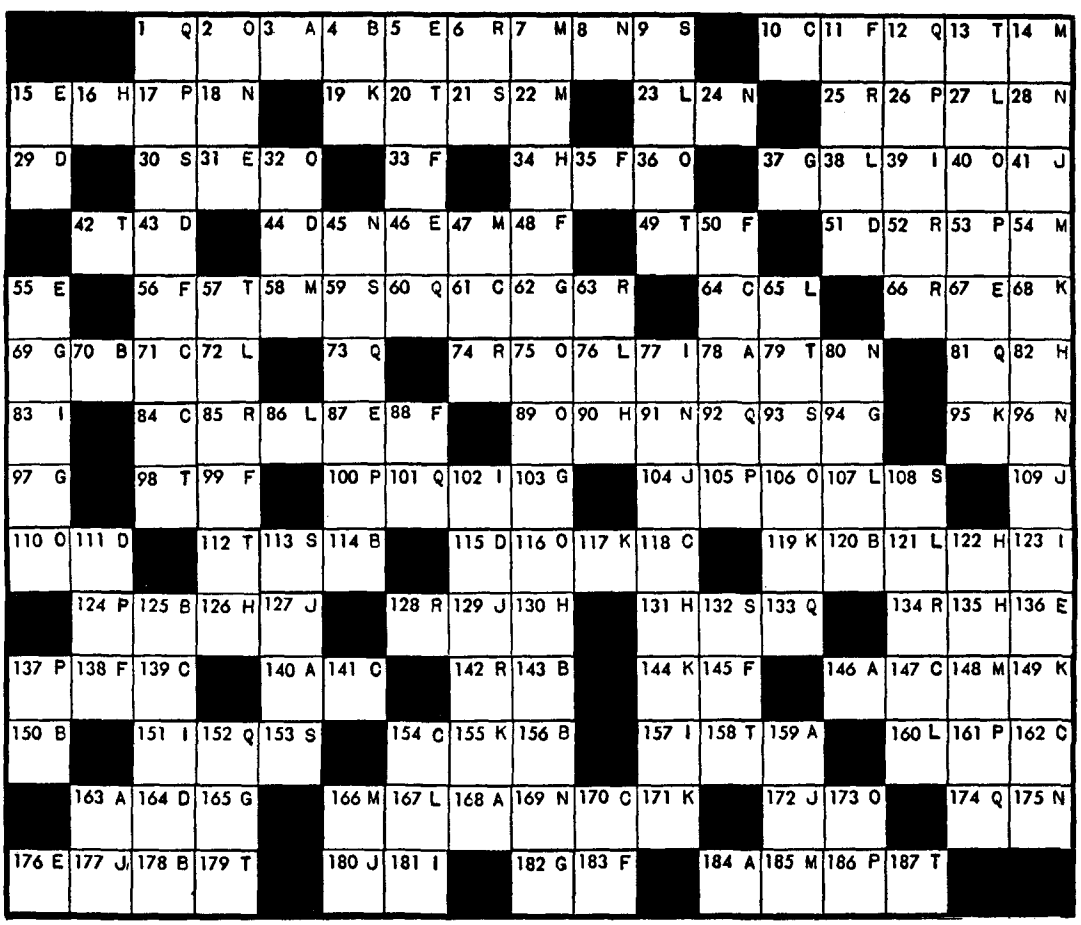
By Doris Nash Wortman

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
A. American physician, anesthetist, N.Y. Skin and Cancer Hosp., People's Hosp., etc. (1863-1944).	78 163 168 3 184 140 159 146
B. Not paying attention or regard.	156 178 150 4 125 114 143 120 70
C. Specifying a large blackbird of central western N. Amer. (*Xanthocephalus xanthocephalus*; comp.).	154 141 170 71 147 84 61 162 10 118 64 139
D. Flattery intended to deceive (slang).	111 29 43 44 164 115 51
E. Of or pertaining to money.	15 31 136 176 46 87 67 5 55
F. Distrustfully of one's own opinion or powers.	48 33 99 183 35 88 50 138 56 11 145
G. One not belonging to the party or clique.	182 97 37 165 69 94 62 103
H. The sort of "duck" called a pochard.	126 90 34 82 130 122 131 135 16
I. Bishop of Caesarea, 4th cent., friend of Constantine, called "father of ecclesiastical history."	83 102 157 181 151 39 77 123
J. One who files out and smooths edges of ordinary gadgets to open locks.	41 127 104 109 180 177 172 129

DEFINITIONS	WORDS
K. Want of a decent reserve.	117 144 68 155 119 171 19 149 95
L. Food.	65 76 86 27 23 160 38 121 72 167 107
M. Highest point in Texas, "Peak" in Sacramento Mountains.	58 148 7 22 14 47 166 54 185
N. Rain gauge.	45 24 169 8 96 91 18 80 175 28
O. Describing an opening bid in contract, after three passes (comp.).	2 173 106 89 32 75 110 116 40 36
P. Old World purple gallinule, or sultana.	124 105 17 53 161 100 186 137 26
Q. Assemblies of hearers.	1 152 133 92 60 101 174 73 12 81
R. Formerly used in books to indicate an unprintable interlude (3 wds.).	63 142 6 85 66 25 74 52 134 128
S. Checked, restrained.	132 93 108 21 30 113 153 59 9
T. Sparred with an imaginary opponent (1 wd.); encased in a shallow, glazed receptacle for protection of both painting and original frame (comp.).	187 79 20 112 57 42 49 98 13 158 179



DIRECTIONS

To solve this puzzle you must guess twenty-odd WORDS, the definitions of which are given in the column headed DEFINITIONS. Alongside each definition, there is a row of dashes—one for each letter in the required word. When you have guessed a word, write it on the dashes, and also write each letter in the correspondingly numbered square of the puzzle diagram. . . When the squares are all filled in, you will find that you have completed a quotation from some published work. If read up and down, the letters in the diagram have no meaning. . . Black squares indicate ends of words; if there is no black square at the right side of the diagram, the word carries over to the next line. . . When all the WORDS are filled in, their initial letters spell the name of the author and the title of the piece from which the quotation has been taken. Of great help to the solver are this acrostic feature and the relative shapes of words in the diagram as they develop. Authority for spellings and definitions is Webster's New International Dictionary, Second Edition.

Solution of last week's Double-Crostic will be found on page 47 of this issue.

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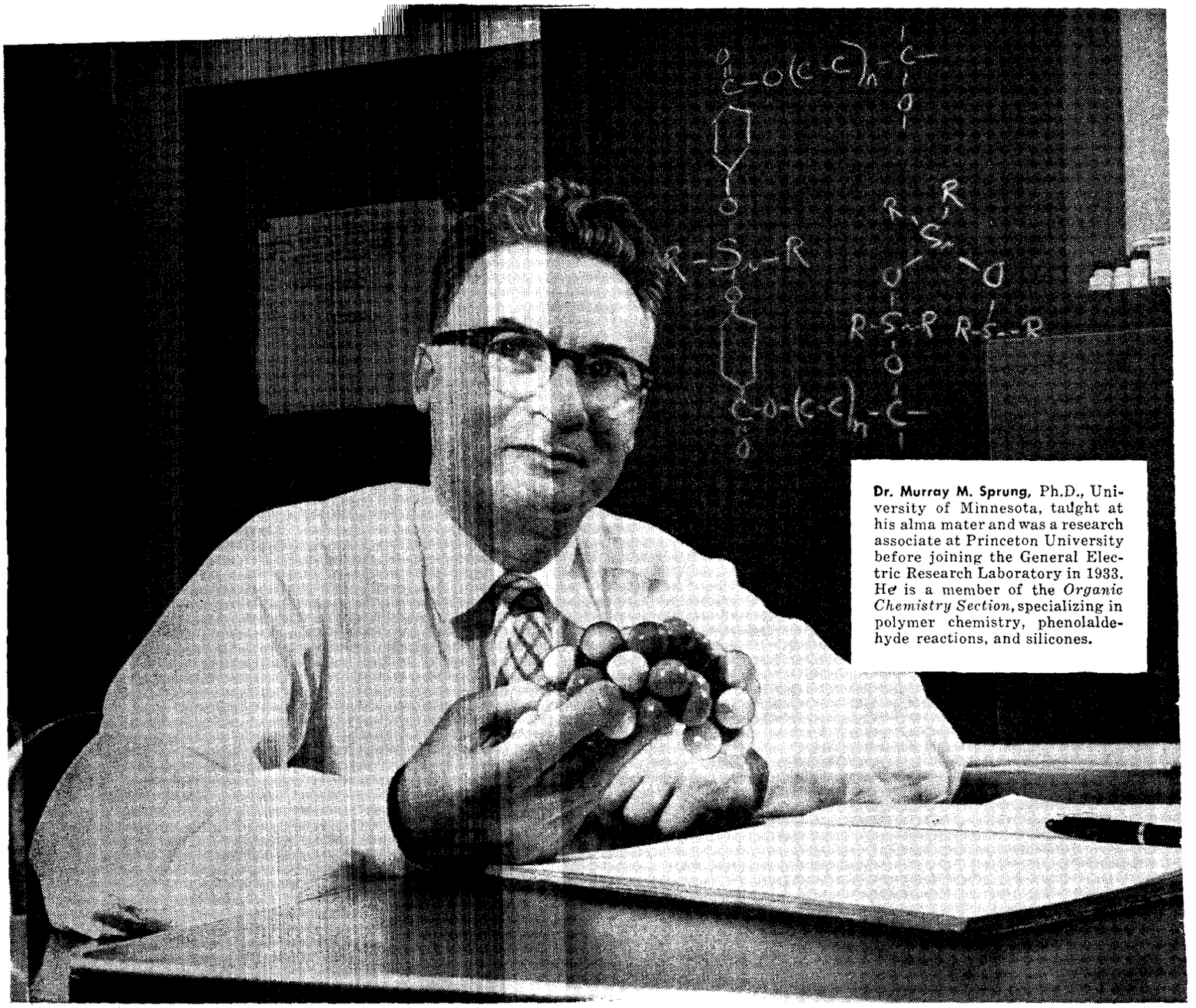

Dr. Murray M. Sprung, Ph.D., University of Minnesota, taught at his alma mater and was a research associate at Princeton University before joining the General Electric Research Laboratory in 1933. He is a member of the *Organic Chemistry Section*, specializing in polymer chemistry, phenolaldehyde reactions, and silicones.

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ARTICLES: The Literature Scientist

RESEARCH IN AMERICA

- *PRESIDENTIAL GEOPHYSICS*
- *ATOM REPORT CARD*
- *THE TWILIGHT FLASH*

ARE you a chronic election bettor? Did the events of November 6 leave you wishing for a hole to open and swallow you? If so, there is help for your plight in the next election. Focus your eye on the photograph at our masthead.

We borrowed this picture from *Research for Industry,* the news bulletin of Stanford Research Institute in Menlo Park, California. What you see is a rocket being placed in a firing stand, pointing in the opposite direction from its normal skyward trajectory. The purpose is not to give a Chinese a subway hotfoot, but to dig foxholes for soldiers who may have to drive invaders from the rock-like permafrost of Canada's far north.

You'll find Chapter Two of this picture story on page 64: page 65 shows you the end.

• • •

HAVING made a jocular reference to the Presidential election, we now will give that event the serious attention it deserves from the scientific viewpoint. With a Republican in the White House and the Democrats in control of Congress, it ought to be possible to have bi-partisan recognition of a situation unique in American political history—a campaign in which the biggest domestic issue was geophysics.

Geophysics is the study of natural laws as they operate on the environment of living things. The phenomenon of atomic-bomb fallout is a response to the natural laws governing atmospheric behavior.

On Election Day itself geophysics was elbowed aside momentarily by geopolitics. But on the day after election the Children's Bureau of the U.S. Labor Department announced, at the fifty-fifth annual conference of the Association of State and Territorial Health Officers, that the Bureau was establishing a National Committee to Reduce Hazards to Inheritance and Child Development. The committee's assignment: to "give national leadership to, and help coordinate planning for, research and other activities designed to reduce reproductive wastage and safeguard normal fetal development."

There was no mention of the electioneering that had split atomic scientists into opposing teams debating for and against the proposition that fallout was a health hazard. Instead, Dr. Martha M. Eliot, retiring chief of the Children's Bureau, attributed the new committee's origin to the June 1956 report of the National Academy of Sciences titled "The Biological Effects of Atomic Radiation." That document, she said, has "great significance to child development and to the population as a whole."

Before it can get very far, the National Committee to Reduce Hazards to Inheritance and Child Development will need the answer to a question asked in a letter to the editor of *The New York Times.* The writer was Dr. William G. Cahan, assistant attending surgeon at the Memorial Center for Cancer and Allied Diseases in Manhattan. His query:

"Is there a scientist who knows the exact amount of strontium-90 required to produce bone cancer in any given human being?"

The answer is almost certainly "no." Strontium-90 did not exist on earth until the first A-bomb explosion in 1945. The time since then has been too short to allow accumulation of meaningful case histories.

The implications of this inevitable ignorance are compounded by the fact that only one-fourth of the total amount of strontium-90 which mathematicians say must have been produced by the uranium and plutonium disintegrated so far has been accounted for. The other three-fourths must be assumed to be floating around in the upper sky. Thence, the AEC says, it is falling with "remarkable uniformity" all over the globe. We have the assurance of Merril Eisenbud, AEC's New York operations manager, that when all the strontium-90 has finally fallen on us (assuming there are no more A-bomb blasts to refill the floating reservoir) we will have in our bones only 25 per cent of a safe minimum dose.

If we add that one-quarter of a safe dose to the one-third of a safe dose that the National Academy's June report says we are getting from X-rays, we have only five-twelfths of a safe dose left to absorb cosmic rays, radioactivity from the rocks, and wastes from the atomic-power plants that will begin springing into being next year. In that five-twelfths of a safe dose, we must find room for the fact that while our share of the strontium-90 is getting into our bones, a proportionate share of the "remarkable uniformity" will be falling on the ground, to be ingested by plants and animals, including cows which will secrete the strontium-90 (it kicks out and replaces calcium wherever calcium naturally occurs) in their milk.

In asking whether anyone knows where the danger point for strontium-

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induced cancer lies, Dr. Cahan made an observation about this double jeopardy. His letter to the *Times* said:

"Particles of radioactivity which are judged insignificant or permissible when measured in isolation may be significantly augmented by natural processes and thus reach man in highly concentrated form."

He told of a wild muskrat that had eaten water-plants growing beside the river which carries "insignificant" amounts of radioactive wastes from Plant X-10 at Oak Ridge. The plants that grew from the water had fourteen times as much radioactivity in them as the river did, and the bone in the muskrat's right hind leg had more than 150 times the amount of radioactivity in the water. The bone was cancerous.

• • •

IN ITS June report, the National Academy atom panel expressed "something of a surprise, something of a disappointment, something of deep concern" that X-rays were a far greater hazard to health at present than bomb fallout. Atom report cards were recommended for everyone, on the grounds that radiation damage is cumulative and that doctors, by checking individual records, could fit exposure to individual patients. Where circumstances required, the risk of overexposure and its concomitant shortening of life expectancy or altering of genes of unborn children could be weighed against the immediate disease threat to life or well-being.

Officers of the Radiological Society of the State of New York issued such a report card to their members almost immediately. But the members objected and the cards were withdrawn. Now the American College of Radiology in Chicago publishes a special bulletin in which it calls the notion of a record card "premature and inadequately considered, if not totally unfeasible at this time."

• • •

MAYBE *the radiologists ought to* read the November 3 issue of the *Journal of the American Medical Association*. Dr. I. Phillips Frohman, of Washington, D.C., tells a story in it.

It seems that a steel-mill worker needed a piece of string. He picked up the first piece he came upon. This piece, unfortunately, had a radioactive capsule of cobalt on one end. The cobalt was used to expose faults in the steel. He held it in his hand, transferred it to his pocket, and then put it in the glove compartment of his automobile. Three men who rode in the car were innocently exposed with him. The four "faced weeks of uncertainty as to the results of this exposure," Dr. Frohman said, listing the case as "but one example of . . . carelessness and ignorance (which) may very well be repeated many times over in the next decade."

Going!

Wouldn't an atom report card, carried constantly in the pocket and brought out for additional notations periodically, help to educate and jog the memory?

"Another (atomic medical) problem we will undoubtedly face will be the radiophobes—patients obsessed with a probably groundless fear of overexposure," Dr. Frohman warned. "This can be complicated by the known effects of radiation on the reproductive organs, since the relationship between sex and the psyche is a familiar one to us all. Distinguishing a person with *bona fide* radiation poison from the radiophobe will require skilful diagnostic techniques, patience, and understanding."

Wouldn't the diagnosis be a lot simpler if the patient carried a card with all his known exposures recorded on it?

• • •

WHETHER or not there will be a report card, the College of Radiology bulletin underlined the urgent need for vigilance on the atom front. Lauding the Academy's insistence that X-ray exposure be decided by the clinician in each individual case, the radiologists pledged themselves to "cooperate with all efforts to encourage the medical authorities of this country to initiate a vigorous movement to reduce the radiation exposure from X-rays to the lowest limit consistent with medical wisdom, and in particular . . . to assure that proper safeguards always be taken to minimize the radiation dose to the reproductive cells." The bulletin pointed out that radiologists are rigorously trained to this very end, adding: *"Of the estimated 126,000 professional users of X-ray* apparatus today, *only about 4,000* have the comprehensive special training of radiologists." [*Italics mine* —J.L.]

• • •

LAST April SR/RESEARCH reported how man had just made his first star. Geophysicists from the U. S. Air Force Research Center in Cambridge, Massachusetts, had shot a rocket sixty-two miles up into the sky above New Mexico and released nitric-oxide gas. The gas attracted footloose atoms knocked from oxygen molecules by the force of the daylight sun at that height. In combining with the nitric oxide, the oxygen atoms released the energy they had captured from the sunshine and thus generated light.

Because of the faint glow that exists in the sky even on the darkest nights, it long had been supposed that the oxygen atoms were hoboing around up there. But the Cambridge experiment was the first physical confirmation of their presence. Viewed as pure discovery, the event was pleasant to Dr. Murray Zelikoff and his little band of photochemical explorers. But the effects on high-flying aircraft that could be inferred were no cause for enthusiasm. Man cannot breathe free oxygen atoms; they'd disintegrate his lungs. In fact, they cut through toughest rubber like a knife. And in their photochemical interactions with nitrogen and other elements they stir up temperatures exceedingly hotter than any experienced on earth.

It was vital, then, to know just how high up in the sky the breakup of molecules into atoms begins to take place, and where the concentration of atoms is thickest. This could be determined by measuring the intensity of night light observed, since the brightness of the burning is directly related to the amount of fuel in the fire. The nitric oxide was not too good for the purpose, however, because it throws light at many wavelengths and is hence difficult to distinguish from the background of starlight. The Cambridge scientists looked around for something that would act more like a spotlight.

Now sodium is known to exist in the upper sky. It has been thought to be the source of what astronomers know as "the twilight flash"—a sudden brightening of the heavens just as the sun goes down over the horizon. Sodium burns with a clear yellow glow which stands out plainly

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against white light and can be detected easily even in the dark by a sharpeyed new electronic watcher built by Dr. Edward Manring, a brilliant young physicist just four years out of Ohio State.

Dr. Manring and a colleague at the Air Force geophysics lab, Dr. John Bedinger, spent many weeks getting ready to duplicate Nature's "twilight flash." To rule out any mistake, they chose to try the experiment at 2 a.m. And at that hour they fired from the southwestern desert a rocket loaded with two stainless steel bottles full of thermite (iron oxide and aluminum powder) and sodium pellets. The bottles were corked by an alarm clock set to go off at an altitude of thirty miles.

The clock uncorked the bottles on the dot. The thermite escaped and ignited at a temperature of 1,000 degrees Fahrenheit. The heat vaporized the sodium pellets and pushed the vapor out into the sky.

The yellow light which sodium emits on contact with oxygen atoms did not appear until the rocket had climbed forty-two miles above the desert. At forty-five miles the light began to brighten. Between forty-five and forty-eight miles the brightness grew and hung in space for ten seconds before dying out. From forty-eight to fifty-seven miles the glow became intense and lasted for a minute and a half, appearing like a rope moving upward of itself. At fifty-seven miles the light dimmed again, and went out entirely at sixty miles. The rocket went on from there in darkness, but when it fell back to a height of sixty miles, the sodium caught fire again, passing through the same period of flareup and gradual extinguishment at the same altitudes where the light had appeared before.

What did the scientists know when the rocket came down that they hadn't known when it went up?

First of all, they were sure that "the twilight flash" is caused by sodium combining with oxygen atoms, which give up energy they receive from the sun.

More important, they knew that they had in sodium an extremely accurate device for measuring the make-up of the atmosphere.

Lastly, they discovered that there is a layer of sky between forty-eight and fifty-seven miles up where the photochemical effects of the sun create more dissociated atoms—and thus a greater hazard to fliers and flying—than anywhere else in the heavens.

• • •

THE invasion of Egypt is a headline-news example of the extravagant price human government is beginning to pay for its failure to harness effectively the revolutionary promise of modern science.

One of the forces cut off by the Suez adventure was a band of salesmen intent on peddling President Nasser a robot that would help Egypt toward a peaceful and prosperous future. Had the Arab chief been able to command the device the frustrated salesmen were bringing to his door, he might have benefited his people greatly. For the wonder-worker the order-seekers had in tow was a plastic-muscled, electric-nerved machine that makes salt or brackish water fit to drink.

Ionics, Inc.—a company formed by two New England professors—markets the device at a price Middle Eastern lands can afford to pay. What fresh water could accomplish in the modernization of Egypt is obvious to anyone who understands the meaning of the word desert. How simply the change might be wrought is only slightly less plain, requiring a hasty glance at a map of the world's underground basins of brackish water. On such a chart the whole of northern Africa appears as a huge, brimming subterranean bowl.

• • •

MOST people who take medicine expect the doctor to predict just how it will act. This isn't a very reasonable prospect. No human is put together exactly like any other human, and drugs are bound to affect one individual differently from his neighbor—or even his brother. Fortunately for the general health of the population the differences usually are too small to be particularly noticeable. Recently, however, so many powerful new drugs have come onto the market that the U. S. Food and Drug Administration has inaugurated a system of reporting unusual or adverse reactions among patients. Eleven hospitals in Connecticut, Pennsylvania, Maryland, Virginia, Ohio, Michigan, and Washington, D.C. are part of the reporting network, and prompt exchange of information is guaranteed by the collaboration of the American Association of Medical Record Librarians, the American Society of Hospital Pharmacists, the American Medical Association, and the American Hospital Association.

Gone!

• • •

ENGINEERS make good husbands. This domestic research finding is reported by M. D. Hooven, president of the American Institute of Electrical Engineers. The divorce rate of engineers is "startlingly low," Hooven says—less than 2 per cent. The national average for all husbands is 25 per cent. "Considering the long hours of work, the extended periods of absent-mindedness when lost in a fog of speculation, and the well-known tendency of the engineer to fix his neighbor's radio while he lets his own go unmended," Hooven philosophizes, "it speaks well for the personality and amiability of the average engineer that, statistically at least, his helpmeet keeps him forever."

It does not seem to occur to the AIEE chief to question whether this idyllic state will change as the shortage of scientists pushes the engineer upward in the social scale, puts rugs on his office floor, snappy secretaries in the outer office. Will the engineer lose his vaunted emotional balance when he no longer has to sit on an orange crate to twiddle his slide rule?

• • •

IF YOU want to know how cool it is in the late days of autumn and don't have a good thermometer handy, go out and find yourself a wood or swamp and listen to Oecanthus Niveus. Oecanthus Niveus is a cricket. To be more exact, he is the temperature cricket. By listening to his song, counting the number of times he chirps in fifteen seconds, and adding that number to the number forty you have the thermometer reading in degrees Fahrenheit.

If you already know it is very cool you can skip the trip to the swamp and listen instead to a Cornell University Record disc called "The Song of Insects." The temperature as measured by the recorded chirps will have no possible bearing on your personal comfort. But the crickets won't mind that.

—JOHN LEAR,
Science Editor.

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LETTERS TO THE SCIENCE EDITOR

GEOGRAPHOOEY

YOUR MAPMAKER for the article "North Polar Thaw" by John Lear (*SR* Nov. 3) needs a lesson in geography. Even on your rough outline-map it is evident that Nome has been "misplaced" by several hundred miles.

Incidentally, it is interesting to note that this area should be developing into a point of friendly contact between the United States and Russia. During the Second World War I served with our Air Force as a Weather Liaison Officer with primary responsibilities for coordinating weather forecasting and related activities with a squadron of Russian pilots based at Fairbanks, Alaska. Here we lived in close contact with the Russians, learning much about their ideologies and attitudes.

JOHN X. JAMRICH, *Dean,*
Doane College.
Crete, Neb.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *That's not the worst. Our mapmaker reversed the seventieth and eightieth parallels!*

MISPLACED BRAIN

DR. MAX WOODBURY fits the brainy description you gave him in your RESEARCH IN AMERICA (*SR* Nov. 3) column. But he no longer does his thinking on the University of Pennsylvania payroll. He's moved to NYU.

WILL JONATHAN.
New York, N.Y.

NOT BAD

THANK YOU very much for the excellent summary of my little book (*SR* Nov. 3). You have certainly chosen very well the essential parts of the argument. There is an amusing mistake in the sixth line from the bottom in the middle column of page 56 where "bad" should have been "good." I hope most readers will not notice it.

THEODOSIUS DOBZHANSKY,
Department of Zoology,
Columbia University.
New York, N.Y.

SHOCK TREATMENT

HAVING READ the interesting article about the salt-sodawater treatment for extreme burns (*SR* Sept. 1) I have a question:

Can this treatment be used as effectively on most other kinds of severe shock? Or is this treatment only of value in cases of severe dehydration?

JOHN A. VALENTINE.
Lancaster, Calif.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The Science Editor has inquired of the National Institutes of Health, and is told (1) the salt-soda treatment has not yet been tried on humans for anything except shock from burns, (2) experiments have been done with animals and in them the salt-soda-water is as effective as blood plasma in treating traumatic shock unrelated to burns, but neither salt-soda nor plasma is as effective in some cases as whole blood, (3) pending experiments on humans, the salt-soda solution might be tried in human emergencies with the reservation that satisfactory results cannot be guaranteed.*

NOT SAFE ENOUGH

FIRST, I SHOULD like to commend you for the three articles on "Food and Cancer" (*SR* Oct. 6). As a nutritionist, I believe that it is very important that the lay public be better informed regarding food supplies, especially those which might come in a classification of being "fads," in that they are used to appeal to the consumer.

On page 62 of the October issue, there is a feature, "Common Sense Precautions." In it, colored margarine has been singled out whereas no mention is made of butter. Butter is colored too. In fact, *Food Technology,* Volume IX, pages 367-72 (1955), carries an article by Barnett Laboratories, Long Beach, California, on the "Detection and Determination of Coloring Materials in Butter and Margarine," and they concluded, among other things, that the analysis of butter indicated that the coal-tar dyes were most commonly used to color butter.

Another thing which I think needs to be brought before the public is that we do not know about the use of antibiotics in the preservation of food. It has been shown that extractives which have been used in the preparation of some foods while no longer remaining in the foods have made a change in the amino acid content which produced poor growth in animals. So far as I have been able to find out, no attempt has been made to determine what effect the antibiotic has on the food constituents. From this standpoint, they have been content to determine the amount, if any, of the antibiotics remaining rather than any possible effect on the food constituents. I thought you might be interested in these last statements, since I was not aware of some of these myself until I attended the American Dietetics Association meeting two weeks ago and heard Dr. (Olaf) Mickelson (Chief of the Nutrition Section, National Institute of Arthritis and Metabolic Diseases) talk on, "Is Toxicology Enough for a Food Protection Program?"

FLORENCE I. SCOULAR, *Dean,*
School of Home Economics,
North Texas State College.
Denton, Texas.

WHAT COLOR DANGER?

A GROUP OF us read the articles on "Food and Cancer" with interest and concern. They provoked a number of questions. Could you, in a coming issue, state whether the following should be included among the products that "bear watching"?

Canned fruits. Are they included in the term "vegetables"? The label on one canned fruit reads "U.S. certified color added." What does this mean?

Artificial sweeteners, such as saccharine and sucaryl. The label on a dietetic soda, sweetened with calcium cyclamate, reads "a non-nutritive artificial sweetener which should be used only by persons who must restrict their intake of ordinary sweets." Just what does this mean—both for the consumer on a special diet and for the average person; both for the person who uses the product occasionally and the one who consumes it regularly?

Chickens, apart from the neck? Is the rest of the chicken possibly also affected by the intake of the growth pellets? What about other poultry?

Bread additives. What are they? Have they been tested?

Colored paper plates and colored candy.

MARTIN WEISS.
New York, N.Y.

EDITOR'S NOTE: *The Rome Symposium of experts belonging to the International Union Against Cancer reported* no dye *has been sufficiently tested to warrant an assumption that it does not provoke cancer. So far as poultry is concerned, the neck alone has a concentration of hormone pellets. The whole problem of food and cancer is so vast that Dr. W. C. Hueper, Chief of the Environmental Cancer Section, U.S. National Cancer Institute, recommends the opening attack on it be centered on dyes, pesticides, hormones, and detergents. A new food and drug law may be presented to the 1957 Congress; in it the vital point for law-enforcement agencies will be whether the burden of proof of safety is placed on the food producers or on the Government. The Rome Symposium said it belongs on the food producers.*

IMAGINARY WEATHER?

WHILE I APPLAUD the introduction of SR/RESEARCH I deplore your dignifying certain *speculations.* In *SR* July 7 ("Can the Atom Change the Weather?") you have missed the point that some of the speculations in atmospheric physics reported there are not supported at all in *fact.* The most charitable that I can be is to say that several elements of your story are nonsense. The implication of my remarks is, of course, that some of the story makes sense.

Dr. Irving Bengelsdorf may be right in his contention (oversimplified) that the Russian A-bomb of November 10 affected the weather in the United States from November 9 to November 18. I assert that the probability of his analysis being basically correct is very small.

There are several wrong statements. For example, "ions are capable of acting as nuclei for the condensation of raindrops." This is just not so. Ions act as nuclei for droplet condensation only at supersaturations of the order of 400 per cent but in the atmosphere the supersaturation seldom reaches as much as 1 per cent. Furthermore, raindrops don't condense—rain occurs by growth of ice crystals (a condensation process—the ice crystals subsequently melt as they fall into the warmer lower atmosphere), or by accretion of smaller cloud droplets that they sweep up in falling. If he had

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said, "In the condensation process by which raindrops form" he would have misled no one, and would have been correct rather than wrong about condensation. Anyway, there are always plenty of condensation nuclei in the atmosphere. (Frequently there are not enough freezing nuclei, but ions are not known for instigating freezing—ice crystals, dry ice, and silver iodide for example do this. not ions.)

SEVILLE CHAPMAN,
Head, Physics Department,
Cornell Aeronautical Laboratory.
Buffalo, N.Y.

RIGHT FORECAST, WRONG REASON

ALTHOUGH I fully agree with Dr. Bengelsdorf's attitude towards speculative thinking, I cannot agree with what appears to me to be the main premise upon which he has built his argument connecting atomic-bomb explosions and rainfall. He stated that ions created from radioactive debris from atomic explosions "are capable of acting as nuclei for the condensation of raindrops."

What would have been more appropriate and much more in agreement with the experiment is that these ions act as nuclei for the condensation of water vapor only when they are in air substantially more supersaturated than that found in regions of cloud formation.

The significance of the foregoing remark is made clear when we realize that, in addition to the ions, there are other larger but still sub-microscopic nuclei in the atmosphere that can serve more effectively as centers of condensation on which water vapor condenses to form what we call a cloud. These other nuclei, which probably consist of combustion products and sea-salt particles, have been found in the atmosphere the world over. Indeed, it does not appear to be a question of whether or not they exist but rather how many exist. Many measurements made in the atmosphere over the continents indicate the presence of more than 10,000 of these condensation nuclei per cubic centimeter and even over the oceans, hundreds of miles from the influence of industrial contamination, 100 or more per cc have been found.

When moisture-laden air rises above the earth it cools and the relative humidity increases until, at the humidity of 100 or perhaps 102 per cent, the water vapor condenses, *not on the small ions* but on the condensation nuclei, and a cloud becomes visible. That the cloud drops will not form around the ions was shown at the turn of the century by the same C. T. R. Wilson mentioned by Dr. Bengelsdorf.

In an extensive series of experiments with air that had been carefully cleaned of all nuclei except the small ions Wilson found that humidities of several hundred per cent were necessary before water vapor would condense on the ions. Inasmuch as natural air, as mentioned above, contains an abundant number of nuclei that serve as centers of condensation at humidities near 100 per cent, it is clear that the water vapor will condense on these nuclei and that the humidity will never build up to the value necessary for ions to be able to play the condensation role. If the ions from the radioactive debris from atomic explosions were really effective as condensation nuclei, then we should have to ask the question: why are these ions effective when there is no effect from the 1,000-odd ions per cubic centimeter that are produced by cosmic radiation and by radioactive material normally present in the earth's crust and atmosphere?

In the final analysis, it is quite unreasonable to expect that ions will act as "nuclei for the condensation of raindrops." On the other hand, as Dr. Bengelsdorf pointed out, the ions from atomic explosions might alter the electrical properties of the air or the cloud drops to which they might become attached and thus modify the mechanism of the production of rain. Although this idea appears to have some basis in fact it is another, and still speculative, story.

DUNCAN C. BLANCHARD.
Woods Hole, Mass.

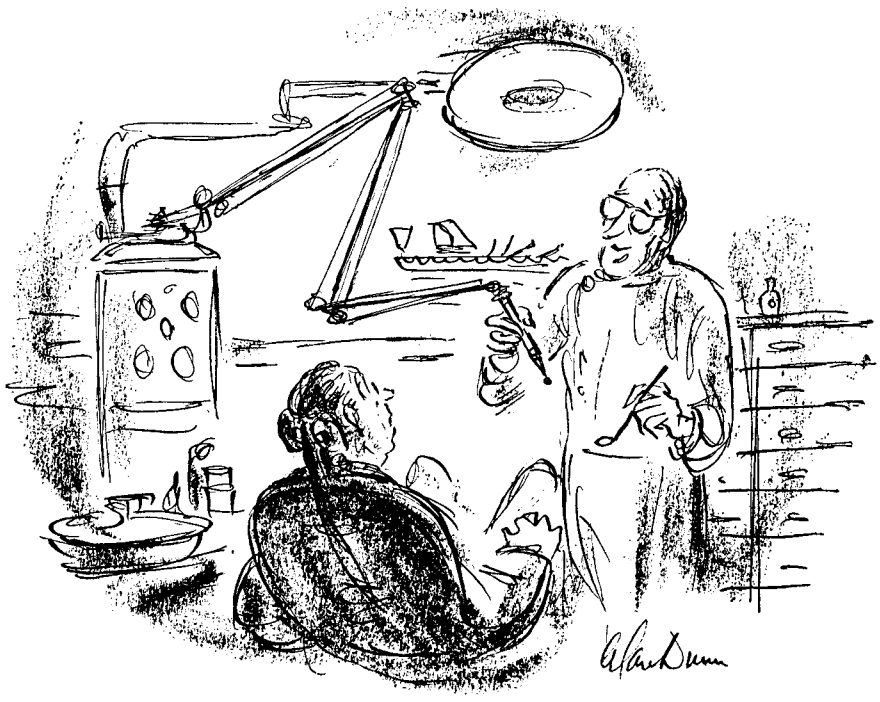
EDITOR'S NOTE: *Dr. Bengelsdorf centered his speculation, at the outset, on the general suggestion that "A-bombs and H-bombs may affect dynamics of the atmosphere." He did not consider ions and electrical properties of the atmosphere as separate stories but rather as possible parts of the same elusive mystery, to which, he said, "electrical phenomena, such as alteration of the conductivity of the atmosphere, could prove to be the key." Dr. Chapman's cryptic observation that "some of the story makes sense" and Dr. Blanchard's belief that the atom's effect on atmospheric conductivity "appears to have some basis in fact" is further supported by a private report to* SR's *Science Editor of military experiments which show a definite change in conductivity within atomic bomb clouds. The Science Editor also has a letter from Dr. E. G. Bowen, Chief of the Division of Radiophysics, Commonwealth Scientific and Industrial Research Organization at Sydney, Australia, expressing the view that dust particles thrown up by atomic explosions could easily cause widespread rains over distances of 1,000 miles or so for one or two days but not for a longer time or over a greater distance. Dr. Bowen agrees with Drs. Chapman and Blanchard that the direct effect of ions as freezing or condensation nuclei cannot be demonstrated in the laboratory.*

DOCTOR'S FAULT

THE COMMENTS by James L. Titchener (*SR* Sept. 1) regarding delays in seeking medical diagnosis were interesting, but failed to mention several other important factors. Diagnosis is often carried out on an office-call basis without hospitalization. This situation is frequently not covered by insurance and can be a serious financial problem for persons of limited income. Also, many people faced with medical symptoms would rather wait, desperately hoping that the symptoms will "go away," rather than take a chance on being told that the symptoms are serious.

A third factor is one for which the medical profession itself is to blame. The public is frequently urged to have regular medical examinations as a preventive measure. Yet a person having such an examination is often treated as a hypochondriac. This ambiguous attitude is discouraging to the patient.

CARL O. THOMAS.
Knoxville, Tenn.



"You're in luck! This is the first time atomic power was ever used for this purpose."

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THE RESEARCH FRONTIER

WHERE IS SCIENCE TAKING US? *Once again we devote this page—customarily given over to single-paragraphed thoughts—to one idea of sweeping breadth and penetrating depth. Its origin is a new book, "Science and Economic Development," published jointly by The Technology Press of MIT and John Wiley and Sons.*

By RICHARD L. MEIER

IT IS curious that, with all the energy and breadth of intellect available to it, the scientific fraternity has not in recent times sought to create tentative models for world development. Fitting together the implications of new data in order to establish their various possible effects upon society has not been a popular activity among contemporary scientists and engineers. At best they have been content to carry it out in a fragmentary and disorganized fashion that would be scorned in cosmological or philosophical circles.

Perhaps this is because the concepts of the working natural scientist do not mix well with those of the social scientist. The same term will have different meanings, and use of the same methods will introduce different hazards. What is taken for granted in one discipline has dubious validity in another and is a matter of continuing controversy elsewhere.

In such circumstances the first task to be undertaken must be one of describing the present world situation in a systematic way that appears to be useful for both the natural and social sciences. This superstructure should be put into as quantitative terms as possible, so as to permit the more precise characteristics of natural science—particularly of the physical sciences—to have their full effect. Many of the discourses on development one finds today are beside the point; they anticipate outcomes that are as probable as the development of perpetual-motion machines. Some work out elaborate schemes for increasing food production with new cropping techniques, disease-resistant strains, and synthetic fertilizer but do nothing about the simultaneous increases in population and have very unclear and unquantitative ideas about the transition to an industrial system equipped to supply the mass need. Others pin their hopes upon resource bases that are clearly inadequate for the long pull, but go blithely ahead suggesting the commitment of the resources according to traditional patterns.

—Stephen Lewellyn.

Richard L. Meier, assistant professor of the social sciences in the program of education and research in planning, University of Chicago.

And then there are some who face the unpleasant truth. They realize that we do not yet, for large parts of the world, have knowledge that permits the attainment of a reasonable level of living. Not even the most optimistic interpretation of our present knowledge—scientific, technical, social, and economic—suggests a clear-cut transition path to adequate levels of living for all people. Faith in the feasibility of such an objective must go beyond the facts as they stand at the moment. But one can come much closer than ever before—so close that the gaps can be judged, and specific problems in applied science and areas for concentrated investigation in fundamental science can be outlined.

Very likely some new functions will have to be added to the dwelling which are only now beginning to be recognized. One of these might be a "communications nook," designed to meet the greater informational requirements of the societies of the future, particularly for the managers, scientists, civil servants, teachers, artists, skilled workers, technicians, and persons of similar responsibility. At the moment it is visualized as built around a cheap, yet-to-be-manufactured television set that is able to handle magnetic tapes that store messages and programs broadcast at inconvenient hours. Intercommunications provisions could probably be built in that would obviate the need for a private telephone.

The possibilities here are most remarkable because the new technologies offer at least ten to 100 times greater flow of information at less than present average unit costs. Great savings are possible in the integration of such elements as radio, television, telephone, newspaper, magazines, books, libraries, postal systems, retailing, banking, files, and archives. Introducing new equipment, and new channels for connecting it, will lead to new ways of making decisions and quite new characteristics of organizations. The bases for judging the value of communications are now, for the first time, being investigated seriously in applied social science, so that we have little insight as yet into the form the solutions will take. One significant problem in fundamental science which attracts insufficient attention at the moment is:

What are the effects upon personality of a ten-fold or even 100-fold increase in communications channel capacity made available to an individual? (This would be equivalent to putting a Stone Age child into a school which is equipped with a library containing many colored pictures and a TV set.)

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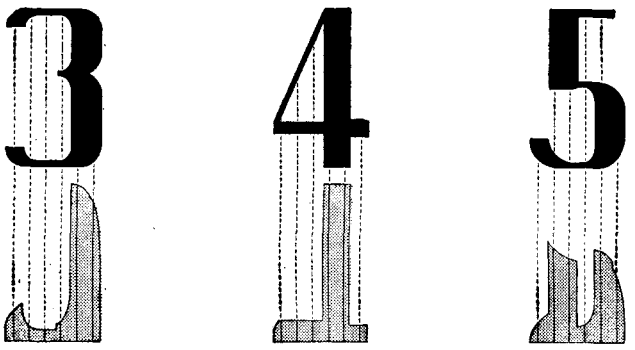
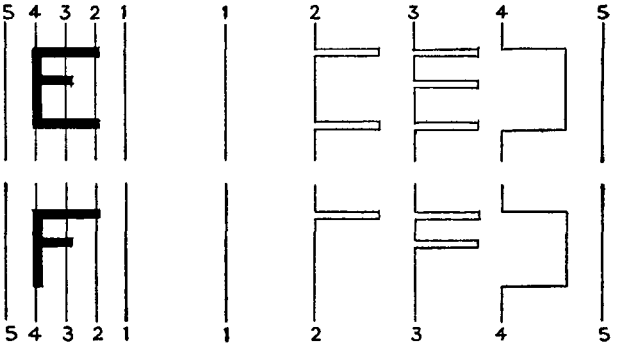


Erma, a Robot Reader from Stanford Research Institute, Sees 3-4-5 (right) and (below) a Fellow Robot Reads E and F.

THE LITERATURE SCIENTIST

Today's Librarian Holds the Key to Tomorrow's Human Knowledge. Hopes and Problems Are Here Outlined in Excerpts from a New Book, "Documentation in Action," Edited by J. H. Shera, Allen Kent, J. W. Perry, Soon to be Published by Reinhold.



KNOWLEDGE GOES BERSERK

By J. H. SHERA

THE world of thought and the world of action have always been interdependent. And as the structure of society has become increasingly complex, this interdependence of scholarship and behavior has become increasingly clear. The arbitrary and artificial nature of theoretical separation can be seen as having been fostered by the classical tradition in our educational system. The humanities, especially as they are taught in our colleges and universities, derived from a Graeco-Roman civilization in which the life of contemplation was divorced from the practical world. In such a culture, where slaves were responsible for the manual labor, the hand and the brain were not trained together. Thus, the sciences have tended to outrun the humanities largely because the former are laboratory-oriented, and in the laboratory the hand and the mind must work in concert. The sciences maintain a reasonable balance between the intensely practical and the philosophical, or speculative, and they do not leave principles and concepts hanging in the air as, too often, do the humanities.

The history of the world of thought suggests that as man's knowledge becomes increasingly complex and interdependent, it tends toward fragmentation and centrifugation. The coordination demanded by this progressive fragmentation and specialization is founded in a system of communication that will bring together individuals who have mastered specialized knowledge from a wide variety of disparate fields in such a way that the peculiar abilities of each may be brought to bear upon a specific social problem. In short, the very survival of our society itself may depend upon our ability to reaffirm in the most concrete and specific ways the unity of all human knowledge, both theoretical and practical.

There are two ways by which this coordination may be achieved:

1. Through the power of dictatorship, and
2. Through the operations of a democratic social order.

The first is repugnant to us. We reject it because of a deepseated conviction that, at least within reasonable limits, freedom of decision and freedom of action are necessary attributes of a healthy and progressive society. Yet the ability of democracy successfully to solve this fundamental problem is yet to be proved.

Academically, the problem has received important recognition in the growth of inter-disciplinary or area studies, and even more important, implementation through the recent encouragement of the temporary transfer of personnel from the campus to the offices of government, or from the campus to commercial and industrial enterprise. This welding of the world of knowledge with the world of action through the medium of the individual is of the greatest importance. For the "personal carrier" is still a very vital agent in the entire communication process. But in such verbal interchange, ideal as it may at first appear, there inheres one great disadvantage. This "personal carrier," this expert, must himself have both the opportunity and the facilities to keep abreast of the new knowledge in his own field of specialization. In the final analysis, the expert is thrown back upon graphic records for the bulk of his knowledge, especially for the major portion of the new knowledge that today is emerging so rapidly.

Thus emerges a need for a new discipline, or science, of communication. This will emphatically not be a reworking of the old area of mass communication with which we have become, it must be admitted, rather tediously familiar. We are concerned here with a body of knowledge about knowledge itself. How knowledge has developed and has been augmented

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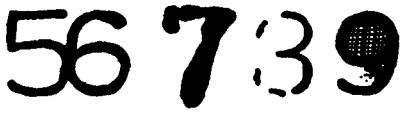
Documentation, Inc. Intelligent Machines Research Corp. and Fallible Fran, Librarian.

AS GENERAL ELECTRIC'S literature-scientist Grosch suggests on the page opposite, there is a belief that the identity and contents of books can be conveyed through use of mathematical models. In other words, a kind of number language is employable to instruct robots to act as librarians.

This would never work, of course, unless robots could read. Robots that can read are manufactured by the Intelligent Machines Research Corporation of Arlington, Va. The reading isn't as perceptive as that of a human eye. If a letter of the alphabet or a numeral is blurred or slightly askew, for instance,



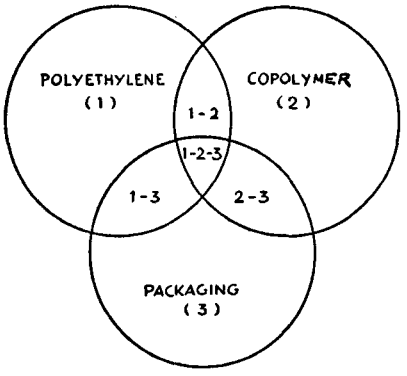
the robot can't recognize it readily. But the robot merely kicks out the incomprehensible and turns the job back to a human.

Considering its inability to think, the reading machine is quite versatile. It can identify letters regardless of the typeface in which they are printed or the size of the characters on the page. And if the robot is told to do so by what it reads, it can dictate the messages it sees to automatic card punching machines (which place holes in a certain order to form a code), or to spools of magnetic tape, or even to typewriters which tap off copies in duplicate.

The robot reads like an Oriental scholar, from the top to the bottom of the page and back again. The page itself moves from left to right (see lower sketch on page 69).

Robots do things upsidedown and backwards without being disturbed in the slightest. Humans aren't that adaptable on such short notice. That's why the number-models of books that GE's Grosch talks about are somewhat slow in achieving general acceptance. However, at the Center for Documentation and Communications Research at the School of Library Science, Western Reserve University, in Cleveland, Ohio, literature scientists are attempting to develop a set of such models. The approach must, of necessity, be generic. And hunting for a book with only a generic guide can become distressingly similar to finding your way through a labyrinth in the dark. There are people who say it isn't sensible to even try. One of these is Dr. Mortimer Taube, a philosophy student who used his knowledge of logic to build a new corporate entity: Documentation, Inc.

Documentation, Inc., works with Uniterms. The first step is to give each document in a library a number of its own. Next, the librarian goes through the document and notes the various single-word headings under which it might properly be catalogued. Each heading is then written on a card of its own, and the number of every document coming under that heading is entered on the card. Suppose, for instance, there is a book or paper on the packaging of polyethylene copolymers. The number of that document is put on the Uniterm card headed "packaging," on the card headed "polyethylene," and on the card headed "copolymers." Anyone looking for the relationships between those three subjects knows he has found them when he finds the same document number on all three cards, as symbolized below.



The shortcoming of the Uniterm system is that a reader who wants to study, let us say, dogs, has to look up all the different breeds of dogs instead of just looking up "dogs," as can be done with Western Reserve's number models.

has long been a subject of study, but how knowledge is coordinated and integrated and put to work is, as yet, an almost unrecognized field of investigation. Philosophers for generations have speculated about the nature of knowledge, its sources and methods, and the limits of its validity. But the study of epistemology has always revolved about the intellectual processes of the individual. Psychologists carried the philosophers' speculations into the laboratory and made some progress in examining the mental abilities and behavior, again, of the individual. But neither epistemologists nor psychologists have developed an orderly and comprehensive body of knowledge concerning intellectual differentiation and the integration of knowledge within a complex social structure.

The focus of the new discipline we now envisage will be upon the production, flow, integration, and consumption of all forms of communication throughout the social pattern.

But, though "social epistemology" will have its own corpus of theoretical knowledge, it will be a very practical discipline too. One dramatic illustration should make this clear. Until very recent years, we have thought of machines almost exclusively in terms of their potentialities for the extension of man's physical power. Then, in the late 1940s it became apparent that it was possible to construct a partial counterpart of the human brain in the form of the electronic computer. We cannot trace here all the activities that have been affected, but the best known, of course, is the creation of machines for the computation of abstract mathematical operations: large capacity computers that will solve problems in formal logic, calculate the flight of a projectile, keep complex accounts of financial transactions, translate from one language to another, store and retrieve information from a library.

Through the use of machines which will now augment man's mental powers, we are at the very beginning of a new era: an age which may bring quite unheard-of ways for the more effective communication of knowledge. But fascinating as these devices are, the basic problems of communication are not to be solved by a clever gadget either for the storage of information or for its dissemination. The problem is far more subtle than that, and its solution must await a better understanding of the interrelationships of men's minds. We must not only understand these intellectual processes, but we must also synthesize them so that the machines can deal with them. Therefore, exciting and

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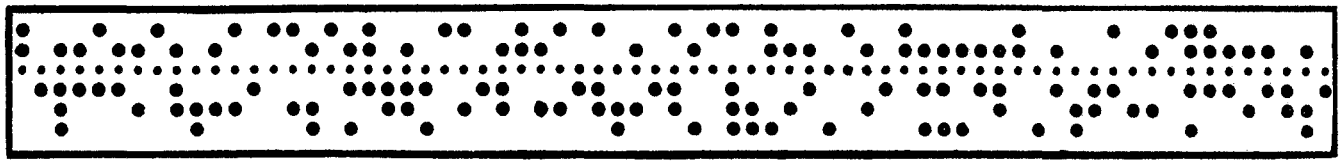
dramatic as these developments are, and seemingly unlimited as the vistas which they open up appear to be, we can make but slight progress in their application to the problems of communication before we are brought squarely back to the study of how man acquires knowledge, how society as a whole acquires and fits together the many special fields of knowledge.

New knowledge in the main is no longer the product of the individual mind conjecturing in solitude. In the future, the major strides in man's understanding of the world about him will probably be derived through cooperative effort. Thus we pass from the boundaries of the individual mind to the activities of the collective mind, not in the older sense of the "general will" of the plurality of like units, but in the modern sense of a multitude of varied and diverse minds working in harmony with the whole.

The profession of librarianship, of course, lies at the very vortex of such a discipline, for the library is probably the oldest, and perhaps the most effective, mechanism for facilitating this interaction between the individual and graphic records. Furthermore, the steadily mounting body of recorded knowledge, and the increasing specialization of all forms of social action, have, of necessity, brought the library into intimate contact with a wide variety of social organizations and institutions—government, industry, commercial enterprise—that cannot function without the constant interjection of new knowledge into the activities that they carry out and into the decisions that their managers must make. The librarian, therefore, is in particular need of more knowledge than is available today concerning this relation between recorded information and social dynamics.

But we cannot here concern ourselves exclusively with the problems of one profession. The discipline which we have but briefly outlined permeates every fibre and sinew of the intellectual community. The interdependence of the "pure" sciences is already becoming increasingly acknowledged. Likewise, the social sciences have initiated study in the theory, structure, and dynamics of social organization; and those who have been exploring economics, administration, and statistics have begun new attempts to systematize our knowledge of the decision-making processes. In the end, each of the many disciplines that now comprise the intellectual life of our society must bring to bear upon this central problem its own wisdom and resources.



Punched Tapes Like the Strip Above Convey the Language of Numbers from One Robot to Another, Thus Making Possible a New Type of Library Worker

THE LANGUAGE ENGINEER

By H. R. J. GROSCH

WHAT is the classical notion of a librarian? She's a girl behind a desk in a library. You're looking for a book you want to read. You ask the girl to get you that book. You tell her the book was published in 1947 (the real date was 1945) in London (it was really Brussels) and was "so big" (it was smaller than that) with a red cover (the jacket actually was orange). You say you took the book out once before (you didn't, but your office mate did).

What is the frequent outcome of your request to this classical librarian? She goes into the library stacks and finds the book you want in spite of the misinformation you gave her.

By what process does she outguess you? By association of remote ideas. She knows that the man who is hunting the answer to a metallurgical problem will not be thrilled if she hands him the ASM *Handbook of Metals*. He already *has* that. But if she turns up an article in a biochemical journal that talks about the poisonous effects of beryllium he may find a completely new fact—new because it was oriented with respect to medicine, not to jet engines.

Now this association process is becoming increasingly difficult for the girl behind the desk as library collections grow to include more and more specialized knowledge. As the descriptors of the information become less and less redundant, the librarian is unable to get the multiple fixes that enable her to locate the material desired. But robots are going to be able to take up the book finding job where the human librarian leaves off. Electronic "brains" can hold millions of bits of information in their memories and can search back and forth through those memories with lightning speed.

Of course, human beings must put the information into the robot memory to start with, and even before that must translate the data into numbers a computer can use. These people will be the first real library scientists. Perhaps they will not be called "librarians" but "language engineers" or "information retrieval specialists." Certainly they will prepare themselves by studying mathematics and electrical engineering. On the job, they will apply information theory—the new science which already enables us to measure the amount of information in a TV picture, or in a map, or on a Library of Congress card.

Mathematical models of books will have to be made by these people for the computers to work with, just as we are now fashioning the language of numbers to represent other physical objects remote from the library. Let me tell you about some of these other models that computers are using every day. In my part of the General Electric Company, for instance, we make jet engines. To actually carry a newly conceived jet engine only as far as the flyable prototype—that is still miles ahead of a mass production model—may cost 10 or 20 million dollars. If we build the wrong one, our competitor takes over the

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business. If we and our competitor both build wrong ones maybe a bigger competitor in Europe will take over everything!

Not only do we have computers making such models on paper, but we have computers telling each other how to do the job. We in Ohio can send a message—in the number language computers understand—to airplane manufacturers on the Pacific Coast who happen to have identical computers. The computers out there can put our mathematical model for an engine (a theoretical, unbuilt, untested jet engine) into their mathematical model of an airplane (a theoretical, unbuilt, untested airplane) and fly that airplane with its engine until the numbers tell us we have the best design. This is not a dream for the future. We've done it. It's a working fact.

We have also built mathematical models for a big job shop like the one in Schenectady which makes turbines and generators. Every one of these turbines and generators is different. There is no assembly line. But there are great steel forgings costing $100,000 apiece. Machine tools are so big that men have to climb up ladders to see how the cutting edges are going.

To run a shop like that requires meticulous scheduling. The parts must go in prescribed order from machine to machine if all machines are to be kept as busy as possible. What we are coming to do is to make a numerical model of each job, and a model of the shop, and then move the imaginary work through the imaginary machines at tremendous speeds to see how a given schedule holds up.

I can hear you say this is all unrealistic because in real life things won't conform to our models. In real life machines break down and men don't come to work, especially not on Monday mornings. We have allowed for that. As the computer tries out various models, it generates random numbers. This is the same as tossing a coin to decide whether a man will be at a given machine when a particular part for a turbine arrives at that machine. If the coin (remember, it is really a number inside the computer) says the man is not there the computer lets the work stand until the man gets over his hangover and back to work.

Now small and medium-size libraries don't have a million dollars with which to buy a Univac or an IBM 705. But they do have the means to cooperate. They can get together, can formulate plans, can call on industry and Government for financial support, and can really try to make a contribution in this new and extremely challenging field.

But Robots Cannot Think;
Human Brains Must Tell Them
How to Act Like Librarians.
The Problem of Today Is
Who Will Teach the Teachers?

LIBRARIAN'S DILEMMA

By MARGARET E. EGAN

THE librarian of the future, if the species is to survive, must be a creature of many mutations, and his education must prepare him to adapt quickly and effectively to a very rapidly changing environment. What can the library schools do to prepare younger members of the profession to meet the many critical problems the future is certain to bring?

The problem is complicated by the fact that there is no well-developed basic science from which librarianship can draw its fundamental knowledge and principles. That this is true does not mean that such a basic science is not possible but merely that it has not yet been developed. Certainly, the problem of coordinating the intellectual resources of human societies is just as important, and just as amenable to scientific investigation, as the problem of identifying the non-rational elements in human behavior with which the behavioral scientists have been so enamored during the past few decades. But, pending the independent development of such a basic science, librarians are probably going to be forced to develop a theoretical structure appropriate to their own part of this more general problem, and they must make at least a beginning in relevant research.

The problem is further complicated by the fact that the materials with which the librarian deals cover the entire range of recorded human knowledge and experience. Somewhere in the profession there must be at least a few people who are familiar with each distinguishable subject field, but the question of subject knowledge may be seen in proper perspective by comparing it with the knowledge of materials necessary in other professions. The architect, for instance, may specialize in masonry, in steel and glass, or in frame construction, and in each case he must know thoroughly the characteristics of the material with which he works. But it is not this knowledge of materials that makes him an architect. Rather, it is what he does with them, how he manipulates them. And he recognizes as fellow-architects those who perform the same operation, regardless of the materials they may use. Similarly, the lawyer may specialize in civil, in criminal, or in administrative law, and yet he recognizes the kinship of other lawyers because they share with him the same ways of working with the law, even though the particular bodies of law may be different. Books, with their freight of subject content, are the *materials* with which the librarian works, and each librarian must know the materials in some field, but it is not necessary for him to know all the materials used by other members of the profession. It is what the librarian does with his materials—assuming that he knows them—that is the essence of librarianship.

What the librarian does has been described in three successive stages; he collects, he organizes, and he promotes the use of books. It must be that his genuinely professional activities lie along this line. If so, the focal point, distance from which would serve to measure the relevance of any activity, is surely the moment in which a book passes into the hands of a reader. This moment is the cul-

Ultimately communications experts expect robots to translate language (Russian-English above from MIT).

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mination of all the librarian's efforts, the point toward which all his activities are aimed. If this event takes place frequently and fruitfully, the library may be judged to be successful. If this event never takes place, nothing that the library can be, or can do, will justify its existence.

Clearly, the library is part of the general communication system, and any effective theory of librarianship will have to be related to the evolving theory of communication in general. Mass communication, however, might be described as declarative, whereas library services are interrogative communication. In mass communication the communicator chooses the message, and transmits it through appropriate channels to an audience, the members of which may, or may not, attend to it; may, or may not, comprehend it; and may, or may not, be influenced by it. The flow of energy is from communicator to recipient. In library service, the dynamics are reversed. The recipient, although he may be stimulated through promotional activities, initiates a request for a certain message or type of message, and the librarian must then find, somewhere in the total body of recorded communication, the particular message or type of message requested. Current communication theory has nothing to say about this type of communication problem, and those who have undertaken investigations in this field are still fumbling for an adequate formulation of the problem.

Less than a year ago, the Center for Documentation and Communication Research was established at Western Reserve University for the express purpose of investigating the patterns and problems of this type of communication. With the aid of a generous grant from the Carnegie Corporation, the faculty of the School of Library Science, including the staff of the Center, is about to undertake an intensive analysis of the entire field of librarianship for the immediate purpose of providing a guide for curriculum revision, but also for the long-term purpose of bringing together in systematic fashion all the significant and reliable knowledge now available regarding the essentials of library science, and of charting the areas in which new knowledge is most urgently needed.

MARGARET E. EGAN is a Research Associate at the Center for Documentation and Communication in Western Reserve's pioneering School of Library Science. The school is headed by Dr. Shera, and the Center is directed by Dr. J. W. Perry.

PERSONALITY PORTRAIT—IX

INFORMATION ON A THEORIST: C. E. SHANNON

The Unpredictable Inventor of Predictable Robots

WHEN YOU STOP to think about it, you realize that a deal of what you say in any language is predictable. There are only a certain limited number of ways to organize words into the easily intelligible expression exacted by social intercourse. Many common phrases are mere conveyances for the safe arrival of a few meaningful ideas at a chosen destination. Often you can listen with one ear and still catch a speaker's intent. Gibberish, contrariwise, is full of surprise. Sudden, unexpected flashes of meaning pop up in it constantly. You've got to listen sharply for fear of missing a valuable piece of news.

You know that's how it is when you stop to think about it. Most people don't stop to think. What makes Dr. Claude E. Shannon different is that he stopped, thought, and put the thought to work. The work is now known, wherever scientists gather, as information theory.

Everyone is familiar with the formula Einstein used to calculate the atom's locked-in power. Shannon's formulas are still too new to be popularly appreciated as the means of manipulating atomic force and still more remote mechanisms of nature.

Automation would be as empty as a sideshow barker's promise without Shannon's philosophy. Electronic "brains" do only what they are told. The telling is done in binary arithmetic, which employs the numerals zero and one exclusively. One is "on," zero is "off." Thus, a maze of switches keeps the robot going with a revolutionary algebra Shannon first invented to speed up telephone circuits for the Bell Laboratories.

Before Shannon went to work for Bell as a mathematician in 1941—a Phi Beta Kappa from the MIT classes of Norbert Wiener—all telephone switching was built up through practical experience. His theory provided the first formal mathematical method. Later he applied it more broadly, building on the fact that precise information flows best from questions answered "yes" or "no."

Since most conversation is not precise, he divided it into the predictable and the unpredictable. Only the unpredictable is informative. It should be possible, then, to break talk up into pieces, transmit only regular samples of it, and put the sense together at the receiving end. As a crude example, we might consider a TV picture. Most of the picture is background which remains the same for long periods of of time (to a modern mathematician, two seconds is long time), hence is predictable. The foreground is unpredictable because on the quiz show we are watching Dorothy Kilgallen is wiggling her head and Bennett Cerf is turning to look at Arlene Francis.

Information theory has been adapted to psychiatry, biology, economics, and social relations. Shannon thinks a lot about the impact of his ideas on people, which seems normal for a man whose face and wiry figure are reminiscent of Abe Lincoln. Having so much information to transmit himself, he fidgets even when he talks, and is happiest when trying his theories in practice. His mechanical mouse, which finds its own way through a maze, is famous. His automatic chess-player is fairly well known. Only his intimates are aware that he studied his own personal communication system by learning to balance atop a unicycle.

Shannon's home life in Cambridge, Massachusetts (where he is on leave from Bell Labs as Visiting Professor of Electrical Communications at MIT), adds up to happiness naturally. He married another mathematician, and they have two sons to prove that one plus one sometimes make four.—J.L.

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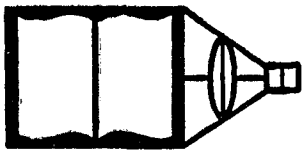

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SCIENCE IN BOOKS

THE FAIRY TADPOLE

IF ANYTHING alive on earth indicates the possibility of animal life on other planets, where air pressures are drastically different and temperatures are cruel, it is the dark-brown, thick-shelled winter eggs of the fairy tadpole.

You can cook these eggs at 200 degrees Fahrenheit—only twelve degrees below boiling—for an hour, and the embryo lives. You can glaciate them at 360 degrees below zero Fahrenheit—a mere 100 degrees from absolute zero—and the embryo lives. You can keep these helpless, dead-looking little brown eggs in an air pressure of .000001 millimeters—only a whisper away from a complete vacuum—and the embryo lives.

The fairy tadpole is the most energetic water animal I have ever seen. It is three-quarters of an inch long, with a bowl-like shell, a powerful tail, and 100 legs all whipping at terrific speed while the body twists and bends in the agony of its urge to go somewhere.

It is unthinkable that such life is possible in a temporary fresh-water puddle at the face of the great Greenland icecap, fifteen degrees from the North Pole. The puddle is water melted by twenty-four hours per day of sunlight on the glacier's surface. Icy cold, it has but a few weeks of existence and will suddenly freeze solid and be hard as steel for thirty-six weeks of the year. Yet this inhospitable water contains these lively things fashioned with leaflike swimming feet which also act as gills.

How did the fairy tadpole get there? How does the creature survive months and months of the polar night, when temperatures are forty, fifty, and sixty degrees below zero? How does it escape the crushing expansion of the freezing pool? Where does it go with all those feet to take it?

The fairy tadpole's life span is compressed into a few weeks in clear ice water clinking with ice cubes.

Life begins for the fairy tadpole in the mid-July sun-melt. Then the delicate shell of its egg bursts and the fairy tadpole matures in a day or so. If it is a female it looks around for a male, which it promptly embraces. Then the couple swims around locked in each other's legs for several days. After that the female fairy tadpole carries a clutch of eggs in a fan-shaped pocket on segment number eleven of her abdomen for a day or so.

Then she drops these eggs to the bottom of the water puddle and immediately goes after another mate. The eggs hatch so fast that sometimes the contents break out and are on the go before the eggs have time to leave the fan-shaped pocket of segment eleven.

If no mate is encountered she makes eggs anyway and puts them in her pocket and drops them. This is another rare case in which young are produced without benefit of a male. By using both polygamy and independence the fairy tadpole can lay six clutches of eggs in several weeks and up to 250 eggs per clutch. So life goes on.

In late August, at the moment when the midnight sun first dips below the northern horizon, a shadow passes across the reflections of the pool, and in its wake the water stiffens. The sole inhabitants of this outpost of life dive. The female fairy tadpole mixes some dark-brown stuff like fast-drying glue with the egg shells of the last clutch. She drops them between stones, from which the water will drain before it freezes, so that they will not be crushed by ice. Already a thick slab is congealing overhead to keep out drying winds. Using an infinitely tiny trace of water and oxygen, her unhatched progeny will sleep for nine sunless months in deep, subzero temperatures, until the Arctic sun comes up again and melts the ice into puddles next July. As the limpid water becomes rigid, the incongruous little animal vanishes, having succeeded during her frantic last moment in creating the most indestructible seed of animal life known on earth.

—RUTHERFORD PLATT, *in "The River of Life" (Simon and Schuster, $5).*

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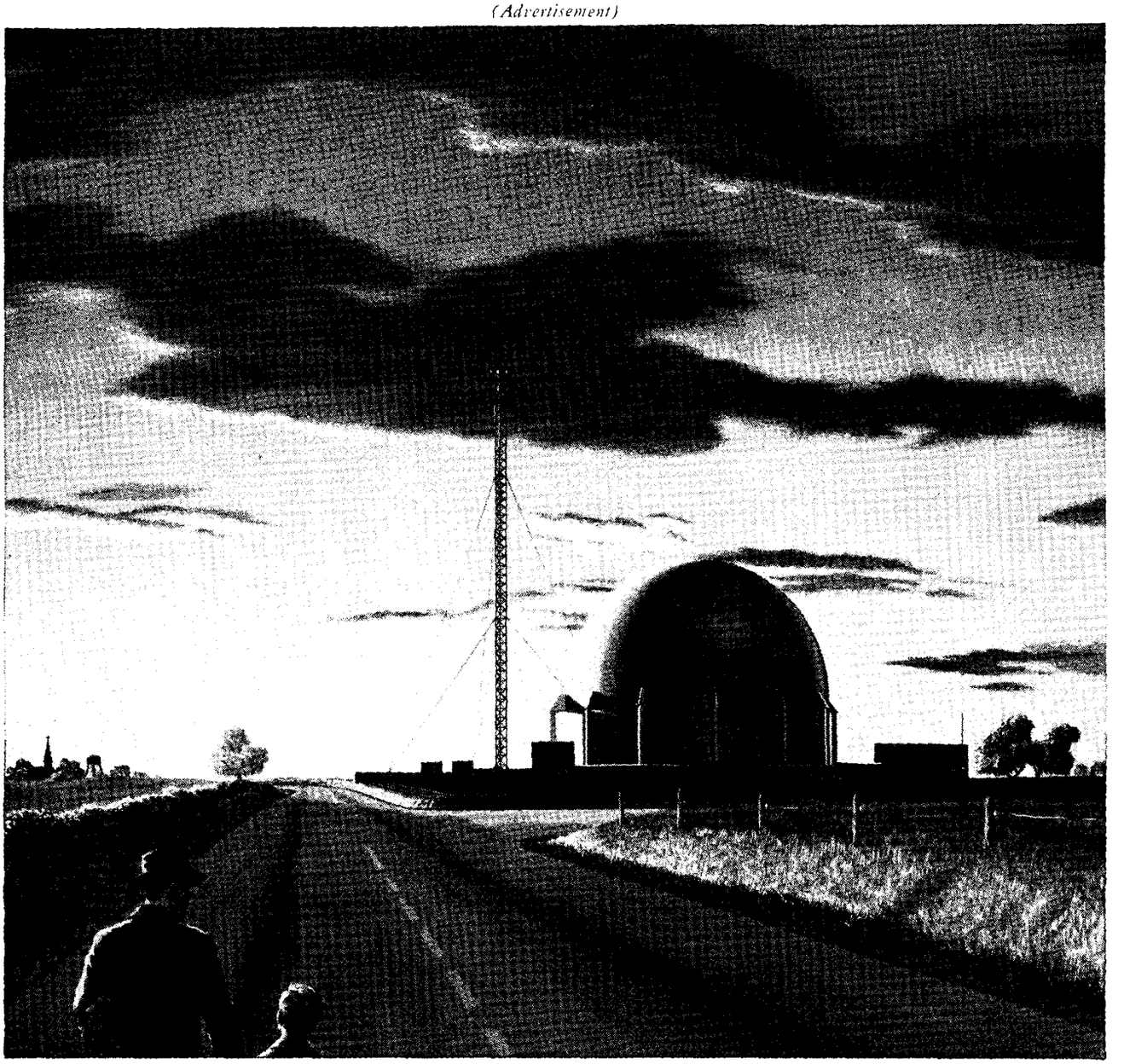

How the atom is putting new shapes on the horizon

In a few years, shapes like these on the horizon may well be trademarks of the atomic age—trademarks of the atom at peaceful work, producing electricity for the nation's homes, farms, factories and businesses.

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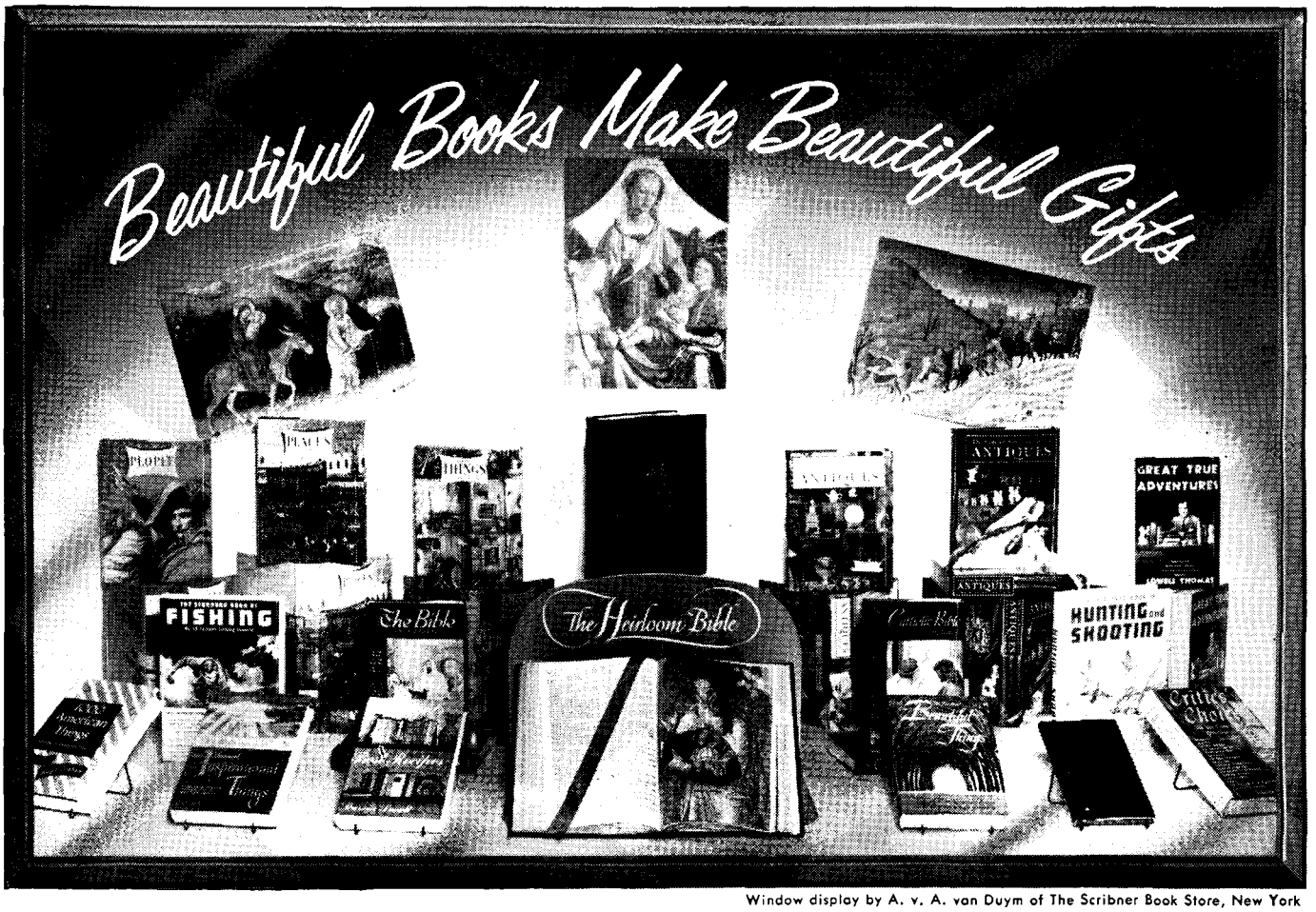

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